

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1882.

## ST. JEROME'S DAY WITH THE PUEBLO INDIANS.



THE NORTH PUEBLO, TAOS.

IT was in the dusk of evening on the 28th day of September, 1881, that a party of ladies and gentlemen arrived at a little railway-station in New Mexico, called Embudo, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, thirty miles from the Pueblo de Taos, and fifty miles north of Santa Fé. For a night and day we had been passing through Southern Colorado,—a journey which a few years ago would have been looked upon as hazardous and toilsome in the extreme. At present it can be made not only comfortably but luxuriously. A special car had been placed at our disposal at Colorado Springs, and in this we lived: it was our movable house of supplies.

Profiting by the experience of some of the party who had been in this region before, we had provided ourselves with sufficient provisions to last us for five days. The road carried us over the Veta Pass and across San Luis Park to Antonito; thence, skirting the base of San Antonio Mountain, it passed over the great lava-plain of the Black Mesa, and descended nearly one thousand feet by steep grades and winding cañons into the dark gorge of the Rio Grande del Norte.

The *fête* of St. Jerome at the Pueblo de Taos is held annually on the 30th of September, and Indians from nearly all the Pueblos in the Territory, as well as a

considerable number of Apaches and Utes from their more distant reservations, meet together on this day. This half-barbaric and half-religious festival is rarely witnessed by persons outside of the surrounding country: therefore, to eyes unaccustomed to seeing Indians in gala-dress in their native villages the spectacle could not fail to prove attractive. The night of our arrival at Embudo was passed very comfortably in our car, which had been switched on to a side-track, the rest of the train going twenty-five miles farther south, to Española. After a hasty breakfast next morning, we made preparations for the day's ride to Fernando de Taos, a small Mexican town, three miles from the Indian Pueblo. By a previous arrangement, wagons had been sent over the day before from Taos to await our arrival at Embudo.

On stepping upon the platform, our eyes fell upon the sorry-looking teams (the best the town afforded) which were waiting to convey us across the country. However, no time was to be lost in lamenting: lunch-baskets were hastily packed and stowed away under the seats, and blankets were unrolled and spread out in lieu of cushions, for the wagons had neither springs nor covers. When all was in readiness, the two stronger teams were started in advance, taking more than their share of the load, the third and weakest following. The horses, after making several efforts to go forward, soon came to a stop. We had now our first experience with Mexican horses and harness and Mexican roads. Evidently the horses were not acquainted with each other, and had made up their minds not to pull together, for, after a series of jerks and lurches, which made us feel uncertain whether we were going backward or forward, one of them suddenly stopped and refused to pull, while the other, trying to do all the work alone, succeeded in breaking the harness, which fell in pieces about its feet. We were still, fortunately, within sight of the station-house, and our shouts brought a man with straps and ropes, with which the damage was quickly repaired. With

vague misgivings whether we should reach Taos in time for the festival the next day, we started forward once more.

The road, following the river in its winding course, led us over rocks and boulders which had fallen from the mountain-sides and in some places seemed almost to block the way. Wherever there was a little spot of land which could be irrigated we found small, one-story, comfortable-looking adobe houses, many of them surrounded by flourishing orchards of apples, peaches, and plums. It was the season of fruit-drying: spread out upon the roofs all these fruits were in various stages of drying, while great strings of scarlet peppers were hanging from the gray mud walls. Their brilliant colors could be seen for many miles in the clear atmosphere of this high altitude, and many were the exclamations, "How beautiful!" "What is it?" "What can it be?" sent back and forth from wagon to wagon, until, on a nearer approach, the mystery was explained. Sometimes we stopped and bought fruit which a mild-eyed Mexican picked fresh from the trees while we waited.

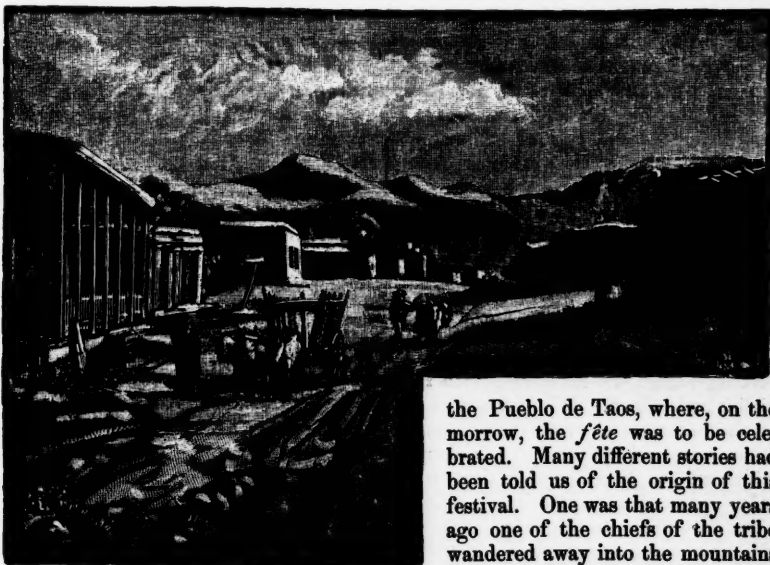
The first frosts of autumn had already turned the green leaves of the cottonwood to a golden yellow, and here and there the American ivy twined its crimson tendrils. These bright colors contrasted and harmonized with the dark green of the piñons and the gray sagebrush which grew thickly about their trunks. Every turn in the road was a fresh surprise to us. On either side the frowning mountains shut us in, and at our feet the Rio Grande rushed and tumbled in white foam, or rolled in deep silence in its smooth bed, as blue as the sky over our heads.

We rode a dozen miles through these picturesque surroundings, until we reached a little cluster of mud houses, called "Cieneguilla" (little swamp), so named from the green spots of earth moistened by the streams trickling down the mountain-sides. A little Mexican boy, with a baby hanging from his back in a gay shawl, ran out of an *adobe* to watch us as we passed. He opened his

black eyes wide and showed his white teeth when we tossed apples to him, and the baby dangled from side to side as he ran to pick them up. At this settlement the road leaves the valley and the river and begins to climb higher to the table-land above and before us. For two hours we went steadily forward over steep, long hills and into sandy valleys. This was a severe test to our worn-out,

ill-matched horses, which wavered and stopped often, although they were a great part of the time pulling empty wagons.

At last we reached the top of a high mesa (table-land), and were well repaid for our long toil by the grateful shade of the piñons and the deliciously fresh and balsamic air which filled all space. New and distant groups of mountains



STREET IN FERNANDO DE TAOS.

appeared and disappeared from time to time as our road, winding through a grove of pine-trees, shut out the view. Then we descended a long hill into the cool shade of the *arroyo honda* (deep ravine), where we found the rest of the party already seated beside a stream of water, taking their lunch.

We were glad to join them and refresh ourselves for an hour before beginning the long climb up the hill on the opposite side of the ravine. From the top of this hill, although many lower hills and valleys intervened, we could see in the hazy afternoon light the mud walls of Fernando de Taos, twelve miles away, and still farther off, closer to the mountains, a dark line of tree-tops showed us

the Pueblo de Taos, where, on the morrow, the *fête* was to be celebrated. Many different stories had been told us of the origin of this festival. One was that many years ago one of the chiefs of the tribe wandered away into the mountains and never returned, and in memory of him absent Indians return to the

Pueblo. One is led to believe that the priests have told the Indians of St. Jerome's wandering and fasting in the desert, and for this the young braves fast through the twenty-four hours of the saint's day. Religion and barbarism are strongly mingled, and saint and Indian share the honor of the wild, weird rites.

It was long after dark when we reached the mud walls of the town. A few dull lights had been glimmering before us, rather misleading than guiding us through the almost endless windings of the road that led us at last into a dimly-lighted square, on the opposite side of which was a long, low building, which from the bustle and moving lights

before the door we judged to be the hotel. The cheery host came out to meet us, holding the lamp high up over his head as we were helped down from our cramped positions, and showed us into two large, comfortable rooms, where bright fires of piñon wood were burning in the queer little corner fireplaces. Snow-white beds were ranged around the walls, and everything had an air of comfort and neatness which we had not expected to find in such close proximity to an Indian village. Our companions had arrived some time in advance of us, had had their first sight of the Apaches, and had also received an invitation from the Mexicans to the "grand ball" which was to take place in the evening. After supper we strolled out, our host leading the way, to a large hall, where we found the dance already begun.

The young *caballeros* were leading their favorites out to dance, rows of women and young girls were seated on benches around the room, and on a platform at one end sat three musicians, making rather doleful music with two violins and a horn. We took our places on the benches and watched the solemn scene. Instead of the light fandangos which we had hoped to see, there were only monotonous quadrilles, without grace or life; not a word was exchanged, not a smile passed over the ladies' faces, as they stood waiting for the dance to begin. After each dance, the ladies were quietly conducted to their seats, and the young men, disappearing into another room, soon returned, each with a saucer of candy, which he emptied into an outspread handkerchief in his partner's lap. We visited two or three such ball-rooms, and, finding the dances all of the same spiritless character, were glad to return to our hotel to rest for the night.

The stillness and beauty of a morning in New Mexico are almost indescribable. Those of the party who had been in Egypt compared the clear sky and the still air to a morning in that land. The inhabitants seem to imbibe this stillness into their natures, for a Mexican is never known to hurry or move quickly. On

this particular morning, in spite of the dreamy influence of the atmosphere, it was necessary for the Americans to show their natural quickness and efficiency in providing for an emergency by securing, without loss of time, two large farm-wagons and two Mexicans as drivers, and we soon joined the motley crowd wending its way up the lovely valley of Taos.

This is one of the most productive valleys in New Mexico: it is well watered by clear streams flowing down from the mountains, and has long been noted for its large production of wheat. For almost three centuries the Pueblo Indians have cultivated and irrigated the soil. Historians tell us that at the time of the Conquest the Spaniards found them living in towns and villages, skilled in the manufacture of pottery and the weaving of blankets. They are supposed to be a remnant of the ancient Aztec race, and they themselves claim to be descended from Montezuma. From him they learned to build their *pueblos* and *estufas* (or secret council-chambers under the ground), where their sacred fires are still burning. Although they live in friendly relations with the surrounding inhabitants, they never intermarry with nor adopt the habits of the people about them. The land farther down the valley, cultivated by the Mexicans, has been given to them by these Indians; the blankets, as well as many of the cooking-utensils, used by the former, have been made by them also.

Our good-natured driver, after repeated urging from the impatient party he was conducting, seemed at last to catch the same restless spirit, and hurried the mules forward at a smart pace. From by-ways and lanes, over low corn-fields, men, women, and children were hurrying forward, bearing down upon the main road, which led to the entrance of the Pueblo. A Mexican woman in a bright orange-colored dress galloped past us, boys on donkeys were hallooing and urging their beasts forward by persistent pounding with their heels, and one woman, who seemed determined to get there before any one else, rushed past on a fleet horse, riding on a man's

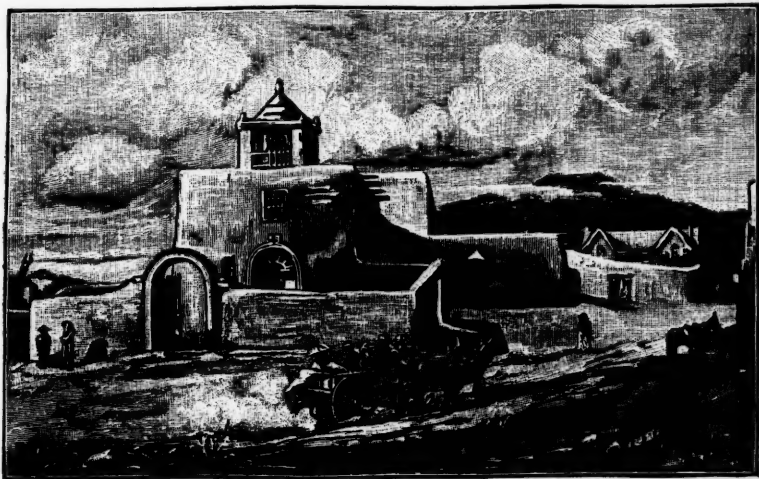


saddle, without foot in stirrup, keeping her seat well.

We were now near enough to hear the beating of drums in the plaza, and, after passing the little church on the right, in the belfry of which an old Indian was standing, ringing the bell by pounding upon it with two small stones, one in each hand, we entered the square, where a strange scene burst suddenly upon us. We were bewildered and dazed by the sights and sounds about us. On the topmost roof of the large Pueblo to our left, Indians were standing, some of them motionless as statues. Others were leaning against the gray walls of the chimneys, in scarlet blankets, with their arms folded across their breasts. Squaws and little papposes were sitting or standing in groups looking over the parapets of the different stories. All was con-

fusion in the plaza. Every time the bell was rung, four Indians guarding the church door fired off their guns close to our ears with deafening sound. Indians were constantly passing before us, dressed in handsome beaded jackets and leggings and gorgeous in paint and feathers.

We now discovered that close beside us Mexicans and Indians were trying to raise a pole, and at its foot a lamb was lying, its four feet bound together. When the pole was firmly placed in position the lamb was hoisted sixty feet into the air and left to hang in the fierce rays of the sun as an offering to Montezuma. We hoped that the poor creature would soon die, and when we saw it motionless hours afterward, we believed it to be dead, and were satisfied. Our astonishment was great when we learned that after it was taken down it quietly walked



SAN STEFANO DE GUADALUPE, FERNANDO DE TAOS.

away, apparently unharmed. Barbarous as this seemed at the time, it did not compare in cruelty with the wicked sport of the Mexicans, who introduced their game of riding after and trying to catch chickens without dismounting. A hundred horsemen would dash madly up and down before the Pueblo after one poor chicken, and, if three or four riders seized it at the same time, it would in-

stantly be torn to pieces amid the shouts of the crowd. It was even dangerous to attempt to cross the square at such times, as the horses, driven into a state of frenzy by the harsh use of spur and curb, could not easily be checked in their mad course.

We turned from this sight and climbed the ladders to the roofs of the Pueblo, preferring to talk as well as we could by

means of signs, with the help of a few Spanish words picked out of grammars on the journey, with the dignified Indians who watched what was passing below. About five hundred Indians live in the two buildings. The smaller and less imposing one stands opposite to the other, a few hundred feet away, separated by a shallow stream of water, over which two stout foot-bridges are laid. Mexicans and Indians fearlessly rode over these. A drunken Apache riding behind another Indian toppled so from side to side that we expected to hear him splash in the water, but by some wonderful skill he kept his balance and reached the other side safely. It must be said to the honor of the Pueblo Indian that he is rarely seen intoxicated. Drunkenness is punished very severely by the alcalde of the village. Through square holes cut in the dirt roofs we descended by means of ladders into the cool, clean chambers within, where everything was extremely neat. In the corner of a kitchen a pretty squaw was stewing some peppers for dinner. Her fat old husband was seated on a bed in the adjoining room, and motioned to us to take seats beside him. He was the only Indian who asked for money. It pleased the squaws when we admired their babies, some of whom had round spots of red paint on each cheek and one in the middle of the forehead, and all of them were decked with beads and bracelets. We knew by the firing of guns and the beating of drums that other ceremonies were being performed which we must not miss. On stepping out upon the roof, we saw a small procession coming out of the church. An Indian was carrying the little wooden image of St. Jerome, while four others held a canopy over it. They were preceded by the French priest of Fernando de Taos. After crossing the square, they entered a pavilion of logs shaded by branches of cotton-wood, which had been erected near the large Pueblo.

A party of young braves now came out of their estufas, each holding a branch of cotton-wood over his head. They came forward with a sort of

shaking step, accompanied by a chant, and crossed the bridge, where they met those who were to be their competitors in the race. The two bands took their places and waited for the signal to start. All were naked with the exception of a cloth around the loins, and were painted in gray and brown colors, sometimes half the body brown and the other half gray, whilst their faces were painted white. Many had bracelets of feathers around their ankles. The governor of the Pueblo, wrapped in a scarlet blanket and carrying a silver-headed cane in his hand, walked up and down the line, making the way clear for the runners, who stood barefooted, the right foot poised upon a stone, their bodies leaning forward and their faces expressing the great eagerness of the moment, whilst they chimed together a low sort of grunt. Little boys placed branches of cotton-wood on the ground to mark the starting-point, and amidst shouts and yells the racing began. This lasted a long time,—until some twenty or more had had their turns. Then the victorious party were pelted with bread by the squaws from the house-tops. With the same step and chant they marched back to their Pueblo, where they were received by their own squaws with more bread and shouts of joy.

All this time we had endured the heat of the morning sun, at times quenching our thirst with delicious peaches of the Rio Grande Valley, which had been carried to the Pueblo in crates on the backs of donkeys. Many of these patient little animals, their backs laden with the fruit, had passed us the day before on our drive over from Embudo. Sometimes they looked like walking boxes, only four feet and two long ears being visible, and often added to this weight a lazy Mexican would be seated on top. When it was announced that the ceremonies would cease for two hours, we were glad to get into our wagons and drive to the sacred grove a short distance off, where under the shade of superb cotton-woods and beside a delicious mountain-stream we ate our lunch. The dim sounds from the Pueblo reached

our ears even in this retired spot, and we were drawn by a strange fascination to return before the two hours were ended. The frightened screams of our Indian boy made us turn quickly, and, crouching behind some donkeys standing near the corner of the Pueblo, we saw about a dozen newly-masked Indians, painted in gray and white and trimmed with feathers. Bunches of stripped corn-husks were tied and twisted into strange shapes on each side of the head, more resembling the antlers of deer than anything else. Some of them had painted their faces in white cross-bars, which made their expression all the more hideous through this grating. These, although harmless, were the most repulsive Indians we had yet seen. They came stealthily forward on all-fours, making horrid grimaces and uttering low guttural sounds. They drew near an unsuspecting fruit-vender, and, before he could protect himself, they had seized the nearest fruit. One ran off with both hands full of grapes, another clutched at the peaches, and the leader (as he appeared to be) decamped with a box of apples on his shoulders, where, behind the wall of the Pueblo, they ate the stolen fruit as fast as they could devour it, and soon returned triumphantly with the empty box. These tricks were often repeated, no one daring or caring to make any resistance. An Indian boy happening to be in their way as they crossed the plaza, they picked him up (in spite of his kicks and screams), ran to the bank of the stream, and threw him in. His mother, seeing this from the house-top, came down and gently led him home, while he was trying to wipe his face on his wet shirt, the only garment he wore. In the midst of these wild antics they spied the white faces in our wagon, and in a moment we were surrounded by the disfigured creatures. They came so near as thoroughly to frighten some of the ladies, making pretence to kiss and embrace us: although they held up their hands within a few inches of our faces, they did not dare to touch us, but looked at us and grinned like monkeys.

They were off as quickly as they came, seeking some new sport. One of their favorite amusements was to sit upon the ground in a circle and chew green peppers; then they would interlock themselves like writhing serpents, swaying their bodies to and fro and howling. This would attract a crowd of curious spectators, when, at a signal from their



A PUEBLO INDIAN.

leader, they would all spring to their feet and throw clouds of dust over the unsuspecting by-standers.

The whole afternoon was passed in such sports. Sometimes they imitated a bull-fight, or a cock-fight, or a balky horse. This grew tiresome after a time, and we wandered about, trying to barter with other Indians for blankets and

bangles. We made an old Apache happy by tying a lady's broad-brimmed sun-down under his chin. When told that he was *bonito*, he looked very silly, and smiled as he rode away on his pony, his coarse black locks hanging down from under the brim.

The day was now drawing to a close. The image of St. Jerome had been carried back, to the sound of drum, into the church, there to repose until the next anniversary. We took our seats in the wagons and sat with our faces turned toward the picturesque scene as we slowly drove down the valley. In the background were the Taos Mountains, all aglow with the glory

of the setting sun; close at their foot the Pueblos, gay with the figures of Indians and the golden leaves of the cotton-woods in the sacred grove, were on the right; on the left was the broken and ruined tower of the ancient adobe church, whose date no one knows. The crowds of people passing out and hurrying homeward made a picture never to be forgotten. And, as we crossed the stream on our way back to Fernando de Taos, we could well believe the story told us,—that the young braves stood on the bank morning and evening, singing their plaintive songs and still watching for the coming of Montezuma.

E. T. L.

### RUTH.

COME, fair Ruth, as your namesake of old,  
And upgather the sheaflets of gold  
As they spring from the fields of the sun,  
And entwine them with delicate care  
'Mid the rays of your gold-gleaming hair  
Until they and the sunbeams are one.

Was it twilight,—the hour you were born,—  
Or beneath the first smile of the morn,  
That your eyes mingle gray with their blue,—  
That their light is so bright when they smile,  
Yet so gentle and tender the while,—  
So uncertain, and yet, oh, so true?

I remember how, once, in a glade,  
You, reclining 'neath soft leafy shade,  
Had just solaced your soul in sweet song;  
All the birds in the branches above,  
Gushing forth in light lyrics of love,  
Claimed you queen of their musical throng.

Now sweet voice, and bright eyes, and gold hair,  
Where'er I may go, they are there.

Ah! believe that I love you in truth:  
For your dead mother's love still endures,  
And the love that was hers now is yours,  
Darling daughter, my beautiful Ruth!

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

## FAIRY GOLD.



"OH, MR. HARROLD, WILL YOU NOT LISTEN FOR ONE MOMENT AND HEAR HOW IT IS WITH ME!"—  
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## CHAPTER VI.

THE clock in the church-tower had been striking eleven when Mr. Snow Morris came, and it chimed twelve just after he had left me. Fate had knocked at my door in the interval. My first impulse had been to discern a threat in the advance of this good fortune, and the swift-hurrying crowd of visions the transformation in my destiny brought took on shapes which frightened me. I had, in fact, experienced a burning sense of shame at the thought of accepting a prosperous career under unfitting conditions. Now that I was no longer stunned and blinded, I should have liked to discuss the matter afresh under the new lights which shone more clearly every moment. It may be that Mr. Snow Morris had chosen cleverly his moment to leave me to my own thoughts,—that he understood there

might be a force in his silence which his best eloquence might lessen. It was necessary for me to attain sufficient breadth of vision to grasp present and future realities, and, if allowed to argue, I was likely to be confirmed in my narrow, biassed views.

Certainly, left alone I began to ponder my words and regret the half-defiant, scornful attitude I had assumed toward my uncle, who had longed to do something for his "little Millicent." I realized that a large part of my cowardly shrinking was mere petty fastidiousness. I observed to myself that a haze is perhaps a necessary condition to any seeming grandeur in men's various forms of money-getting. Had my poor uncle been a prosperous grocer, it would have seemed a pleasant thing to inherit his money, although if the exact methods by which he made his profits had been



laid bare I might just the same have experienced a fatal aversion to his clever processes. I only knew the world through the medium of an undisciplined imagination and a flattering fancy. Mr. Morris apparently found nothing in my uncle's career to distinguish him painfully from other money-making men. So long as I had not dreamt of profiting by his enterprises, I had been ready to wear his colors and do battle for him. Why should I set to work to find something equivocal in his antecedents and reject the first generous kindness I had so far met in the world? I had, besides, been ungrateful to Mr. Morris; but he would understand that I had been unable to carry off the burden of sudden greatness with exact common sense and full alacrity of perception.

The pendulum which had first swung violently to the left had by this time turned furiously to the right. I felt my spirits rise. Youth is a believer in sudden and delightful promises, is greedy of novelty, and expects swift and instant happiness to invade its life. How lonely I was! It narrowed my new joys to have no one to whom to confide them. Under the laburnums the two little Martinez were playing in their silent, joyless fashion, piling white pebbles into mounds, as I had bidden them do, obeying faithfully, but glancing toward me in a dreary way from time to time, longing for the signal of release. I called them to me, kissed their heavy lips, and patted their dusky cheeks. I told them all about myself,—about my father, who died suddenly when I was eight years old, and my life with my mother for four years afterward. Then I pictured the little figure in black,—my small, shivering, cowering self,—crouching here on this very bench, all alone, when I first came to the school. I went through all the story of those heavy, childish impressions of trouble, sorrow, and desolation, while they sat on the ground at my feet and looked up speechless with wonder. I began to realize that I was excited. There quivered through me thread-like thrills of anticipation. I told the little girls I was going to be

rich. They stared in silence. My fancies all awake, full-fledged and ready for flying, I declared to them I should travel all over the wide, beautiful earth.

Great tears gathered in their eyes.

"Take us to Habana with you, Mees Amber," faltered Bella, while Anita clung to my knees.

The little creatures were fabulously rich themselves, and wealth could offer them nothing; yet the thought of being free to go and come smote their homesick hearts with a wild longing. Alas! no place was dear to me. The world was all before me where to choose, but no spot was inwrought with tender and clinging memories except this nook in Madame Ramée's garden beneath the acacias.

By the time Mr. Snow Morris came next day, all that menacing, raven-winged flight of evil augury across my mental vision had vanished. Instead of a calamity, I now saw that this new wealth was likely to be a beneficent influence, brightening, widening, releasing me from the sordid fears and petty annoyances which wasted my energies. I dismissed my doubts as belonging to mere weakness, indolence, and oversusceptibility.

"You needed a little time to get used to it," Mr. Morris said, looking at me with his half-smile. "You look radiant to-day. You are certainly the luckiest girl alive,—getting a fortune at twenty, the age when everything is freshest. I shall have to look out for you: able as you will be to put every fancy into practice, you are sure to get into innumerable scrapes."

"And you are really to be my guardian?"

"No doubt of that."

He had a copy of the will in his pocket, and now proceeded to read it out to me. It covered six pages of foolscap paper, in fine, cramped handwriting. It was, it seemed to me, both verbose and rambling, and with elaborate diction went over and over again what was in reality a simple matter. Everything was given to Snow Morris in trust. I was again and again declared to be my

uncle's sole heir. Issue of his body he had none. He had made no marriage but the one which the law had just annulled when the legal proceedings were cut short by his wife's death. All his property, real and personal, after his just debts were paid, was to be held for my advantage. If I married, I became at once mistress of my own estate. In case I remained single, the management was left in the hands of the trustee, and I had control only over the income. It seemed as if in some strange way my uncle had had a foreboding of difficulties which he had made an effort to overcome by the most minute instructions and the fullest particulars concerning his own circumstances and his own wishes. Even after the instrument was finished, signed, and witnessed, codicil after codicil was crowded in, of which I could discover no use, giving directions in case of certain contingencies the very idea of which appeared to my mind extravagant.

"I have tired you out," said Snow Morris, when he was through. "I suppose you never heard a legal document read before."

"Oh, many of them. But I never heard anything so difficult, so formidable, as this. One would think there were a hundred heirs, all eager to push me out of my place."

He was folding the paper carefully. "Whereas," he remarked, "you are the only blood relation Farnham had."

"It seems a pity about his marriage."

"In what way?"

"If he could have been happily married and had children—"

"In that case I should not be sitting here talking to you about this inheritance. For my part, I can't regret he made an unfortunate business of it."

A little terror ran over me at the thought that my advantages were based on a domestic failure. This catastrophe had decided which of my future chances should be used and which fall unspent into the darkness of what could never come to pass.

"Your uncle married a woman by the name of Rosina Boncourt," Snow

Morris remarked, as if it were worth while to offer this explanation. "It turned out badly. She was a frivolous, false creature, wholly unworthy. After her death he had nothing to do with the sex. Still, he never ceased to crave affections which would uphold him in leading a life as good as he knew how to live. Now, a clear-headed, sweet-minded wife, on whom he might have leaned without mistrust, would have been everything to him. However, all that is over. He did not marry again, had no children: hence you inherit all he had to leave."

Mr. Morris had prepared a letter for Madame Ramée, enlightening her concerning my new circumstances. I could imagine her reading it through with a sickening sense of disappointment. My independence was a pecuniary loss to her. For services like mine, which were accumulations of the habits of years, the instinct of dependence, and the desire to acquit myself of every obligation, she would be compelled to pay dearly. I felt almost remorseful that I could thus easily throw off my heavy yoke of servitude. But, in spite of this remorse, the letter was despatched by that day's mail, and I performed my penance by carrying perfection into the least detail of my preparations in the house. Madame was to be at home before the middle of September, and the school reopened on the 18th. There was little chance for idleness and fanciful cravings for me at this period.

Snow Morris came and went for the next three weeks, and sat and watched me at my work. He laughed at my conscientiousness. Under the same circumstances, he declared, he should have washed his hands of all madame's responsibilities. He took an easy tone of railery about duties in general unless they concerned one's self. At first I feared that it was his nature to turn his talents and his ambition exclusively to the idea of rising and ruling and enjoying wealth. In his case this would have been a dangerous force, for he possessed plenty of wit, a fastidious discrimination, and governed most people with whom he came

in contact. But the more I saw him the better I understood that many of his phrases were mere clever talk and had nothing to do with his actual opinions. His real characteristics, I began to tell myself, were sincerity and coolness,—a sincerity which made him instantly reject what he did not want and refuse to be hampered by things he took no interest in, and a coolness which allowed him to use all his intellect, his observation, and his sense of humor in what he was doing.

I liked him very much, but I resented his cousinly overtures. His easy assumption of familiarity, his flatteries, his way merely of sitting and looking at me, had startled a self-consciousness which was not pleasant. He was too good-looking, too magnificent, too entirely the man of the world, for me to be intimate with him. I preferred an attitude of reserve which would prevent his measuring my slight resources too accurately. His experiences so far transcended mine that I realized I must know a thousand things hitherto undreamed of before we spoke the same language. I liked to observe him: there was something almost dangerously instructive in the way he came and took his leave. It savored of teachings beyond those madame had imparted to her young ladies. When he talked to me about the world, I began to feel as if to miss the wealth now within my grasp would have been to miss what was most splendid in life. As I became used to his visits, my repugnance, dread, scruples, connected with my uncle's money, grew dim as old night-fancies of my childhood.

Still, I refused to let myself take over-seriously my new guardian's superiority to what I had so far come in contact with. He was a part of the great pleasure-taking world which I had not yet seen. All the men I had had a chance to know were hard-working, goaded by necessities and sharpened by harsh competitions. Mr. Andrews was terse and frigid; old Mr. Wandelewski, the piano-master, had been disappointed in everything and turned to music for a refuge and a passion; and as for Mr.

Harrold, he had found life too grave a matter to have a grain of folly left in his composition. Now, Snow Morris had considerable aptitude for folly, and I found it very graceful. He could gambol at times, and gambol becomingly,—all the more so because the nature of the lion showed itself in his moods, and, royal although his ease was, one felt the spring behind it.

I often talked to my guardian about his sisters. Fanny Burt had written, offering her congratulations and declaring her intention of returning to New York, in spite of the continued hot weather, just to see me. But I was used to Fanny's promises. She had met me in Switzerland three years before, and had joined madame's party to return to America. She had known me as a child, and I enjoyed her reminiscences of my mother. We swore an eternal friendship; but this did not suit madame's views for me, and once back in New York Fanny utterly forgot me, except for a periodical spasm of cousinly emotion, when she sent me a note and said she was coming to see me in a week. My experience of the world had compelled me to make all sorts of allowances for everybody's mistakes in calculation, their backwardness and necessary hinderances,—except my own. I had been the only person whose duty and performance were to have no limitations and no drawbacks.

But the first of September Fanny Burt came at the hour when I expected her brother. "Have you been looking for me, you dear Milly?" she demanded, putting one hand on either side of my face and kissing one cheek and then the other.

"Not in the least."

"You mean that you are used to my not keeping my promises; but that was because of your horrid dragon. I'll venture to say the apples of Hesperides would still be waving upon the boughs if Madame Ramée kept the gates. She glared at me so when I came, I felt like a house-breaker. And she was always prowling in the hall while we were together, listening to every word.

It used to exasperate me so to see how you were domineered over by that vulgar taskmistress that I could not endure to witness it."

"Dear Fanny, never say such things again!" For, indeed, madame had been very good to me, and I seemed a party to horrible injustice and ingratitude in listening to this.

"Well, well, let us forget it," said Fanny, sitting down. "How thankful I am you are going to be free at last! How coolly you take it!"

"Take what?"

"Coming into a fortune. I remember that your mother had a brother, but I fancied he was a dreadful black sheep. And, indeed, he must have been something of the sort; but, goodness knows, I wish I had such an uncle!"

This stabbed me a little: "I do not call him a black sheep, Fanny."

"No: two hundred thousand dollars and more would make the blackest sheep as white as snow to me. That is right. Stand up for him. He got his money, I dare say, as honestly as Thomas Fox did his. Anyway, so long as a man gets money, nothing else counts. You did not know your uncle very well?"

"I had not seen him for ten years when he came here in June."

"What a lucky chance! No telling where his money might have gone if he had not seen you."

"He had nobody else to whom he could leave it."

She regarded me pensively, her head a little on one side. She was a brilliant blonde, and, in spite of her thirty-six years, looked pretty and girlish. She had been left a considerable property by her elderly husband, who had died twelve years before, but it had been jealously tied up in a way to prevent her giving it to any possible successor. But no disinterested man had pressed a second marriage. Unfortunately, through bad investments, her dower had shrunk in value until she now had less than two thousand a year. This was her grievance, for she had had to struggle and contrive carefully to dress herself and educate her daughter and still live in a

place where the air of the world she loved and pined for could penetrate. "So Snow is your guardian?" she remarked, looking at me with a tender, complacent smile.

"Madame Ramée has to resign her rights first."

"Ah, well, he will be your guardian. How do you like him?"

"I admire him."

"So do I. Are you afraid of him?"

"I think not."

"I am," said Fanny, with a little grimace. "He is clever," she proceeded, "always master of himself, and necessarily a thousand times more master of poor little me. Still, women are always falling in love with him, and he is no end of a favorite with his own sex. I think a good deal of that: don't you?"

"I never had occasion to think about it at all."

"Well, if you ever marry, marry a man who has plenty of male friends. Now, Mr. Burt stood alone. He was dry, pedantic, and terribly dogmatic. No man liked him, and he found fault with every man. That is just the way with sister Henrietta's husband. He is only comfortable in the presence of women: he can domineer over us."

Fanny was habitually candid and autobiographical about her married life, and, lifting the veil freely in her own case, could see no virtue in reticence where the domestic experience of her two sisters was concerned. They were both older than herself, and Henrietta—Mrs. Thomas Fox—was the wife of a man who had made millions in sugars, coffees, and spices, while Alice—Mrs. De Forrest—had married a landscape-painter of considerable repute. Fanny did not begrudge them their prosperity, but the fact that they had advantages enormously beyond her own gave a very perceptible tinge to her feelings toward them. Their superior resources were, nevertheless, the creator and feeder of some of her highest energies. All three sisters were devoted mothers, and there was something almost grandly pathetic in Fanny's anxiety to make her little girl Edith

equal her cousins in cleverness and surpass them in attractiveness. Both Foxes and De Forrests were remote and legendary personages to me, while Fanny and Edith had been more or less in my thoughts for the past three years. So now, when she began to press her claims that I should live with her instead of her sisters, I felt her carefully-accumulated, logical conclusions quite unnecessary. I had, of course, thought more or less about where I was to go when I left the school. Mr. Morris had given no positive opinion, but told me my own inclinations had better decide the matter. Nothing could have suited me better than Fanny's proposal that we should take a "flat" and live together, sharing the expenses while she bore the burdens of housekeeping. "I am a good housekeeper; I really am," she pleaded, while her pretty face took on a delightful glow. "I am just a little extravagant; but you will not mind that, for my extravagances are not mistakes: they come from my love of perfection, of carrying out an idea fully, of adding charm to life. A girl like you needs things right and fitting. I know how to do it. You shall be well set off. My *métier* is being a rich woman, and when I lost it society was the poorer. I declare, when I go to Henrietta's and see how, with all her magnificence, everything is still inartistic and dreary, with no feeling for real elegance, and to Alice's, and find that with the so-called clever society she draws around her there is no *laissez-aller*, no *abandon*, no wit, no actual pleasantness, I absolutely pity their ignorance. Now, I will give you a really charming little home if you will only content yourself with me and Edith."

"I should like it of all things, but—" I was about to add that her brother's decision was the pivot upon which my plans turned, but she interrupted me, as if she feared I were going to bring forward arguments against her.

"Of course," she proceeded, "I am not disinterested; and Henrietta and Alice will tell you I am needy and want to get my living out of you. But who

is disinterested in this world? Henrietta would enjoy having you, because she is horribly dull, and Alice is always running after lions, and would make one of you and give artistic receptions in your honor. Now, the reason I want you is that I need part of your income that I may bring up Edith respectably."

"And I want you, dear Fanny, because I need some one who may instruct me in social ways, fix my standards, save me from blunders. Besides, I need somebody I like, whose society I enjoy, whom perhaps I can love. It flatters me enormously that I have it in my power to be useful to you and little Edith. The thing is, will your brother like the scheme?"

"Mark my words," said Fanny, with a little laugh, "he will like it immensely."

#### CHAPTER VII.

I COULD not help wondering a little whether Fanny Burt and Fanny Burt's brother had combined to make this little arrangement, and when the latter came that afternoon I asked him if the plan were his.

"No," he replied. "Still, I thought it not improbable that some such idea had brought Fanny back to town before cool weather. Candidly, I think it a capital notion that you and she should live together. It will be a great help to her; but you need not mistrust her motives on that account. Now that you are rich, everybody will want to get something out of you."

"Neither you nor Fanny seem inclined to foster illusions. For my part, I am frankly fond of her and Edith, and shall love to live with them."

"Fanny is fond of you; she will be very fond of you. And she is a sensible woman, and will keep the goose that lays such golden eggs with the best care."

I looked at him with a little indignation.

"You don't like to be called a goose," said he,—"not even a golden goose?"

"I don't like too mercenary views."

"You think me rather sordid?"



"Rather sordid."

"But, if I humored your romantic views, you would be disappointed when you discovered Fanny's dependence upon you in the matter of money. Prepare yourself to be a little hard-hearted where she and Edith are concerned. They will want everything, and will find fault with the universe if they do not get everything. Don't let them make too much out of you."

My experience of life had not prepared me to expect unmixed kindly motives from people in general, but this hard cynical advice revolted me. "Do you entirely disbelieve in disinterestedness, Cousin Snow?" I asked, rather resentful.

"Oh, no. I believe in a great many things I have never seen. Now, you, I fancy, will prove to me that generosity has an actual existence in the world. But then you are rich, and may afford to be large-minded. Becky Sharp said she could be a very good woman if she only had five thousand pounds a year. It never seemed to me a difficult matter for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven: he can do good to those who would persecute him if they had a chance, forgive his enemies who can't hurt him,—in short, cultivate all the finer emotions. But what opportunity has a poor devil like me for sweet thoughts and good impulses? They cost too much. If I had twenty thousand a year secured to me, I might afford to do a hundred things I dare not attempt now. I would be an honest lawyer, a good friend, a kind brother. I would fall in love with a woman, and stake my happiness on the winning of her."

"And aren't you an honest lawyer now?"

"Oh, in your phrase I am honest. I steal no man's money. I rob no widow or orphan. I shall not embezzle your income. But no lawyer can be honest to the fibre of him until he is a great man and may choose his own work."

"I am sure you are a good friend and kind brother."

"Cherish that illusion. Perhaps, too, you believe I am an ardent lover."

"That is a particular experience. One does not expect—indeed, hardly wishes—a man to be always in love."

"I am almost thirty-five," said Snow; "but I have never yet said to a woman, 'Will you marry me?'"

"Nor been in love?"

"I hope I am not such a monster as that. I have been a little in love,—but not like an Antony. Kissing away kingdoms and provinces is all very fine: any man would do it for a Cleopatra; but Cleopatra has not kissed me yet. Nowadays a man wants to kiss himself into kingdoms and provinces. But I have never been able to fall in love with an heiress, and I could not afford to marry a poor girl: so, if my fancy was excited, I looked at the matter philosophically, and said to myself, 'If I were a rich man, that girl would make me a very desirable wife. As it is, her extravagance would dance me to the very verge of the precipice, and keep me balancing there 'twixt safety and destruction the rest of my life.' Then I counted up her charms, deducting the enormous discount due to a certain novelty and freshness which must pass, and the shrinkage in value was frightful. She was no longer bright, beautiful, or bewitching. I seemed to see her old, saddened, querulous,—so heroically resigned her."

"Of course you were not in love."

"I have never been absolutely in love, and have refrained from the mistake most men make of accepting the glimmer of a hand-lamp for the radiance which streams from heaven. I had a training which freed me from sentiment; but I am at heart more capable of deep feeling than other men."

He sat looking at me with a smile half musing, half mocking. His eyes were inscrutable. They had more power than other eyes, and I could readily believe that he had a capacity for simple, direct, and altogether passionate emotion.

"I don't make myself out a fine fellow to you," he remarked. "But then there is a sort of economy of time in these confessions. You might accept me for a

month as a hero, but something would occur to shatter such notions, and you might go to the other extreme and do me injustice. I want you to know me *au fond*: so I will disguise nothing. And whenever you see a fault in my sisters, be certain that in some form or other I have the same. The Morrisises are all alike. There was not, I suppose, sufficient material to set us up each with a distinct character and temperament. Never murmur because you have no near relations who mirror in every sort of unbecoming angle all your secret traits. Our misfortune was that we were poor. Our disease was poverty: we took cold, and it was driven in."

"You were not actually poor?"

"We were dreadfully poor. My father had lived well up to his income, and there was only his life-insurance for my mother and the girls. They contrived to keep up the house and go into society, and by the time the money was spent, Alice was married and helped the other girls to marry. I had ten thousand dollars of my own, and that launched me. It sent me to Harvard, and, true to the family instinct for having the best of everything, I got into the most expensive set, and loaded myself with debts which it took me twelve years to clear off. Often in my dreams now I have that mill-stone of debt round my neck again. But it set me to work with a will to make money, and gave me a cool head and heart before the temptations which assailed others of my age. I believed in nothing but money. I determined to become rich; but I did not give my whole heart to the process, and I have not become rich. I make enough to live on, but not enough to feel contented on,—above all, to marry on. It takes all my money to keep up with the men whom I like for my intimates. I am not and never have been extravagant where my personal wants are concerned; in fact, I have never felt free from the necessity for daily self-denial and continual close calculation. I spend from seven to eight thousand a year, and I confess it at times occurs to me I am getting as little for my money as a

man can. Bores and noodles take all the entertainment out of life."

"I would not spend eight thousand a year upon bores and noodles."

"But then you are not much of a Morris, and have not had our experience. Besides, you don't know yourself yet. Rich people are a great deal pleasanter to know than poor ones, and their influence in the long run is something appalling. One first admires costly methods, then one's taste becomes discriminating and exacting, and finally everything seems dwarfed beside the necessity of living in an elegant, expensive, fictitious way. We will see what your strength of mind will prove under the pressure. This winter you will probably like to go out well enough to take trouble about it; but, mark my words, in a year it will not be enough for you to go to the opera, for example. First it will be essential that you are sumptuously apparelled, next that you dine well, and afterward that you are conveyed to the Academy in a comfortable carriage."

"You take the chief end of life to be to—"

"My chief end in life at present seems to be to come over here and waste time," Snow answered, jumping up. "It is settled, then, that you and Fanny live together?"

"You must tell me what to do."

"Don't make me domineering and dictatorial. The danger is that I shall take my duties too seriously. I think too much about you already."

"How can you think too much about me?"

"Easily. Your uncle has given me very limited powers over you," he went on lightly, but with some fire in his eyes. "I have no prerogatives. Who knows but that at this instant you have some love-affair on hand, and that your easy, smiling pretence of obedience covers the intention of marrying a few months hence?" He regarded me steadily.

I laughed.

"Come, now," he said imperiously, "are you heart-whole?"

"Absolutely."

"How many lovers have you had?"

"Lovers? Not one. You don't know Madame Ramée."

"I know men; and I am ready to swear some fellow has been making love to you."

"Never."

"And you are in love with no one?"

"No one."

"That is as it should be. Now, don't fall in love until I give you leave."

He shook hands with me, walked swiftly down the path to the garden gate, and, pausing there, looked back with a brilliant smile. I gazed after him, a little stirred and considerably amused by his words. He had become intimately associated with my splendid prospects; my uncle was by this time a hazy and dream-like personage in comparison, and all the benefits his wealth was heaping on me seemed to come from Snow Morris himself. Now, as I looked after my guardian, I was thinking of my near future, finding nothing doubtful or incomprehensible about it, when all at once I turned at the sound of a footstep, and was confronted with somebody who made everything I had done and thought of late grow tottering and unsubstantial. The past few weeks vanished out of my mind. Snow Morris and Fanny Burt became meaningless, non-existent. I was no longer a brilliant young lady discussing social possibilities from a stand-point of high privilege, but Madame Ramée's assistant who had been exceeding her instructions and was now found out by the person of whom, next to madame, she was most in dread,—namely, the Latin teacher.

"How do you do, Mr. Harrold?" I inquired nervously. "Can it be that you are already back from the White Mountains?"

"For a day," he answered briefly.

"Did the boys come with you?"

"I left them there, camping out." He froze my curiosity by the coldness of his responses. He had stopped short a few paces off. "I cannot think," he now remarked, "how you happen to be so intimate with Snow Morris, the Wall-Street lawyer."

"He is my cousin."

"Your cousin?" It was evident that nothing seemed to Mr. Harrold more improbable.

"You have met Mrs. Burt: he is her brother."

"Positively," Mr. Harrold exclaimed, "you are mustering alarming auxiliaries in the shape of near relations. I used to think of you as all alone in the world."

"And you liked me best lonely and forlorn?"

"I did," said he; but he smiled, and his face softened. "I loved to think that you had nobody to look after you. All these weeks I have been haunted by the idea of you wandering up and down this garden pale and sad. Half a dozen times I have written to you, then have torn up the letter."

"Oh, that was cruel! It would have been such a pleasure to have a letter from you. What did you write?"

He sat down on the bench beside me. I was glad to see him, and, accustomed as I was to regard him like the unquestioned stars in their courses, found nothing to excite conjecture in his appearance. My pleasure in his visit was a little dashed by the consciousness that I was wearing my best summer gown of sheer-white muslin, made with little frivolous frills. But I congratulated myself that my hat was so broad-brimmed that when I drooped my head it shaded my face to the very tip of my chin. It was positively a place of humble retirement behind this flapping edge, and now, when Mr. Harrold sat down and looked at me closely, it was a real resource thus to hide myself.

"Do you really want to know what was in those letters?" he asked.

"Very much."

"Are you glad to see me?"

"Very glad."

"Then why shut away your face? Take off that absurd hat."

"The sun blinds me. At this time in the afternoon it comes round the church-tower and shines just there where the sycamore was cut down last year."

"Nonsense! Look up at me. The sun does not come near us at all. Take off that hat," he ordered indignantly.

I obeyed him. Our glances met, and we both smiled,—I anxious to propitiate him, and he so kindly that I was amazed at the inconceivable charm of his face.

He gave me only that one glance, then looked away as if I had been the afternoon sun and blinded him. "I have thought about you," he said rapidly, "as half broken-hearted. Your look on Commencement-day pierced my soul: it has given me a burning pain at my heart ever since."

"Oh, forgive my sad looks," I stammered.

"I felt," he pursued with a rapidity almost like vehemence, "as a man might feel who had wounded to death some dear and lovely thing. You were already suffering when I dragged you about the garden that night; but, as if I believed a hurt creature ought to die, I stabbed you with that news about your uncle. I cannot forgive myself."

"Oh, sir!" I cried. But he waved his hand imperiously to enforce silence, and I began to understand that he was under the pressure of some feeling which urged him to speak on and be free of his words, heedless of any reply.

"It had been such a wicked, unreasonable jealousy I felt of your poor uncle," he proceeded. "You accused me just now of liking you best lonely and forlorn. It was true. It was sweet to me that in the wide world there was nobody to claim you. I used to tell myself that no happiness was possible for me in this world, and that no girl's heart must beat for me, but at the same time it gave me a thrill of joy to realize that you needed love, care,—just what I longed to give you. And this grew upon me, it became a thirst, a sweet, agonizing thirst; and when you were here with me that night its deep, imperious demand swayed me. Why did I not speak out when I longed to speak? While you looked up at me, it was on my tongue to tell you all; then doubt and hesitation crept into my heart like serpents. I stifled my impulse, and told

you instead that you were expecting your uncle in vain."

I could not avoid thinking faster and seeing deeper than his words as they came to my ears. I was shaken from head to foot by the same terror I had felt that night of which he was speaking. Then I had not defined my impressions, but now a clearer instinct taught me that Mr. Harrold was ready to utter words of love to me. I longed to avert any fuller utterance of his meaning, but my tongue was paralyzed. My eyes rested on his as if fascinated, yet I was conscious of but one longing,—which was to escape from his sight instantly and forever. I vividly realized how powerless I should be to make him understand what was really in my heart. The tyranny he knew well enough how to exert over me might be only too effectual.

"I was under the influence of my dull, unlovely laboring days then," said he, leaning closer toward me. "I knew how to keep a grip upon my heart as well as upon my tongue. Years ago I said to myself, 'I must not marry so long as mother and the girls need me.' And this prohibition has been strong upon me. But once out upon the hills, I rubbed from my eyes the mist of those false ideas. After all, I have a life of my own to lead,—only one life, no other chance. And I want you, Millicent. I want you. Be my wife."

He had gathered both my hands in his. There was such tenderness in his face, I was troubled more and more.

"You will have to live with my mother and sisters," he went on; "but you shall have your own way in everything. Hitherto you have had no such ties, and the relation may prove pleasant. And we may grow richer. I may be able to do everything for you. I have a book in press; it is to be followed by others,—a series of class-books for which there seems to be a demand. I do not count on their success, but the possibility remains. I make a fair income already,—more than three thousand a year. You shall no longer be overworked. And, with you by my side, everything will be easily within my

power. I have had a dull time of it: inspiration has often failed. But now—Millicent, I love you deeply, dearly.”

My face was scorched by blushes. I was devoured by an agony of shame. It was so weak, so unwomanly, so absolutely monstrous, to listen to what ought to have been kept close in the silence and sacredness of so unselfish a heart. How could I ever let him know that I had wanted frantically to stop him from the first moment he began to speak, but that something in his words and look made me love to listen, as if—as if all this love of his had been for some one really worthy and I were hearing the story of it? Besides, I was used to holding him as one in power above me, and I could not easily reverse our places and command him to do this or that. He could have seen nothing of this conflict of feeling in the expression of my face, for, while I was struggling to speak, all at once, with some reiteration of what had gone before, he flung his arm around me and for a moment my head was against his shoulder. I wrenched myself away. “Do not—do not!” I cried.

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t make love to me,—don’t ever dare to make love to me!” I exclaimed, stung to anger. I had started up, and he, too, was on his feet, standing close beside me.

“My child,” he said very softly, “I was too precipitate. But—but—it is not a new thought with me. Try to think what it means when I tell you that my whole heart is yours.”

“Don’t tell me so. Don’t you understand that I hate it? I would not love anybody for the world.”

He walked away to a little distance: “Do you mean that you cannot and will not love me?”

“Yes.”

He was visibly paler. “I don’t offer you much of a career,” he said. “But surely, Millicent, you have a better chance of being happy as my wife than going on here day after day, year after year?”

I tried to speak, but he rushed on impetuously. “Of course you know noth-

ing of such things except from books. I dare say your ideas are romantic. So are mine. I see that I have not gone to work in the right way to win you. But circumstances have governed me. I never before addressed a word to you without a suspicion that madame was listening.”

Even now the two little Martinez were solemnly watching us through the shrubberies.

“Wait a little,” said he, with the glimmer of a smile. “Test me. Find out what is in my heart. I have been severe, dogmatic, dictatorial, but I—”

It was all coming over again, and, in view of that peril, I must speak. “Oh, Mr. Harrold,” I cried, “will you not listen for one moment and hear how it is with me? I will not keep you long. I have never thought of love; it has had nothing to do with my life. And now I am so excessively preoccupied—”

“With what?” he demanded.

“I am going away from the school,” I faltered.

“Where are you going?”

“I shall live in New York with my cousin, Mrs. Burt.”

“So that was why Morris was with you?”

“Yes: he is to be my guardian.”

“I don’t understand you. You torture me, Millicent. Speak out.”

“My uncle—who—died—left—me—a—fortune.”

Mr. Harrold gave a groan and sprang up. He was absolutely haggard. “I thought he died poor,” he muttered, “and I thanked God none of his accursed gains were coming to you.”

This cut like a rapier-thrust. “Oh, sir,” I pleaded, “don’t say that! It is cruel, it is unjustifiable. Mr. Morris declares he believes my uncle to have been an honest man.”

Mr. Harrold maintained a silence which crushed me, his face averted. Then, when the pause had told me all his meaning, he looked back, and asked, “How much is the fortune?”

I told him, with an overwhelming feeling of humiliation, all I knew about



it. He questioned me closely on every point, and, without once lifting my head, I answered as fully as I could. He drew from me every circumstance concerning my uncle which Snow Morris had imparted. Then I told him all my plans, withholding nothing, not even the little crowding fancies about trifles which bewildered me. I asked his advice about Madame Ramée, and he made me see my way more clearly. Never had he been so kind. However he may have felt in trying to win me, in renouncing me he was strong, generous, and disinterested.

"I should have expected you to go to Europe at once," he finally remarked. "That is the American method of bridging over all gulfs."

"Cousin Snow says there is time enough for that after I come of age."

"Let me see: you are nineteen."

"I shall be twenty in October."

He was again silent, and the silence tried me. I had a pent-up emotion which demanded relief. I lifted my head, and saw that he was leaning against the trunk of the acacia, looking up at the sky, his face pallid and set. My tears burst forth, and I began to sob in mere over-excitement.

"Oh, what are you crying about?" he asked, with a cool little smile. "What under heaven can trouble *your* peace of mind?"

"You feel," I said, "that I ought not to take this money, and it makes me hate it."

"Don't let my words rankle. A great many feelings were stirred at the news. I spoke as I had no right to speak. I wonder who would refuse a fortune like yours. Let him to whom it has been offered in his dire need and who has found himself strong to reject it be the judge, not I. I have had no such temptations. Of course I begrudge you the money."

This seemed so ungenerous that I gazed at him in astonishment. He returned my look with his cold smile.

"You know little of the world, and nothing of men," said he. "A man who leaves Northern New Hamp-

shire and travels all day and all night to see a woman for a few moments is driven by a strong motive power. Frankly, I wish your uncle had never lived."

I pondered his words in silence.

"But, if you are likely to be happy, I will try to rejoice," he went on. "Wealth has fallen into your lap. Don't let it retard and vulgarize you."

"Retard me? Vulgarize me?"

"Probably you consider this old experience of yours retarding and vulgarizing; but no life full of work, with daily results of usefulness, is either poor or mean. Any existence without some hard tasks, the fulfilment of which means the fulfilment of our highest powers, is too ignoble to be borne."

I listened, vaguely impressed, but hardly understanding. It crossed my mind to wish that Mr. Harrold could instruct a conscience and set it as a constant living monitor over me.

"Money coming just as yours does, stirring some faint doubts as to whether you are doing right in accepting it, ought to be very well used."

"If I only knew how to use it rightly!"

"You will learn if you wish to learn. Your youth is both your good luck and your misfortune. You have enormous opportunities for happiness, but an over-easy happiness brings temptations which involve great dangers to purity of heart."

"You are good to talk to me in this way. I will remember it."

"No," he exclaimed vigorously, with a sudden blaze of color on each cheek, "I am not good. You don't know what is in my heart. Forget everything I have said. Good-by."

"Why do you go away?"

"I am going back to the White Hills. My train leaves in an hour."

He bade me a curt adieu and was off.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THERE seemed no danger for the few following weeks of my falling into the

meshes of that over-easy happiness of which Mr. Harrold had warned me. By the end of September I was staying with Mrs. Fox, in her cottage near Long Branch, but I had been forced to undergo sharp penances, thorny regrets, and real vexations. I had not counted upon pleasure in Madame Ramée's return, but the ordeal had been harder than I was prepared for. She came back feeling the change in my prospects a clear injury to her. She perpetually rehearsed the grievance of having brought me up like a child of her own only to lose me when I began to be useful; she had, she declared, involved herself in ruinous expenses at a time when she was compelled to look up teachers, each of whom would cost her three times as much as she paid me. All this was inconsistent, the argument wholly against herself, but the logic of it was incontrovertible for me, since it seemed wildly irrational that the world must be altered to suit my demands. All my sunshine was annihilated by madame's manner, which varied from invective to the most insulting politeness. When I was no longer needed, I came away; and the final wrench cost me dear. This had been my only home, and the little girls, at least, had loved me. For days after I left them I heard their voices calling me, and again and again I dreamed of their tears, their caresses, the clasp of their tender little arms. Indeed, at the final moment of parting, I longed to remain; and to have taken up the old routine unchanged and gone on with it would have been mere self-indulgence, and no generosity at all.

The final straw which made madame's load of troubles unbearable she had not thought of connecting with me. Mr. Harrold had severed his connection with the school, saying that, with his increasing occupations as a private tutor, it was impossible for him to lose so much time in going out of town. When I heard of it, I knew, with an overwhelming sensation of shyness and dread, that I was to blame for this as well. His unlooked-for visit, his swift words and instant departure, had not been easy to forget.

However idle and unreal his fancy that he loved me might have been, there was certain to be actuality enough to the wound I gave his pride. I had always found fault with his inaptitude for a little youthful folly, but when his little half-hour of weakness had come I had been not only the cause of it, but the punisher.

The Foxes had been anxious to make acquaintance with me, and had stayed at the sea-side for a month on purpose to entertain me. Their cottage stood on a sandy bluff, with the ocean-tides coming and going at its base. The gales were over, and the water was so placid in its wide expanses it seemed at rest, except for the everlasting surges on the shore. I had gained new lustre in my cousin Henrietta's eyes of late, and she had been quick to offer me a home with her, and had yielded reluctantly to the persuasion that my plans were made. She had, however, insisted upon my spending a few weeks with her before settling down with Fanny, and frankly told me she hoped that an experience of the best of houses, the most liberal of tables, and a full establishment, kept up at the highest cost, might induce me to change my mind and stay permanently with her.

Henrietta had been the last of the three sisters to change her maiden estate, and when she was past thirty had married a bachelor of fifty. She was now forty-five, but seemed younger from the fact of her having children of all ages from six months to eleven years. Mr. Fox was a blooming old gentleman, proud of the fortune he had made, coolly critical of his wife, but adoring his offspring. In his counting-house he was a shrewd, far-seeing man, still devoted to the least details of the business which had made him one of New York's capitalists. In his own house he was a sort of tame baboon, with infinite gambols and perpetual tricks to exhibit his superiority. He had become far richer than he had ever dreamed of being, and it was the most agreeable of mental processes to renew his recollections of his early obscurity. His table was as well

furnished as the markets permitted, but his notions of genial hospitality were not carried out until he had told his guests what his frugal breakfasts and dinners had been at the beginning of his career. He liked to talk to me, and enjoyed presenting himself to my imagination in various aspects,—a barefooted boy driving cows in the country,—entering New York with fifteen cents in his pocket,—and the like. His wife, whose worldliness had always been of the unhesitating and unscrupulous sort, must have been as much diverted by this as by the autobiography of a talking monkey who had in early days swung by his tail in strangely-populated forests; but she was well trained, and always echoed his remarks with an apparent glow of enthusiasm. It was admirable to see her hold without deviation her attitude of wifely sympathy, even when she must have suspected possible ironical remark and adverse criticism. She had made her peace with the conditions of her life. She probably disliked vulgarity and trivial pomposity, but, weighing them against the solid advantages of her lot, she was willing to accept the slight impediment of a husband like Mr. Fox.

It was late in October before I was taken back to town and relinquished to Fanny Burt. The Foxes were reluctant to resign me. They had nothing appreciable to gain from me, but nevertheless they seemed galled by the idea that poor Fanny was to have any widening resources. It moved their admiration that I, a girl of twenty, could command my own life and be able to play with the real affairs of the world so easily. It seemed a great pity that I should throw away my opportunity of living with them and learning to use my wealth. But for my part I was very glad to enter upon new life in the little nest which Fanny had been making. She had taken a flat in a great building called "The Parthenon," not far from Madison Avenue, and a little above Fortieth Street, and here I was to enter upon my actual, beautiful, unfettered life, in which would be nothing to disturb or hinder me. I was a little tired of Henrietta and her

husband, of her phalanx of children, nurses, and governesses. Although I had thrown off my burden, there was still, in some indefinable way, a little burden left. I was a trifle astonished at the persistence of my own personality. I wanted no longer to be the old Millicent Amber, all my nature tuned to the pitch of Millicent Amber's key-note, my mental estate mapped out to cover Millicent Amber's experiences and imaginations, beliefs, desires, loves, hates, disgusts, just what they had been when Millicent Amber was subject to the whims, caprices, and tutelage of other minds. It would be a pity if, with a comparatively unlimited income, one's wishes and needs were to belong to the monotonous and narrow order adhered to when twenty-five dollars a quarter was the limit of one's expenditure. I wanted no longer to be a stoic and bear my obstructed fortunes, restrained activities, unfulfilled wishes, with philosophy, but to put on a court suit and enter upon an impetuous youthful season forgetful of everything save enjoyment. The Foxes had not helped me to outgrow my old self; in fact, without obtruding too strongly my want of family feeling, I must still confess that they had bored me, and old thoughts had taken possession of me and driven out new ones.

"How did you endure Henrietta so long?" Fanny exclaimed, the moment Mrs. Fox had driven away after depositing me at the "Parthenon." "I am sure they made you dreadfully dreary."

"I am glad to get home, Fanny."

"I was not afraid of the temptations they held out. The kingdoms of the world and the glories of them may be dearly bought. When Mr. Fox makes a spectacle of himself, and Henrietta crushes me with her superior knowledge, her infallible methods, my poverty and insignificance seem a blessing. What did you say when she gave you precise directions as to your new duties and requirements?"

"I certainly listened. She was very sensible."

"She knows what is best for everybody. She tells her doctor what to prescribe, she writes voluminous epistles to her clergyman every Monday morning concerning his slips in theology the day before. One person, however, and one alone, she does not instruct, and that is her husband. I don't know how he established his supremacy, but it is fixed. She never differs with him—in his presence. If he made the assertion that all of us Morrisses were convicts, then turned his little round blue eyes on her and pursed up his little purple mouth, Henrietta would abjure her family and remark that Mr. Fox had the highest moral views." This was stating the case boldly. "Well, thank heaven," proceeded Fanny, "that experience is over for you. I shan't domineer over you, dictate to you, wear you out with trivial details. Here is my little Edith: what do you think of her?"

Edith Burt had been standing in front of me, staring hard at me, ever since I came in. She was an overgrown girl, with a heavy, statuesque, but striking sort of beauty and a shuffling, awkward movement. Now that her mother drew attention to her, she became crimson and effaced herself instantly. Having disposed of her daughter, Fanny asked me, with easy assurance of my admiration, how I liked the rooms. They dazzled me. At Madame Ramée's I had slept in a dormitory bare of color, eaten in a great, dull dining-room with long, narrow tables, and spent my time in class-rooms destitute of furniture save desks, benches, and a cabinet piano. At the Foxes' sea-side place all the rooms were exquisitely furnished, with the finest mattings, rugs, and chintzes, but cool, grotto-like effects had been studiously carried out, and, in spite of rarity and costliness, there was no beauty. Here were seven small rooms *en suite*, the dark, glossy floors half covered with Eastern carpets, the walls hung with marvellous combinations of reds, golds, blues, and olives, while, to give more color, painted and embroidered screens of the most gorgeous hues

ran around the chief rooms, making a background for chairs and sofas. There were no connecting doors, only *portières* of velvet and tapestry. The seats were so deeply cushioned it was impossible to sit save in attitudes of repose. Every vista was a delight to the eye: plants were growing in pots and *jardinières*, and each corner was a comfortable nook to read or sew or write in. It was a relief when I went to my own room to find it as simple as India matting, a tiny brass bedstead, and a cloud of lace with myriad blue ribbons could make it. It was, however, lined with mirrors, and the ceiling was azure studded with stars. Everything was delicate, luxurious, and feminine.

When I had dressed for dinner, I found that Snow Morris had come and was walking about finding fault with Fanny. "A man would stifle here," he declared. "I live in two rooms each twenty-five feet square. If either of you should put me in a passion, I should open the windows and throw things out, simply to breathe."

"You can stay away with your passions," retorted Fanny. "How thankful I am we have no odious men to stamp round!"

"How do you like this jumble, Millicent?" I told Snow I admired it, and he continued: "They are pushing decoration to absurdity, and beauty to hideousness. After we tire of these dazzling orgies of color, we shall be glad to go back to gray and white. I, myself, furnished your little room. Fanny wanted to make it Japanese, like her own."

"I like mine better. I should have a feeling of perpetual masquerade, living in a tea-caddy like that."

The dining-room was so small that by no stretch of imagination could it be made to hold more than twice our present number with comfort. Yet its antique furniture was heavy enough for a mediæval hall. We ate off delicate India china and fairy-like crystal. Everything was, in fact, ideal except the servant who waited, for, unluckily,

although everything else in these days pliantly answers demand, no invention has yet discarded the human for domestic service, and where the awkwardnesses of humanity are concerned the best aesthetic taste is powerless.

"Are you going to feel at home here?" my guardian asked me in the course of the evening.

"I hope so, when I get used to it."

"That will not be long."

"I am a little morbid, I suppose."

"What about?"

"My old responsibilities haunt me. I feel their pressure more than when they had practical results. They govern my imagination. I begin to believe they have eaten into my most permanent layers of feeling."

"Nonsense!"

"Every morning at five o'clock I start up with a surge of thoughts in my brain which arouse it, knocking at the door of every memory or habit. That used to be the beginning of every day for me."

"You must have something to interest you."

"Madame Ramée's clutch is still on my conscience. I find myself referring my actions to her standards and quaking at the thought of her displeasure."

"It has been a long servitude."

"It is pitifully crude of me to make these confessions to you, is it not?"

He laughed. Fanny was in the next room, writing notes. Edith had gone to bed. I was sitting on one of the deep-cushioned sofas of ruby velvet, and Snow was opposite me.

"Why do you laugh?" I asked him.

"You know the fortune came bringing a sting with it. It makes me a little apologetic, for I can't feel my own absolute right to it."

"I laugh," said Snow, "to think of a girl like you, with youth, beauty, and money, making herself miserable with quibbles of that sort, seeing 'more de-traction at your heels than fortune before you.' In a little while you will understand the worth of your wealth better. You have been tortured and refined in that grinding mill until your

senses are almost gone. I must teach you how to enjoy life."

"Oh, I have begun. I like these rooms; I like our dinners; I like Fanny's pretty ways."

Snow thrummed his fingers on his knee. "Were you ever on horseback?" he asked.

"No."

"I will see about your having a few lessons, and we will go riding these fine mornings. Do you dance?"

"Yes, I can dance."

"That belonged to Madame Ramée's course, no doubt. Alas! I no longer dance." He regarded me with so deep and penetrating a look I felt curious to know what thoughts were working in his mind. I waited patiently until he spoke. "Has it ever struck you," he asked pleasantly, "that I am a very generous man to let you enter the great, whirling, greedy world?"

"What was the alternative?"

"I want you to be successful," he went on. "But, at the same time, I hate to think that I am putting my chances of ever pleasing you in jeopardy. When you have ninety-and-nine lovers—"

"I shall not have ninety-and-nine lovers."

"You have got one, at all events," said Snow. He gave me a half-laughing glance, but he looked, nevertheless, intensely serious. He had risen. "I shall stand sentinel over you," said he. "I shall challenge all who approach, unless you forbid it."

I was rather annoyed at his meaning, and still more at my clear perception of his meaning. It seemed a bad contrivance for me to be encumbered at starting with a tacit understanding of what was better left in the twilight.

"Have they not told you," he went on, "that I am likely to make love to you?" I could not deny it, and, still displeased, said nothing. "I shall love you," he said very softly and clearly, "but I shall not make love to you."

I raised my head. "Was it worth while to spoil our friendship by saying all this?" I asked coldly.



"Perhaps not. You see, Millicent, what the drawbacks are of being horribly worldly. All my sisters know that I have said for years that I should marry none but a rich woman. I feel caught in the net of my own words. There will come a time when I shall wish you were poor. But, meanwhile, I am not going to spoil our friendship."

"Don't spoil it," I implored.

"I'll do my best," said he. "Good-night."

#### CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BURT was no novice in social ways, and she undertook her new responsibilities courageously, but with discretion. People were coming back to town, and among them the triple score of family connections upon whom Fanny could count with assurance. There was no need of any struggle for a place for me. My grandmother had been a Morris and had married an Englishman, by the name of Amber, without connections in this country. The rumor was that I had got a fortune from my British relatives, and this was considered not only satisfactory for myself, but a piece of good luck for Fanny and Edith as well. Accordingly, by the middle of November, sheaves of cards had been left at our door. I rode with my guardian two or three mornings each week, and the rest of the day Fanny and I spent in driving in our little Park carriage or going about to the galleries. There was something mysterious in the eagerness with which Fanny rushed at the fresh piles of cards in the great china bowl on our return. To have these people come was essential: to stay at home to see them was unnecessary and even undesirable. My name was engraved beneath Fanny's on her visiting-cards, and in a week she went about returning these attentions with similar results. I was to adhere to my mourning until after Christmas, to make no visits, and to accept no invitations. As nobody caught sight of me except at church or in a carriage, my seclusion provoked

curiosity, and, after a few weeks, Mrs. Newmarch—the head of the Morris clan, as it were—took pains to come at ten o'clock and sit waiting for me until past noon, when I came in from my ride.

"I wanted to see you, my dear," she said when I entered. "I began to believe you were a myth." With her eyeglass at her eye, she stared at me from head to foot with the most undisguised curiosity. "Been to ride with Snow Morris?"

"Yes."

"It must be a substantial loss of clients for Snow to give up his mornings to you."

I sat down and looked at Mrs. Newmarch, who was a large, awkwardly-made woman, excessively plain, and, to my eyes, abominably dressed.

"I dare say Snow will be no loser in the long run," she went on, with a little chuckling laugh. "Snow is my own nephew, and I am glad to have him ride with you. But he has no right to keep you all to himself. Why can't you come and take a family dinner with us?"

"I don't go out at present. I'm in mourning."

"But your uncle died more than three months ago, and, as he was an Englishman, and nobody knew him—"

"My uncle was not an Englishman."

"I thought, Fanny, you told me he was an Englishman."

"I, dear aunt? I never mentioned him."

"Somebody told me he was an Englishman. I cannot think who it was, but certainly I understood he was an Englishman. However," conceded Mrs. Newmarch, who had been ready to quarrel with us on the question of my poor uncle's nationality, "nothing ought to hinder your going to the houses of your nearest relations."

"I don't want to hurry her, Aunt Maria," put in Fanny: "she has lived so quietly—"

"She seems quite presentable," Mrs. Newmarch was kind enough to say, looking me over again. "A riding-

habit is so trying in the house; but she carries it off very well. You need not be afraid to take her anywhere, Fanny." Fanny sat speechless. "Remember three things, my dear," said Mrs. Newmarch, rising to take leave: "speak well of everybody, but identify yourself only with the right people. Reflect that nowadays no man falls in love except with an heiress. Finally, understand that you can be liberal of your youth and spend it freely, for a rich woman is fascinating at any age. If you act on this, you'll have the best of everything, you'll not be cheated, and you will be a complete success."

The influence of Mrs. Newmarch's visit remained with Fanny, and she decided to put a day on her cards. Accordingly, we were at home on Mondays, and found it not disagreeable to sit in our little parlors and receive the visitors, mostly ladies, who trooped in and seemed to enjoy drinking chocolate and Russian tea out of our pretty cups. The opportunity of meeting me, having been missed so long, was now vaunted as a privilege. Mrs. Newmarch was not the only one who had offered me advice. Fanny had told me never to be afraid of silence, and, when I found myself ignorant as to what was the right thing to do or say, to look rather bored. Mrs. Fox had assured me the safest way was to study the style of some successful woman and mould myself upon her. It saved trouble to run in grooves: no matter what were my private opinions, only those current among the best people were to be uttered. My cousin Alice, Mrs. De Forrest, on the contrary, had studied effects for years, and her advice was to seize the advantage of my unique position and make something intense out of it. I must, to begin with, find out a fashion of toilet striking and becoming,—it might be mediæval, antique, or modern,—and study the style *au fond*. Then it remained to develop a taste in music, in art, in literature, and make the most of it my powers admitted of. Mrs. De Forrest and her daughter Hildegarde were at this date Wagnerian and impressionistic.

My cousin Snow had assured me that all this advice was good and I should do well to remember it. But the blending of these different counsels was so paradoxical a matter that I halted in turn before each, putting off my choice until the time for making a choice was gone. I found, too, when the people began to come they hardly inspired me with a wish to efface myself and build up a new structure in my place. I admired very much certain elderly women, who were clever and brilliant and talked with a whim, gayety, and address which was exquisitely feminine at the same time that it was sparkling and rather audacious. This genius for making the most of whatever trifle presented itself seemed to me one of the most fortunate of social gifts, and I was a little amazed to find it unusual among the younger women, who had somehow missed this tone which invests drawing-room life with its highest charm. The girls were beautiful and clever, but few of them possessed the art of being piquant and original without shocking or displeasing, or buoyant and spirited without becoming gushing or uproarious. Some were insipid, but many were desperately in earnest, with a difference in the objects of their ambitions, which ranged through the whole scale of the trivially social to the artistic and philanthropic. They all seemed thrilled with energies which they longed to use, and were enigmas to their graceful, elegant mothers, who found them questioning and insubordinate, disposed to overturn the old order of things appointed for girls without establishing their chances of a new empire. By one of those coincidences which make the world seem small, Marion Hubbard lived directly across the street from us, and, if it had not been so busy a world, we might have seen each other constantly. Among the brighter girls Marion stood rayless and with no special lustre about her circumstances or family connections: she was in no way distinguished. She talked little, for she was not yet in full possession of her powers, and could, besides, accept nothing superficially, being obliged to discover and analyze everything for her-

self. She liked to sit watching and listening, finding society more stimulating when she was a mere looker-on than when she was compelled to play a particular rôle in it.

I was allowed to attend "family dinners," and I was soon initiated into the splendors of the Foxes' town establishment, where the dinner lasted four hours, and where, between courses, we were served with plates to look at of fabulous value, both of rare beauty and ugliness. Having already compassed a satisfactory knowledge of my richer cousins, I had more curiosity concerning the De Forrests. Mr. De Forrest was a landscape-artist of high reputation, and the society his wife drew about her was supposed to enjoy a certain immunity from the trivial and low standards of the merely fashionable world. There were two children, Claude and Hildegarde. Claude was so uncommonly gifted it had thus far been impossible to make him accept any one particular career. He was a painter whose occasional pictures pleased certain critics; he had written a novel, two plays, and a long poem, and was, besides, a shining light in the social world. Hildegarde was more special. She was a beauty. People came to the house to look at her, and went away satisfied. Among those who had gone away was an English lord who had been at first led captive by her charms. The disappointment had not depressed Hildegarde, who was admirably consistent and sensible, and, being statuesque in her style, made no scenes, and indeed rarely spoke. She sang, however, very beautifully to the accompaniment of the harp.

Mr. De Forrest never went to other men's houses, and Mr. Fox, resenting this, refused to have anything to do with his brother-in-law; but my cousin Henrietta met us in the dressing-room. "You will find it a menagerie," she assured me. "Nothing but painters, *literati*, and 'idea-ed' people generally. However, they will do you no harm, and may do you good by showing you what to avoid."

The house was striking, with fantastic

and rather bizarre effects, and I felt bewildered and a little shy when Alice, after introducing me to her husband, led me to a sort of nook, exclaiming in her emphatic manner, "This is your place. Mr. De Forrest himself arranged this background for you. Now let me see if you do not look charming in it."

I sat down on a little lounge, and Claude came up to speak to me, and brought others; but it was not until I had stolen a look at my "background" that I lost the dread of being a little absurd. I was "grouped," as it were, with a rather tattered tapestry curtain of dull rich hues and a table covered with faded plush bordered with gold fringe, holding two or three battered brasses and a glass jug. These probably harmonized with my plain black-velvet gown; at least they did not embarrass me, and I could address Claude without feeling myself ridiculous. He was a young man of twenty-five, with a beautiful, girl-like face, his golden-brown hair parted in the middle and of unusual length. His eyes were large and rather mournful, but his smile was peculiarly attractive. He spoke in a low, trained voice, with a cadence to it almost a rhythm. I had not hitherto met him, from the fact of his hours not suiting ours, his card coming up usually about an hour after Fanny and I had retired for the night. Now that I saw him, much that had been mysterious in the accounts I had heard of him became easy to understand. Opposite me sat, or rather reclined, Hildegarde, who was dressed in a classical costume of white cashmere, her superb neck and arms bare, the latter manacled with gold bands above the elbow. Her black hair was bound with fillets and displayed to perfection the contours of her small, perfect head. She looked—as she was—a poet's dream.

Mr. De Forrest took me out to dinner. It was fully understood both by host and guests that the object of the symposium was the discussion of matters which led to a better appreciation of literature and art; and this was per-

haps the reason that the general atmosphere was a little depressing. Few could answer such high demands, and, although Mr. and Mrs. De Forrest had a flow of dissertation which never paused, the rest of the conversation was fitful, and, if it once flickered into anything like brightness, immediately went out. The dinner was not very good, although the menu was ingenious and showed vivacity of imagination. Many of the dishes seemed to be experiments out of unconjectured materials, and one was puzzled to know what the compound was, since the result was not delicious. These private qualms probably had something to do with the fact that every one seemed preoccupied. The meal lagged a little. Subject after subject was brought up by the artist, who had an unhesitating, fluent, but rather unintelligible method of presenting his theories which fell with a paralyzing effect upon his auditors, who, after finding that their counterblasts of "Don't you think, sir?" "I have always discovered, sir," and the like, were in no way adequate to stem the tide, subsided into an attitude of hopeless admiration. Mrs. Fox did not talk at all, but tasted her food suspiciously, and took one sip of each kind of wine presented. Fanny Burt was the liveliest person at table, and was evidently rallying the burly critic of *The Forum*, much to her own amusement.

We were glad when dinner was over, and I resumed my "background" with my best air. People began to arrive for the reception, singly and by twos, evidently picked for some particular and special powers. There was a new picture to be looked at, and when Claude came and sat down by me I asked if it were not my duty to go and praise it like the rest.

"No," he answered: "you are fulfilling your mission."

I told him I was glad of that, for so far I had been unable to learn the settled formulas for praise.

"Surely," said Claude, looking at me sweetly, "a candid and unspoiled soul like yours will not use formulas. They rule the world, it is true; but, then, what

is the world? You do not belong to it, nor do I, nor do any of those for whom art was created."

"But it is a matter of convenience to have little phrases," said I. "Most of the ladies talk caressingly, as they would to their dogs or babies. The picture is a 'dear little thing,' 'so natural.' 'Oh, how nice!' 'I quite dote on it.' Others say there is 'plenty of breadth' and 'feeling,' that it is 'conscientious' and shows 'free handling.'"

"Mere catchwords,—terms of trivial praise or caught from hand-books. Such people have to disguise the poverty of their thoughts by speech." He regarded me musingly, then proceeded: "If I painted a picture which was the blossom of all art, I would rather have it locked away from all but two or three than tainted by vulgar and indiscriminate praise."

"I fancied an artist wanted universal tribute, and that coterie-praise meant a mere *succès d'estime*."

"It is the fashion to speak slightly of coteries. But the influences which keep up true standards of taste come from a mere group in every generation. I sometimes fancy it grows smaller and smaller, so great is the mass and so strong the pressure of popular knowledge and ideas. It is difficult for an artist to preserve his honest impressions of what he wants to do, so essential does it seem to execute something which shall please the great, staring, ugly Moloch of a public."

This was new, and his earnestness impressed me.

"I should as soon," he pursued, "think of kneeling before a woman I loved in public and parading my passion in sight of all the world, as of offering some of my sonnets to the periodicals. The bare thought of it makes me shudder."

"But you have written novels?"

"Yes, and have suffered much from what was said and left unsaid."

"How much you have already done! I have heard something of two plays."

"They have not been acted. But then I hardly want them to be acted."

My plays are too severe a test for the resources of any New York theatre. Besides, my characters are despotic: they demand enormous powers of the actors. And there are neither actors nor actresses nowadays, if we except a few on the French stage. Even they are *bornés*."

Snow Morris had come in; I had seen him going quietly about the rooms, addressing here and there a person, and he now approached us. "Most people are a little *bornés*, aren't they?" he remarked to Claude. "Everything has bounds except Miss Amber's powers of listening. She has been absorbed in you ever since I came in."

"Is that a reason for your coming and breaking up our talk?" asked Claude plaintively, but smiled at me dreamily and walked away.

"Handsome fellow, isn't he?" said Snow. "And he is not so bad as he seems."

"He seems to me delightful."

"He represents the reaction from my generation. We were *blâsés*, cynical, materialistic. We had not strong feelings, so we laughed at the idea of them, and dismissed as foolish illusions what we were incapable of. We believed in nothing but amusement, and when amusement did not amuse us we at first accepted that fact as accidental and significant of nothing in particular. When ennui recurred, we thought ourselves growing old, and became sad, bored, and argumentative. These young fellows have the wit to find out that youth must give itself up to something beyond self, must use its strength; but they somehow lack inspiration, and the *élan* only carries them half-way. They want

to see deeply, love strongly; they desire desire, but have to content themselves with imagining it. But they have china and lace-decorated mantles, and are less stupid and coarse than we were. Claude will give you a tea in his studio. I went to one once. The place is a dream. The talk was beautiful, but after half an hour of it I felt as if I must go out for a mouthful of fresh air."

It had become evident to me that there was a little disappointment ranking in Snow's mind. He had done little with his life; commonplace aims and necessities had governed him, and he had soon given up expecting anything particularly good from himself. The acceptance of a low scale of estimates, when one realizes the possibilities of having easily made a high one, is galling.

But I liked him all the better for not posing and attitudinizing like the crowd at Mrs. De Forrest's. We were by no means left to our *tête-à-tête*. There was music. Hildegard sang at the harp, and there was a long piano solo from a striking-looking young man. A handsome woman in red velvet read a scene from a play, and a poet whose name I had seen in the magazines recited some original verses. The effect of actual performance before one's eyes and ears is always to destroy illusion: hence I fear that the performers gained but a limited power over us. One felt hope at the beginning of each new effort, but it always ended just the same. It was all rather poor, and, the moment refreshments had been served, most of us hastened to take leave, unaffectedly wearied out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## AN ADIRONDACK HOME.

FAR off, crossing the vast, dim valley below us, the St. Lawrence River is seen,—a thread of silver creeping through the verdure to the sea.

We are at an Adirondack homestead, where I spend a part of every summer. It is a remote place among the mountains, and just in the edge of the great woods. My brother Edward now resides here.

In the bottom of a deep, wooded valley, through which flows our little river, a quarter of a mile back of the house, is the saw-mill. We (three brothers) built it when we were boys. We still treasure a large flat bottle filled with saw-dust,—the first cut by the saw when the mill was started, more than twenty years ago. In order to comprehend the sentiment involved in this saw-dust, it is important to know that we picked out this place in the forest, and paid for it by our industry, and built the mill, from ground-sills to ridge-pole, including the machinery and everything about it, with our own youthful hands. We were millwrights, carpenters, and builders, learning the trades as we went along.

The rest of the farm is now cleared, but we still keep the deep valley in woods, as it was in the good old times. It is a very cool, leafy retreat in summer, and many old associations are connected with it.

Last year, in coming here, I brought with me from the city my office-boy, Salsify Kamfer, aged fourteen, a slim and handsome lad, with a sweet face, brown eyes, and dark hair.

I learned early in our journey that the care of this city boy in the country was likely to be enlivening. Although a docile Sabbath-school scholar at home, and full of good impulses, his city-bred soul revolted against the country. As we left metropolitan surroundings and the railroad dwindled to a single track and the telegraph to a single wire and the stations to mere sheds of rough

boards, Salsify could not forbear expressions of contempt. He also told me very frankly that the people were the most disagreeable he had ever seen. He said they were afraid to talk. When I explained to him that quiet living in solitary places induced habits of taciturnity and reserve, he insisted that it was not reserve, but sulkiness.

The morning after our arrival, when I endeavored to impress Salsify with a sense of the grandeur of the landscape that stretches away to a dim horizon in Canada, he conceded all I claimed for it, but was evidently much more interested in a couple of guinea-fowls that were rambling about the door-yard with the chickens and turkeys. We were informed that these "guineas" kept the hawks off. The harsh clangor of their voices was supposed to have this effect. But Salsify was chiefly interested in the fact that the guineas were great fighters. He remarked that their heads were more like snakes' heads than like the heads of other fowls. When, two days after our arrival, it was discovered that the male guinea had a leg broken and the big Plymouth-Rock rooster had lost an eye in a mutual unpleasantness, Salsify began to manifest for the first time a genuine respect for the country. The female guinea has an ugly trick which interests the boy. When quietly feeding near the chickens, she suddenly brings her reptilian head to a level, pointing toward a chicken, and then, making a rush, strikes the unsuspecting victim. The feathers fly, also the chicken. After suffering a few attacks of this kind, the persecuted innocent begins to limp, and eventually grows weak in the back and dies.

Salsify, in a dim, unconscious way, sympathizes with the guinea-fowls. He admires their neat appearance and their exhibitions of power. They resemble the city demagogue who stands for the boy's idea of a hero.

If Salsify is in fault in his admiration, perhaps I am equally so in mine. My favorite is the tall, gaunt, bluish-gray fox-hound who guards the house and premises. This dog, Plato by name, has an enemy the strangest and most absurd that ever afflicted a quadruped. He has battled with it for many years. The bitterness of these contests has sunk deep into his mentality, and is now apparent in his long, melancholy visage. His enemy is not a burglar or another dog: it is simply and vaguely the thunder of the heavens. Plato's battles with the thunder-storms are widely known and often talked of in the neighborhood. As we came here in the heart of the thunder-storm season, I have had opportunity to see Plato in full operation.

As the first low muttering of a storm is heard, Plato's warm brown eyes, which I have perhaps just then caressed into a peaceful and affectionate expression, darken and contract, the wrinkles on his face deepen, his long, slim tail suddenly becomes a crow-bar, and, jerking away from me and throwing up his head, his mouth opens, and the long, moaning, bell-like note peculiar to his race echoes through the clearing. If he happens to be in the house, it makes no difference: his voice cannot be suppressed. The only relief is to get him out as soon as possible. He is, presumably, inspired with the vision of some grisly terror from the moment he hears the thunder coming. This thing has apparently become the nightmare of his existence.

Having uttered his premonitory howl, Plato's next proceeding is to dash off toward the coming storm as far as the boundary-line of the premises. Here he stations himself, and pours out his soul in long, dismal, defiant notes, facing the storm. As each fresh peal is heard, his excitement increases, until he runs at his utmost speed, tearing from side to side along the line, throwing his head skyward as he runs, and pouring out great volleys of sound against the advancing foe. During these exercises, Plato (who is in all else a very obedient dog) is equally regardless of entreaties and threats, or

even blows. He seems to remember only that the family and the premises must be protected, and that he alone is responsible.

As the storm progresses and crosses the line of battle, a scene ensues generally designated and known as "Plato's circus." It is evidently clear to him that his enemies are upon him and coming in all directions. He turns this way and that to repel and pursue them. The dog's ambition is apparently to catch always the last thunderbolt before it has time to leave the clearing. In this mad pursuit he charges around the house and across the premises in all directions in a howling frenzy of excitement. As the deluge comes down, Plato may be dimly seen through the sheets of water flitting past, drawing himself out into a blue line in his efforts to increase his speed sufficiently to overtake that last thunderbolt. As the bolts come thicker and faster, Plato's howl is sometimes broken short off, ending with a squeak, as he twists himself to a sharp angle, leaving the old and turning to pursue the new arrival. In the midst of such terrors his voice also becomes "choky," and seems almost articulate in its expression, this effect being due doubtless to his feelings and to the fact that his mouth is likely to be partly filled with rain-water.

Frequently it becomes evident that Plato is, in his own opinion, getting the worst of it. The contest upon his part degenerates into almost a squabble. The strange, invisible powers of the air press heavily upon the dog's imagination. There is a tradition that when very young he was sometimes driven under the barn with drooping tail and scared wits by an unusually sharp clap of thunder. But in later years, although at times almost pulverized by fear, he has never retreated. He not only maintains his ground, but makes a point of always pursuing the last bellowing monster until its voice dies away behind the hills.

When all is over, the poor dog comes into the house whimpering and whining like a sick child, begging for sympathy, and evidently under the impression that

he has warded off a dreadful calamity. It is now past the middle of the dog-days. Plato has become worn and haggard. Thunder-storms are frequent. He no sooner subdues one than another more hideous and awful is discovered stealing insidiously upon him from behind the horizon. Like all his race, however, he is very enduring; and it is the general impression that he will be able to continue, as in previous years, with forces unabated, to the close of the summer campaign.

One of Plato's peculiarities is that his intelligence resides chiefly in his nose. He refuses to accept the testimony of his eyes unsupported by his more trustworthy nasal organ. He has even failed to recognize his master at sight; and usually on meeting any of the family away from home he circles around to the leeward and takes a sniff before making his approaches.

Plato is at his best when hunting the foxes which abound in the neighborhood. He never hunts them alone, but always in company with his cousin Hero, who belongs upon an adjoining farm. The exploits of the two dogs are noteworthy. The pair, when allowed to go at large, are well-mated vagabonds. If not prevented, they would do nothing but hunt foxes all the year round,—except, of course, at such times as Plato is engaged in his thunder-storm business. To prevent an extensive waste of dog-power, Hero is, as a rule, kept chained at home. Plato, however, is at liberty to visit him at any time and cheer him with reminiscences or with the hope of a good time coming. The good time always comes in the autumn. When the summer heats are over and the golden brown of October appears, it is proper and decorous to chase the foxes. On a fine frosty morning Hero is unchained and permitted his freedom. It is a joyful moment indeed to the two friends. There is an immense wagging of tails, and a manifestation of hilarity that seems a little out of place in dogs of so grave and solemn a character as these hounds are.

Within fifteen minutes after Hero is

liberated, the two friends start upon their first hunt of the season. They generally go first to a piece of woods at the east of the house and about half a mile distant. Usually within half an hour the first wild yelp announcing a fresh track is heard. A few minutes later, the fox, closely followed by Plato, is seen crossing a long level which is just beyond the road in front of the house. The foxes, having had rest from the dogs since the previous autumn or winter, are not very shy. Last autumn the first fox started in this manner seemed almost to have been caught napping, for Plato was close upon his heels. As they were seen crossing the wide, open stretch of meadow, it seemed inevitable that Plato, who is a very fast dog, would catch the game; but the fox was a very cunning animal and a great dodger. As we looked upon the race from the piazza, it was jump and dodge and squirm and twist and zigzag all across the field, until at last Reynard reached a rail-fence at the boundary. Here the fox had a trick which gave him an advantage. He went through the fence, and the dog went through after him. Then the fox dodged back again to the other side of the fence, and so continued threading the fence back and forth like a needle, and the dog, trying to follow with his greater bulk, was embarrassed and confused. The fox, skittering along the line of fence in this alternate manner, secured a respectable start, and the dog was left behind to pick up the track and follow the scent in the usual way, which he did with eager yelps and howlings. In the mean time, the heavy "boom, boom" of old Hero's voice, as he steadily and soberly followed the track across the meadow and along the fence, would have told any expert in these matters that Hero, though the slower dog, had better staying qualities. Hero has been in at the death of a great many deer, a few bears, one catamount, and a variety of other game, in his years of hunting among the Adirondack Mountains. It is observable that he now leaves all the lighter play and the circling-round to his less experienced friend, while

he himself follows along the regular line.

In some instances the men of the family at our farm-house, induced by the entreating voices of the dogs, go out with their guns to secure the fox. The method is to listen to the course the dogs are taking, and to stand in the line of approach. Ere long the fugitive will be seen coming, and he will approach until within easy range, if the hunter remains quiet. In this way many foxes are secured each year. But in the majority of instances the two dogs are not seconded by the men. Then they go chasing on and baying hour after hour, until they have worn out the day, and perhaps the night, in the pursuit.

Sometimes the fox, tired of the chase, takes to his hole. The men, hearing the baying at a fixed point, know what has happened. Occasionally they go to the assistance of the dogs. Then, with a long withe or lumber pole, cut from the woods, they explore to find the direction of the hole, and, cutting down from above, reach the fox in his home. In unearthing the fox there is usually a tussle. Plato, in an agony of excitement, perceiving by his exquisite sense of smell that the fox is just in advance of the shovels in the hole, in spite of all prohibitions dives in among the implements, crams his long, slim head into the fox-hole, and a moment later, with a smothered yell, pulls backward. What has happened? The little hunted fugitive in the hole has turned upon his pursuer and has planted his small, sharp, foxy teeth in the most sensitive part of that wonderful nose which is Plato's grandest characteristic. Plato continues to pull and yell, and the fox, finally, rather than be drawn out into open day, lets go. Plato's nose has become quite crooked in consequence of these encounters. The shovels resume. Then old Hero comes up warily, and, as the fox is unearthed, Hero's ponderous jaws close upon poor Reynard's cranium, and it is crushed like an egg-shell; and the men, saying that there is "one varmint the less" in the neighborhood to kill the turkeys, go triumphantly home.

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There is another issue which often results to the hounds from "holing" a fox. The men occasionally pay no attention to their beseechings, but leave the two canine friends to their own devices. In that case Plato sometimes turns himself into an excavator. He uses his strong fore-legs and broad paws in digging. As the fox-holes are usually in sandy knolls, he is enabled to make considerable progress. Holes made by his work and running several yards into the hillside have been discovered. Notwithstanding his uniform failures to reach the fox by this method, he continues to practise the art of digging with unabated enthusiasm. The notion that he will ultimately dig out a fox is evidently one of his cherished hallucinations.

The tenacity and endurance of the hounds are best seen when they are left wholly to themselves in their hunting, as they often are for weeks together. They will be absent from home upon one of their "hunting sprees" for perhaps thirty-six hours, and engaged during all that time in the chase, pursuing by night as well as by day. Plato returning from such a dissipation is a sight to see. He went away full-fleshed and sleek, he returns a mere sack of bones, so terrific have been the excitement and exertion. If it is cold and wet, as it is apt to be in this mountain-region in autumn, he is permitted to come into the kitchen and lie down behind the stove with the cat. For a season he is merely sluggish clay, sleeping constantly, or waking only to eat voraciously or to avoid the broom of the housewife. After about three days he is recuperated, and starts off again, fresh as ever, to meet his cousin Hero, doubtless by appointment, and the pair set out for another episode in their wild career. Such a life would speedily destroy any animal organization less enduring than that of the hound.

The gentle side of Plato's nature is best seen in his dealings with Miss Sylvia, the cat. As we are sitting upon the piazza, a gleam of pure milk-white comes whirling and dancing suddenly around the corner of the house upon

the green lawn. A glance tells us that it is Miss Sylvia in pursuit of some imaginary object. As she sees her canine friend recumbent at our feet, with a quick, joyful step and serious air she comes up on the piazza to greet him. She is a very affectionate creature. She advances to Plato slowly, and, softly purring, walks directly under his raised head, touches his jowls with her arched back, and coquettishly flirts her tail in his face. Then she turns and walks backward and forward, purring and rubbing her furry sides against his throat and breast, while he elevates his nose a little disdainfully to give her room to pass. If he still remains stern and cold—as he usually does—and utterly regardless, she then looks up in his face, raises her right fore-paw daintily and gives a soft pat with it upon one of his long, pendulous, silken ears. This, as Salsify says, generally “fetches him.” Plato rises and glances upward at us sheepishly, as if he would say, “What does she want with me? I despise this nonsense;” and then he puts his long nose down against Miss Puss and gently pushes her off the piazza on to the grass. Then Plato returns and sits gravely down by us upon his haunches with a very dignified air, as if he had performed an important family duty. Miss Puss endures this cheerfully. She is evidently a little afraid to trifle with Plato, and quite willing to be treated by him as an inferior if she can retain his good opinion. It is quite clear, also, that Plato is a little ashamed of the sentimentality of their friendship. It is asserted that upon one occasion when Miss Sylvia was unusually familiar Plato went so far as to take her in his mouth and drop her into a tub of rain-water which stands just at the corner of the house; but, upon cross-examination, the evidence of this did not seem to me sufficient. There can be no doubt, however, that Plato does not like publicly to own his friendship for the cat. He would unquestionably be very unwilling to have his cousin Hero know of it.

I have not been able to impress Salsify with my ideas of Plato. He re-

gards “that fool of a dog” as a failure. Salsify is to me a perpetual delight. His utter ignorance of the different varieties of trees and of the birds we see is amazing.

As soon as we came here I established a little camp for picnicking about a mile below the mill, in the deep, wooded ravine through which flows the river. Here Salsify and I have spent many of the warmest days entirely free from the heat. We occupy the time with fishing, conversation, reading, and athletic games. We have but few callers: a solitary crane hangs round, and a kingfisher claims an adverse possession. We could easily take along the rifle which is at the house and kill the kingfisher and the crane, and perhaps some of the red and black squirrels that frequent the cool, wooded valley, but we are both opposed to such proceedings and object to them when they are suggested by our country friends. As we sit on the piazza at the house with the family and the neighbors in the cool of the day, and talk of our little camp where we picnic, and of farming, and hunting, and other topics, there is greater freedom and enjoyment than I have known anywhere else, except, perhaps, among the girls and boys at a district-school. The families of the neighborhood seem to constitute only one large family. They run in and out and about each other's houses as if they were common property. Salsify is beginning to enjoy this free life, and says he never found so much pleasure in any other. The freedom of the place has extended to our camp, rendering the long talks which Salsify and I enjoy there free and confidential. My own burden—the knowledge that life is so far advanced with me and I have accomplished so little—has been placed frankly before my office-boy during the days we have spent together in the leafy solitude of the woods lying on the bank of the river. We have also read a few books together; but there is a difference in our tastes which works against success in this direction: he still clings to sea-stories and delights in piratical adventures.



We get along better in relating our own experiences. He exerts himself to impress me with a sense of the daring character of his adventures. The days at school when he "licked" all the other boys, and the days in the streets when he fought with the "mud-larks" and was himself "covered with gore" and glory, are dwelt upon for my edification.

This extravagant talk on the part of Salsify has to be taken with a good deal of allowance. He is a fine young chap, with generous impulses, and his reckless boasting is in part the result of a pardonable purpose. For this youth is trying to ward off what he regards as a dire calamity, and he thinks this kind of talk may help him.

The calamity which Salsify dreads, and the fear of which is a burden to him, is the imputation of goodness. Vague as the danger is, and perhaps to most minds shadowy, it is as much a reality to him as my burden is to me or the thunder-storm to Plato. It appears that on several occasions at the Sunday-school and elsewhere Salsify has been called "a good boy." No other appellation could so humiliate or depress him. "I am no saint," he pleads indignantly, as he discourses of his grievance in our camp. And then he proceeds to lay before me the lies he has told, the battles he has fought, and the small thefts he has committed. I discover also that he has a list of semi-profane words which he explodes like fire-crackers in his vehement talk. In reply to Salsify I am compelled to admit that, taking all the sins together which he has committed since his babyhood, the array is perhaps sufficient to constitute a barrier against goodness. But I do not tell him that which I cannot help thinking,—that, with his extremely impulsive nature, sweet disposition, and honesty of purpose, he is not likely wholly to escape the imputation which he so much dreads.

Salsify's criticism of those who have been his instructors at school is interesting. "There is Miss Williams," he exclaims patronizingly, "who might be a real nice girl, but she is a slave to duty,

and has no more idea of freedom or a good time than a machine."

I suggest that she is discreet.

He replies that she makes an old hen of herself, and that if any one has got to be always discreet like that it is no use to live.

I remark that I have heard her speak well of him.

"Yes," says Salsify a little conceitedly, "I know she likes me." And then, after a moment's reflection, he adds indignantly, "I don't like her: she thinks I am good: she thinks I am a regular little tin angel on wheels."

Two miles east of our farm-house, on a hill-side, is a small hut, which can be distinctly seen in a clear day, and which is brought out very plainly by using a spy-glass. This hut interests Salsify and the rest of us, because it is the hunting-lodge of the Alaska-saple-man. (The word *sable* is always pronounced *saple* in this region.)

The authorities in such matters here say that of course there is no such animal as the Alaska saple; but they add, with a laugh, that the fur of the Alaska saple is obtained from an odorous animal not convenient to stumble over on moonlight nights. The fur of the Alaska saple in the market might not seem as sweet by another name. Therefore there is, as a convenient fiction, such an animal as the Alaska saple, and his fur is very fine, and happens now to be in fashion.

For some months in autumn and winter the Alaska-saple-man pursues his lucrative calling. He lives a hermit-life, and is not likely to be troubled with visitors. At the termination of his exile he deodorizes himself, his dog, and his peltry, manages to get into a new suit of clothes at some intermediate point, and returns to his fellow-beings.

I have not stated hitherto the fact that our little camp and general location are in and near a belt of woods which connects (with some slight breaks caused by clearings) the Adirondack forest with the forests of Canada. More or less deer are seen every season passing over this territory or run-way in their journey-

ings, and now and then a bear is discovered along the same line. These are often pursued and killed. Sometimes the hunt and capture is in sight of the houses. The story of each of these incidents is valued as an important part of the history of the neighborhood. The oldest bear-story relates a capture four miles away, at the Corners. There is a small church at the Corners. Soon after it was built, forty years ago, one Sunday, while the people were in church, they heard suddenly a great noise outside on the green. Looking out, they saw an immense black bear fighting with three dogs. The meeting closed unceremoniously, and the people went out to see the fight. In a few minutes the hunters who were pursuing came up, and the bear was killed.

It would require a pretty thick volume to set forth the store of good things in the way of hunting adventures and incidents which have accumulated in our neighborhood within the last thirty years. They can be told worthily only by the hunters themselves, in the cool Adirondack summer twilight or by the winter fireside.

Salsify's interest in the narrations we heard of hunting-exploits evening after evening on the piazza was extreme. Moved by curiosity and the stories, Salsify naturally desired to explore. He resolved, among other things, to attend church at the Corners, where that bear was killed on the green. On Sunday morning, before I was aware of it, he had arrayed himself and had gone alone to the place. He returned early in the afternoon, and explained to me that the church-services did not amount to anything, and that he had never been so stared at in all his life before. He professed, however, not to care for the staring, and said he could look any man, woman, or child of them all, including the preacher, out of countenance in ten seconds.

I did not venture at the time to tell Salsify why he had attracted so much attention. I enlightened him gradually in the course of the week, as I thought he could bear it. When I had told him

all, he was, to my surprise, not abashed, but pleased, and gloried in the sensation he had created. The fact was, he had decked himself out in what he supposed to be real country style. Whether he had gained his ideas from Buffalo Bill as seen on the stage, or from some book, I did not learn. However it was, he had brought the things with him in his trunk, and his suit consisted of blue flannel pants, a handsome blue flannel shirt with broad collar and silver stars, and a pair of brilliant red suspenders, without coat or vest. It was a neat rig for fancy yachting, or for a hero on the stage; but for a quiet little country church, in which there were not five people who had ever seen the sea or a theatre, it was not quite the thing, certainly. I learned afterward that Salsify was variously taken by the plain people who saw him for a drummer-boy, a sailor, an actor, an escaped circus-performer, and a vender of patent medicines.

As Salsify came to know of these misapprehensions, he rejoiced in them, and was delighted with the sensation he had produced.

The next Sabbath, when I went with him to the same church, he urged so strongly his right to wear the brilliant suit again that (with some modifications) it was permitted. I noticed that he sat during the entire service in a belligerent attitude, breathing defiance. The religious exercises, simple and majestic in their homely setting, entirely failed to reach down to the current of his youthful life. His imaginary contest with the worshippers completely absorbed him.

Another of Salsify's explorations consisted in seeing how near he could get to the hut of the Alaska-saple-man. With this object in view, he wandered off alone, intending to make his way through the woods in a direct line to the locality. He was absent all day, and returned from "somewhere down toward Canada," having gone astray. Coming out on a road, he paid a man who knew the country a dollar and a half to bring him home, where he arrived after nightfall.

Perhaps it was this experience on the part of Salsify that led him and all of us to take so deep an interest in the boy who was lost near Blue Mountain. Blue Mountain is about twenty miles from where we were located. The news that a boy was lost in the woods up there spread very rapidly. The huckleberry-plains at the foot of the mountain are visited every year by farmers from a distance, who come with their families and camp in this wild section and pick berries and make a holiday time of it. The boy who was lost, Andrew Garfield by name, was in one of these camps. He went out toward evening to hunt partridges, and did not come back. His parents and the camps were, of course, alarmed as it grew dark and Andrew did not return. Quite a disturbance was made, and a good many people were said to have gone to the place next day. The second day after Andrew disappeared, my brother Edward and Salsify and I went to the scene. Edward drove his team, taking us with him in a rough lumber-wagon. The twenty miles of road we travelled was smooth and hard, and the bright air and mountain-landscapes were a perpetual enjoyment.

Edward gave a man who was walking in our direction a ride. This custom of giving a ride to any one on foot is universal in the locality. The man who accepted the ride was named Sam Curley. Mr. Curley said there was a new joke down where he lived. Tom Powell had sold a cow to Bill Worden for a six-year-old animal, when she was no such thing. The cow had only one horn. Bill looked at his purchase and noticed that there were thirteen wrinkles on her horn. One wrinkle comes every year: so that it appeared to him that the cow must be thirteen years old. He felt bad about it, and spoke to Tom, charging that Tom had misrepresented the age of the animal. Tom replied indignantly, asking Bill if he really was such a numskull and did not know anything. "Why," said Tom, "the animal has but one horn, and of course both wrinkles come on one horn." Bill had to give up and accept the explana-

tion. The six-year-old cow with thirteen wrinkles on her horn was the joke of the season.

About an hour before noon we reached the huckleberry-plains. We found a dozen little tents clustered together there, and there were twenty or thirty teams and nearly a hundred people. It was on the bank of the St. Regis River. There was a fine view of the mountain, and miles and miles of woods stretching away in every direction.

The story about the lost boy was that, he having gone after the partridges and not returning, a dozen men had gone into the woods that same night, making more or less noise, and trying to call loud enough for the boy to hear them. But they could do nothing. The tall, raw-boned man, with red hair, who answered our questions, said they might as well have tried to walk right through a mountain of tar as to go through "them woods" that night.

On the following morning four parties of men, with guns, had gone into the woods in four different directions and commenced firing the guns. There was one solitary report of a gun heard, apparently in reply, far off up the river, but after that no response. As they could not find the boy, two surveyors had been sent for, and in the afternoon of the day after the boy was lost the surveyors arrived. They were familiar with the entire region. They said that the boy was probably wandering off up the river, and that the single report of a gun which had been heard in reply was from *his* gun. They took a party of four men, with provisions, and immediately plunged into the woods.

When we arrived upon the scene, the boy had been out one day and two nights (about forty hours), and the surveyors had been nearly twenty-four hours in the woods. We pitched the little tent we had brought, tied our horses to the back end of the wagon, where they could feed from the wagon-box, and then made ourselves at home among the huckleberry-pickers and those who were waiting to hear from the lost boy.

In the evening it was pleasant at the camps. Fires were built in front of some of the tents, and the men, gathering round them, chatted, and a few sung songs. Some of the older ones talked of old times on the Potomac. They said camping revived memories of their days in the army.

About an hour after dark there was an exciting incident. The report of a rifle was heard a quarter of a mile away in the bush. It was replied to by several of the men at the camps by discharging guns and by loud calls. A few minutes later two men came out of the woods, saying that they had felt their way in the intense blackness for two hours, having almost reached the camps before dark. They were two of the men who had gone out with the surveyors. As the people gathered round them and listened with breathless interest, they explained that the surveyors had come upon the track of the boy and were following it up the river in a line parallel with the stream and about two miles distant from it. They had followed the track about six miles when the two men were sent back with the news. The men said they saw where the boy had picked blueberries, and that there was no doubt that it was the track of Andrew, the lost boy.

At this point in the narrative a little shriek was heard, and attention was drawn to the shrieker. She was a compact little woman, with light hair and a neat blue calico dress. She was Andrew's mother. She was soothed by the other women. Her husband said, "Don't cry, Jane: maybe he ain't dead, after all."

After Jane and her husband had gone away to their tent, there was some discussion in regard to the probability of the boy being found alive. The red-haired man thought it would be possible to find him alive. This man seemed to be an excitable individual. He declared that he would not sleep a wink that night, because he would be thinking all the while about the boy.

The two men who had brought the intelligence said the surveyors had sent

out word that the boy would very likely get to the bank of the river in his wandering, and they thought if he did he would be likely to keep along by the side of it. They wished, therefore, that some of the men would take a boat and go up the St. Regis River a dozen miles or more, searching and calling as they went. They thought it possible that the boy might be found in that way.

By midnight all had been said that could well be suggested, and the company around the fires dropped away to the tents to sleep. The next day was Sunday. It still remained clear and bright weather. The day was spent in various ways by the people, but the majority remained quietly at the camps. Divine service was suggested, but, on inquiry, it appeared that there was no one present who was willing to address the people or to lead them in religious exercises. There were, however, several good singers present, and groups of people spent a part of the day in singing Moody and Sankey hymns and other selections that they had in memory. Salsify somewhat distinguished himself in these exercises. There were a few new arrivals,—young fellows who came for a Sunday excursion from the settlements, just to "see" and spend part of the day and return.

The great event of the day occurred at about five o'clock in the afternoon. It seemed that the red-haired man and a friend of his, acting on the suggestion of the surveyors, had taken a boat on Sunday morning at the dawn of day and had gone up the St. Regis River. As it was mostly "still water," they had penetrated a dozen miles or more along the river into the woods. Some time after noon they turned and came down the river again. A little while before five o'clock they had nearly got back to camp, and were coming around the last bend of the river, three-quarters of a mile above the camps. There was some wild grass growing on the shore just at the bend. Something rustled, and then a boy put his head up above the grass: it was Andrew, the lost boy. He called out lustily, asking the men for a ride in

the boat down to camp. Fifteen minutes later, down at camp, a hum, a buzz, a roar began off toward the river, and the next we knew there was the red-haired man and another man and a handsome, light-haired boy with his cap off right in our midst, and it was known that the boy was Andrew, who had been found. There we all were, shouting and crying and laughing, like so many insane people, over the boy. The first individual movement that I distinctly recall was that of the mother of Andrew. Coming from a tent, she rushed forward like a projectile from a catapult, but seemed to weaken after a moment, and actually fell down on her face in the midst of the tumult. She was helped up, and had a chance to put her arms about her boy's neck, after which she sat down on the ground and cried.

Immediately after this, attention was called to the red-haired man, who was making his arms go and trying to tell the story how they had found the lad. "I tell you what, boys," said he, "when the grass wiggled and he put his head up and I see it was Andrew a-sittin' there, like little Moses in the bulrushes, it just made my hair pull."

Andrew, who was about Salsify's age, evidently did not like all this excitement. His mother's sympathy compelled him to cry a little, but it was clearly disagreeable to the boy. When asked if he was starved, he said no, he was not hungry much.

Andrew's supper was not long in coming. He was annoyed by the attention bestowed upon him while eating. After supper he admitted that he had been "a little bit holler" toward the last, but he insisted that huckleberries and winter-green and birch-bark would do very well for three or four days. When asked how he could sleep in the woods alone, he said the only

trouble was to keep awake, and that "it slept itself," if he only let it. The boy obstinately asserted that he liked it in the woods and had "enjoyed it first-rate." He admitted that he had got his head turned, but declared that when he struck the river he understood how it was, and came back. When asked if he had heard the guns fired by the various parties that went into the woods the morning after he disappeared, he said he did, but that they confused him. He would hear firing in one direction and would go toward it, after which there would be firing in another direction and he would turn toward that, and so it "mixed him all up." He had fired his gun once in reply, but, having lost his box of percussion-caps, could fire no more.

Edward and Salsify and I started on our return to the farm-house the next morning. There was an incident that amused us just as we were starting. Mr. Pinkham came to the plains to pick huckleberries, provided with a bundle of slips of paper, and on each slip was written, "Tobias Pinkham, — Lost!" He was going to tack these notices to the trees as he travelled, if he got lost, and he had a paper of small tacks in his pocket for that purpose. He agreed with some hunters that in case he should be missing they would search for him, looking out sharp for the notices. It was a very serious agreement upon Mr. Pinkham's part. He emphasized the point that he would pay the hunters for their trouble, either in money or in maple sugar. Mr. Pinkham's notices were looked upon as a great joke, and the news of them was spread abroad by us as we met the neighbors on our return journey. We reached the farm-house in time for dinner, and three days later Salsify and I came back to the city.

P. DEMING.



## EDGE-TOOLS.

AS the steamer "Eastern Belle" approached the pier at Flying Point, a slender row-boat shot out from among the green piles and came up alongside. The "Eastern Belle" was so small and sat so low in the water that one could easily board her from a row-boat. This was a pretty row-boat, painted white, with a gold water-line, and having "Lurline" in glittering letters on the stern. A lady in pale blue held the ruddercords, and a younger woman had been pulling rather well for a woman, looking back at the steamer over her left shoulder.

Stephen Armstrong, standing on the hurricane-deck of the "Eastern Belle," looked up at the wharf and saw the usual crowd of young women wearing tennis-cloth petticoats and fancy jackets and young men in flannel garments and canvas shoes. Suddenly somebody spoke to him from below: "Stephen!"

He leaped down, scorning the steps, and was immediately seized by the lady who had been steering the "Lurline."

"Stephen! what a good, good boy! I knew you would come: you are too sweet for anything!" Then she added softly and imperatively, "We've come to take you off in a boat; go and get in quick, and, mind, you are an old—a very old—friend of Anita's; you must greet her as an old friend; and do be quick!"

"What do you mean?" said Armstrong. "I never even saw—"

"Yes, you did," said his sister, speaking intensely, in the same swift undertone: "you knew her five years ago in Venice: don't forget. Now go and greet her *very* cordially."

"Shall I kiss her, or what?" asked Armstrong, standing quite still, and looking down densely at the small, excited woman before him.

"Don't be vulgar: of course you'll only shake hands; but do it with a great deal of *empressement*, and, above all, be

quick. It doesn't look at all as if you were dying to see her."

"I am not," said Armstrong; but he obeyed his sister and stepped into the small boat.

The girl who had been rowing rose at once and impulsively held out both hands. Hardly knowing what he did, Armstrong took them in his own. A great flush swept over the girl's face, and she cast an almost imperceptible side-glance toward the wharf. "I am so glad you've come," she said, in a sweet but rather high-pitched voice. "I looked everywhere for you, and almost thought you were not on the boat, but all the time I knew you would come."

"Don't you want me to row?" asked Armstrong, releasing her hands.

"Oh, no, thanks. I like it," she answered. She raised her eyes to meet his, then dropped them suddenly and resumed her seat as Mrs. Leigh stepped into the boat.

Mrs. Leigh seated herself in the bow. "You steer, please, Stephen," she said.

The "Lurline" left the steamer and shot up a sparkling blue cove at the end of which a small beach made a landing nearer the hotel than the wharf.

"Now that we are away from those people," said Mrs. Leigh, "I will introduce you: Miss Haven, my brother, Mr. Stephen Armstrong. Of course I couldn't do it before, for fear of being overheard."

"You must keep the boat off, if you please: it is shoal to the left," said Miss Haven. All her lively eagerness of manner had vanished: she was quiet, ceremonious, and downcast.

Armstrong's position enabled him to study her quietly. She was a pretty girl, of the golden-blonde type. Her hair was yellow, with red tints and amber shadows in it; her eyes were light yellow-brown, like rare sherry; the close sleeves of her flannel gown were turned

back, displaying the difference between her milk-white arms and her slender hands made tawny by rowing in the sun. She stopped rowing presently and pushed her hat back from her forehead. At this moment Armstrong's attention was attracted by the singular gestures of his sister, who sat in the bow behind Miss Haven. Mrs. Leigh apparently beckoned. Armstrong rose. Mrs. Leigh waved him back with gestures yet more frantic. Armstrong subsided into his seat, in doubt as to whether his sister wished him to go forward or to jump overboard at the stern. The gestures continued, growing every instant more wildly perplexing. "Do you want to speak to me?" asked Armstrong at length, in despair.

"No," said his sister quite shortly, and silence reigned in the "Lurline" till the boat ran up on the beach.

Naturally, Armstrong carried the rudder and oars into the little boat-house, and Miss Haven followed him with the brass rowlocks. When they came out Mrs. Leigh was gone. "Never mind," said Miss Haven: "we shall find her at the hotel. That crimson wrap in the boat is mine, if you'll please get it; thanks. Oh, there! we shall meet that crowd from the wharf, and I in this outrageous dress! I must go round by the beach."

"Is it outrageous?" asked Armstrong, following her perforce.

"Horribly so: the girls are all dressed for tea except myself. I am so tired: will you please give me your arm? I rowed more than two hours before we went to meet the 'Eastern Belle.'"

"That was foolish of you," said Armstrong stupidly.

"Oh, no, it wasn't," said Miss Haven. "Don't you see that it was the only thing left for us to do? Everybody thinks you're having an elegant time if you're only out on the water. And dear Mrs. Leigh has been wearing a hat of her husband's all the afternoon, so that even with a glass they could not tell, you know: wasn't that clever of her? I do think she's the cleverest woman I ever knew. As a rule, I can't endure women."

She had clasped her hands upon his arm, and as they came up to the hotel, Armstrong necessarily bending to listen to her chatter, they had every appearance of being devoted to each other. Mrs. Leigh came to meet them, and took her brother's left arm, and the three thus crossed the piazza and the wide hall of the hotel. At the head of the first flight of stairs, Miss Haven disappeared down a short corridor, and Armstrong was drawn into his sister's small parlor overlooking the sea.

Once there, with the door shut, Mrs. Leigh sank into an arm-chair and beamed approval on her handsome, bewildered brother. "Delicious!" she said; "capital, Stephen! it absolutely could not be better!"

"As far as I am able to judge," said Armstrong, "it absolutely could not be worse. Will you be good enough to explain?"

"Why," said Mrs. Leigh, laughing, "of course you can see, if you're not a perfect owl, that it is all on Stanley Richards's account. As for calling her pretty, I do not, and never did: she is loud, and she dances horribly, and he is so refined, too, and a girl who wears canvas shoes, of all things! But it was old Peter who made money in the Pennsylvania oil-wells, you know; so on her mother's side she's well connected, but she is all Wheeler and not a bit Van Duysen,—not a bit."

Armstrong walked up to a window and stood looking out for a moment at the water. "What has all this incoherency to do with me?" he said. "Did Miss Haven wear canvas shoes? I didn't notice."

"Why, Stephen Armstrong, how can you? Of course she never did; she is a perfect lady; and you know you always notice a woman's foot the first thing: you always did."

"Well, then," said Armstrong bluntly, "what do you mean, anyhow?"

Mrs. Leigh crossed the room, and, opening the door, peeped out, then she closed it, came back, and resumed her easy-chair. "Why," she said, "it was all the fault of that dreadful girl."

"But I thought you were fond of her?" said Armstrong.

"How can you be so stupid!" she said. "I'm not talking about Anita, of course: it is that terrible Wheeler girl. And everything was going on so smoothly, and he is so elegant in every way, and the only really nice young man in the hotel. And I'm sure everybody could see they were made for each other, and he was so devoted, and everybody talked about it,—even Harry, who, you know, never notices anything,—and then she came, and was so bold and horrid, and would ask him to take her rowing and walking. Think of it, Stephen! positively ask him! and what man ever lived who knew how to shake off a girl who acted so? And the poor dear felt so! Just fancy how mortifying it was for her! She'd always been such a belle, and never been slighted in her life before. It is enough to kill the poor child; and that Wheeler thing looks so hideously triumphant. So I told her I'd send for you, and you were the best actor in our dramatic club, and you'd make things all right as soon as you got here, only I wouldn't try to deceive you, but we'd have everything perfectly frank and plain to begin with. So now you know all about it, don't you, Stephen, dear?"

"No," said Armstrong, "I'll be d——d if I do."

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Leigh with dignity, "you needn't swear about it, Stephen."

"I beg your pardon," he answered; "but really, Alice, I think you are a trifle more incoherent than usual. Am I to understand that your *protégée* has been cut out by another girl?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Leigh, "if you will put it in such a vulgar way."

"And you sent for me to play me off against the other fellow?"

Mrs. Leigh considered a moment. "Harry wanted you to come," she said presently: "he says the shooting is remarkable for August: he's off shooting now; he's been on the marshes since five this morning. He told me to tell you to come here for your vacation, instead of going to the Adirondacks."

"Then you didn't send for me on Miss Haven's account?"

Mrs. Leigh frowned a little. "How absolute the knave is!" she quoted, and laughed rather vexedly. Suddenly she crossed the room, and, putting her hands around her brother's arm, laid her soft cheek against his rough tweed sleeve. "Do you remember how I planned for you the winter you had that *penchant* for Ethel Kent?" she said.

"Did you plan?" he asked; but as he spoke he looked down and smiled.

"Did I? you ungrateful boy! Have you forgotten the little lunches I made for you? and how many times I pretended to be busy and left you two alone? And then, Stephen, in the Tyrol that summer: have you forgotten that time I managed for you and that pretty Miss Fernald to ride on the donkeys, while I kept that horrid old aunt of hers in the diligence with me, and all that you might have a good time?" She rubbed her cheek against his sleeve softly, as his brown spaniel Florence might have done.

He smoothed her hair with loving superiority, as he might have smoothed the silky head of Florence (there is generally a certain air of condescension in the way a man caresses a woman). "No," he said, "I have not forgotten."

"Well, then," she said plaintively, "won't you be a good boy and do this one thing to please me?"

"And, briefly," said Armstrong, "what is this thing you want me to do?"

Mrs. Leigh gave her brother an impotent little shake. "I have told you so many times already. You are to appear to be perfectly devoted to Nita Haven, and pretend to be an old adorer of hers, so that Stanley Richards, instead of thinking he has dropped her, shall think she was trifling with him, and that she was much fonder of you all the time: don't you see?"

"And the young lady?"

"Poor Nita! as I told you, she's been the greatest belle; and she is so terribly cut that she will do anything to show him she doesn't care and was never in

earnest herself. Yes, she will do anything, no matter what."

"Even to the length of accepting attention from me? Thanks."

"You know I did not mean that. I sent for you because you would make him more jealous than anybody else I could think of."

"Thanks; but why?"

"Because you are distinguished and handsome and not a fop."

Armstrong was no more of an ass than most men, yet he felt in better temper just at this moment than he had since he reached Flying Point. "And suppose, in playing with edge-tools, I cut myself?" he asked.

"Forewarned is forearmed," said his sister tritely; "and, besides, you never could be so absurd as to fall in love in a case like this, where you know all about matters. Come, do you promise? Say quick: I hear Harry's step in the hall—"

"Well, yes, then," answered Armstrong with reluctance.

His sister raised herself on her tiptoes and kissed him rapturously.

At Flying Point everybody walks after tea; later on they may row, or dance, or have impromptu concerts in the hotel parlors, but after tea they must walk on the sand or be unorthodox. Therefore, after tea, Mrs. Leigh drew her white lace shawl over her head, and, raising her eyebrows significantly at her brother, slipped her hand through her husband's arm and started for the beach.

After a moment's idling, Armstrong made his way to that part of the piazza where Miss Haven sat, playing with her fan and listening to the chat of a circle of her mother's particular friends. There was a young man at a little distance,—a tall fellow, with a thin, dark face, a pair of level black eyebrows, and a manner suggestive of his having always been leaning against that particular pillar of the piazza. He was smoking a cigarette and folding his soft white hat into various shapes. Armstrong bent over Miss Haven's chair, as if he did not wish to be overheard. "Shall we have that walk you promised me?" he said.

The girl bent back her pretty blonde head and raised her eyes to his. By so doing, she displayed a beautiful white throat. She was certainly very pretty. There was filmy black lace over her head, and a bunch of deep-red roses in her square-cut black bodice. "I always keep my promises," she said softly, yet with an odd distinctness: her voice was very low, yet, somehow, one felt that her words might have been heard at a distance. She rose and took his arm.

He hesitated. "We may come in rather late," he said: "will you not need a warmer wrap than that lace thing?"

Miss Haven laughed lightly and sweetly. "If you remember Venice," she said with soft intenseness, "you may remember how wifful I used to be about wearing wraps."

"Ah," he said, "can I forget anything connected with Venice?"

Miss Haven raised her eyes, and the two exchanged a peculiar glance. The young man leaning against the pillar did not appear to observe them. He had shaped his hat into a triangular form, and was intent on making the folds quite firm and even. He did not look up, but mechanically removed his cigarette and held it against the wind as Miss Haven passed.

It was that night of the week when a band came from the city to Flying Point: it was playing now a waltz from "Olivette," and some of the young people were waltzing on the broad piazza.

"You are very silent," said Armstrong, when the two had walked some moments without speaking.

The girl turned toward him. "I shall always be silent when I am alone with you," she said. "I see that your sister has explained things to you. I thought she had written you all about it, only you looked so puzzled when I greeted you; but you understand now why I was so horrible in the boat and pretended to know you and to have been looking for your face on the 'Eastern Belle,' when of course your face was perfectly strange to me. You are very good, and I promise you I will be as

little trouble as I possibly can. Your sister tells me you write: well, you shall write and read and study and do whatever you please, if you'll only appear to go off walking with me. After we round that point, out of sight of the hotel, I promise not to speak one syllable to you. I will leave you absolutely to your own devices."

"You are very kind," said Armstrong.

"You are very clever," said the girl; "you are like your sister: she is the cleverest woman I ever knew."

Just here they came upon the Leighs, sitting on a log half sunk in the sand.

"Don't you think it is odd, Stephen," said Mrs. Leigh, "that in whichever direction you walk at Flying Point the best view is always behind you? You needn't laugh, for, positively, it is so: I've proved it a thousand times. I always keep looking back when I walk, and the water, and the tints of the sky, and the reflection of vessels at anchor are always best behind you."

"Your head ought to turn like a revolving light," said Armstrong heartlessly.

"Horror, Stephen, don't! you make me dizzy," said Mrs. Leigh.

Her husband, who was punching holes in the sand with his cane, looked up with a smile at his brother-in-law. Nobody ever enjoyed a joke better than Henry Leigh; he found amusement in things which annoyed other people; he was easy and tolerant, and smiled quietly on all the world. He had said once to Armstrong, "Alice is absurd; she has the most ridiculous ideas and nonsensical theories of any person I ever knew; she is a *reductio ad absurdum*; but I always liked a joke, and Alice is a standing joke,—the most satisfactory joke I ever knew."

Armstrong sat down on the log and began to play with his sister's black fan, while Miss Haven and Henry Leigh resumed some former dispute about the origin of a quotation.

"That is a handsome brunette," said Armstrong presently.

It was a pretty, dark-eyed girl, with a white-and-gold Egyptian shawl about her

head and shoulders. She was walking with the young man who had been playing with his hat on the hotel piazza: she leaned rather heavily on his arm, and inclined toward him as she walked.

"Hush," said Mrs. Leigh, glancing toward where her husband and Miss Haven were making footprints in the sand and laughing over their comparative size. "Pretty? Stephen Armstrong, I gave you credit for more taste. She is not pretty: she is vile."

"Indeed?" said Armstrong. "I didn't suppose the Flying Point House would board bad characters."

"You dreadful boy! who said anything about bad characters?"

"You said she was vile."

"Of course you knew I only meant she was detestable."

"Oh, is that all?"

"All? Why, Stephen Armstrong, that is *the girl*!"

"What girl?" said Stephen densely.

"Why, the Wheeler girl, of course."

"Oh!" said Armstrong, looking at the approaching couple with quickening interest: "that's the girl, is it? Jovè! she has a good figure, though."

"How can you be so disagreeable, Stephen? You know she has no such thing. How can you say it is pretty?"

"Figures don't lie," said Armstrong inanely; then he sprang up suddenly and joined Miss Haven. "Miss Vanity!" he laughed, and bent to examine her pretty, slender footprints in the sand. "I could trace you anywhere on Flying Point," he said, "by your footprint: there is not another like it; don't ever hope to escape me."

"I have no wish to escape you," said Miss Haven sweetly; and just then Stanley Richards passed them with his dark-eyed companion. Miss Wheeler cast a quick side-glance at the two apparently merry young people, then she looked swiftly at the young man beside her.

"There's a fast yacht out there," he said coolly: "it looks like Ben Waterman's."

Henry Leigh and Miss Haven began to build a fort in the sand, like two



children; Miss Haven laughed and chatted with unusual gayety.

Armstrong went back to his seat by his sister and lit a cigar.

"How pretty Nita is!" said Mrs. Leigh musingly.

Armstrong made no reply.

"Don't you think so?"

"Think what?"

"Think that Nita is pretty."

Armstrong drew a moon-face in the sand, and then looked across at Miss Haven. "She is just the style of girl that I don't fancy," he said.

"Why, Stephen Armstrong," said his sister plaintively, "how can you say that Nita Haven is disagreeable?"

"I did not say so," said Armstrong in some surprise.

"Well, you said you didn't like her; and of course you'd like her unless you thought she was disagreeable, wouldn't you?"

Armstrong laughed, and continued his drawing in the sand. "You grow more absurd every day," he said.

One evening, Mrs. Leigh drew her brother into her parlor with an air of excitement. She closed the door. "I should not have believed, Stephen," she said, "after all that has happened, that you would waltz with that Wheeler girl."

Armstrong turned half away from the open window and looked back into the candle-lighted room. "May I ask," he said, "what you'd have me do, when Richards asked me to be introduced?"

"You might have made some excuse."

"What, in the name of common sense?"

Mrs. Leigh tapped the carpet restlessly with her slender foot. "I should think anybody would know what to say."

Armstrong returned to his open window. "I confess," he said, "that I did not."

The night was so perfect that, although it was late, the white sands were covered with strollers. The mass of gayly-dressed dancers had shot apart

like a kaleidoscope-figure, and separated into wandering pairs. Armstrong recognized Miss Wheeler, in her white-and-gold shawl, going toward the beach, not with Richards, but with a certain callow sophomore from Williams. Presently another pair stepped into the yellow square of light which fell from the door. It was Miss Haven, who had just bidden Armstrong good-night at her mother's door, and a young man in an ulster and a soft white hat.

They hesitated a moment when they reached the sand, then, instead of following the other promenaders, turned to the left and walked away toward the pier and the bath-houses.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" asked Mrs. Leigh.

"No," said Armstrong, "I didn't know you spoke to me. I beg your pardon: what did you say?"

"Positively," said Mrs. Leigh with dignity, "I will not say it again. I have said twice that Anita was getting entirely over her absurd fancy for Stanley Richards."

"Do you think so?" said her brother, with an odd look.

"I know so," she said with conviction.

"I believe I'll go down and have a cigar with Henry," said Armstrong. "Good-night."

The next evening, Armstrong and Miss Haven went rowing. They pulled out of the small cove and into the open harbor. The moon had not yet risen. The night was warm and dusky, and the light-house sent a glowing path of crimson across the water. The drops that fell from the oars were phosphorescent. It was so still that they could hear a party of young men at the hotel singing the mournful "Laden-Tree."

Presently, Armstrong stopped pulling. "I went rowing in this boat before breakfast this morning," he said.

"Did you?" said Miss Haven. She was watching the soft glitter of the water dripping from his oars, and was apparently not interested in Armstrong's early row.

"Yes," said Armstrong, "I did, and

I found this in the boat. I think it belongs to you." He bent toward her, looking at her oddly.

Miss Haven met his glance steadily for a moment, then she turned away; her cheeks flushed in the darkness, and she began to whirl the water into shining rings with her slim left hand. "What makes you think it is mine?" she asked.

It was a knot of satin ribbon of a peculiar shade of rose-color. Miss Haven had worn the previous evening knots of just such rose-colored satin about her dress.

"I do not think it is yours," he said: "I know it."

Miss Haven took her hand from the water, shining with phosphorus and dripping wet. She dried it carefully with her handkerchief, then she folded both hands in her lap and regarded Armstrong with some defiance. "Well," said she, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" said he; "nothing. What right have I to do anything about it?"

"No right," said Miss Haven; "none at all." She bent toward him. "Will you have the pink ribbon?" she said, smiling prettily.

"All things considered," said Armstrong, "I will not."

Miss Haven laughed. She reached forward and took the knot of satin. "It is a pretty color," she said. "I should think you would want it." Then, suddenly, she threw it out across the water. "There!" she said vehemently. "I hate those pink ribbons! I hate last night! I hate Stanley Richards! there!" Her eyes were wet and shining with a sudden rush of tears; she leaned back and pressed her lips together closely.

Armstrong began to pull with much vigor; the boat leaped away through the smooth, dark water and left a wake behind it like the road to Paradise.

It is not always pleasant weather even at Flying Point. There came a time when the leaden hue of the water matched the sullen dulness of the sky; when the fog only disappeared to make room for wind and rain, and the break-

ers raved hoarsely along the rocky shore and seethed and hissed upon the sandy reaches; when the fog-bell clanged on the island off the point every half-minute, and the great siren at the lighthouse wailed in the mist and warned off mariners from the deadly ledges. When these days came, there was wailing and complaining at Flying Point. The young people exhausted the list of seaside amusements, and fell into alternate sulkiness and bursts of indignation at the weather; and the weather sulked more than ever, as if to say, "If you called yesterday a bad day, what do you think of this?" As to the matrons, they slept, and dined, and conversed over their fancy-work in the hotel parlors.

One morning a group sat in Mrs. Leigh's room at work.

"Do you feel as if the President was going to get well?" asked Mrs. Spencer.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Blair. "My husband doesn't think the doctors understand the case."

"Oh, doesn't he?" said Mrs. Curtis, holding two shades of violet silk against the light. "Well, now, do you know, my husband has had that same feeling all along?"

"That is funny, isn't it," said Mrs. Blair, "that they both should have the same feeling about it?"

"Doesn't that fog-bell make you nervous?" asked Mrs. Everett, a pretty widow. "I kept hearing it all night. It made me think of Mr. Everett, somehow,—it was so mournful. And the fog-horn, too, that is mournful."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lord, "I think the fog-horn is more mournful than the bell: my husband thinks so too."

"I should think they'd get dreadfully tired of ringing it," said Mrs. Spencer.

"Oh, they don't ring it by hand," said Mrs. Bacon intelligently. "My husband says it goes by machinery; he's been over to see it, and he explained it to me. My husband understands all about machinery: he says you wind it up somehow, and then there's a crank, you know, and a pulley, and the weights go up and come over."

"Isn't that funny?" said Mrs. Blair. "Which would you use here, pink or crimson?"

"Mrs. Linscott did hers with violet," said Mrs. Leigh, "and it was lovely."

"It must have been," said Mrs. Blair: "perhaps I had better do mine with violet."

"Mrs. Jameson did one all in shades of olive," said Mrs. Everett, "and every one admired it."

"They must have," said Mrs. Blair: "perhaps I should like that way best; it would be so odd."

Then all the ladies yawned and wondered if it were not dinner-time, and Mrs. Leigh excused herself for a moment and ran up to her brother's room. She tapped briskly at the door, and, in answer to his *Herein!* opened it and went in. "The fog is lifting," she announced, "and Henry says that Captain Beamis told him to look out for the biggest blow of the season: we shall have some splendid waves."

Armstrong stood brushing his moustache right and left with some savageness: "You did not come up to talk about the weather, I presume, Alice?"

"No," said Mrs. Leigh, "I didn't." She stood by his dressing-table, fidgeting among his brushes and boxes and pulling his things about.

"Well," said Armstrong, "what is it?"

"Your brandy-flask isn't as handsome as Henry's," she said critically.

"I'm glad you came up two flights to tell me of it," said her brother, bending nearer the glass to put in his scarf-pin.

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Leigh. She sat down by the window and began to laugh softly as she swung to and fro in his rocker. "Do you know," she said, "that I believe Stanley Richards is utterly wretched?"

Armstrong smiled grimly: "Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it; wretched and miserable," repeated Mrs. Leigh with relish. "He looks at Nita all the time, and has to keep asking 'what?' when the Wheeler girl talks to him; and he is always walking and rowing alone lately.

Yes, you mark my word, Stephen, that man is miserable."

"The fact seems to afford you a good deal of pleasure."

"Of course it does, after the way that he has treated Nita Haven! I am just as glad as I can be! I don't care a bit how unhappy he is."

"Really, Alice," said Armstrong, "for a woman who looks so kittenish, you are a most vindictive person."

Mrs. Leigh laughed a pleased little ripple, then she rose and yawned. "I must go back: my parlor is full of women," she said: "I came up here to get breath. Thank heaven you are a man, Stephen." At the door she looked back at him and made a little face. "For vacuous depths of utter inanity," she said, "commend me to a roomful of women talking over their fancy-work on a foggy day. Good-by."

"Is it any object to you," said Armstrong, "to know that this is the last time we shall be in this cave together?"

Miss Haven turned from watching the gray-green rollers, and looked at her companion. She only saw a handsome young man in an ulster and a felt hat covered with beads of fog, but there was something about him which made her suddenly flush and then grow pale. "I don't know why it is the last time," she said steadily.

"Because," said Armstrong, "my vacation is over. I am going home tomorrow."

Miss Haven made no answer: she sat looking in silence at the wild sky and the seething breakers and a runaway black boat which was laboring to round the island.

"I hate the last time of anything," said Armstrong savagely. "I remember when I was a little chap even feeling slightly sentimental over the last lesson in my arithmetic, which was a study I always abominated."

"So, in the same way," said Miss Haven, with a certain sweet iciness of manner, "you are feeling sentimental over our last visit to the cave? Thanks!"

Armstrong turned on her impatiently:

"How you delight in twisting and distorting everything I say! You know that I meant no such thing; you know that I have enjoyed every moment we have spent together here."

"Let us go home," said Miss Haven, rising abruptly.

Armstrong also arose, and came and took her hands. "If you are angry," he said, "I cannot help it. I love you."

"Don't!" said Miss Haven impotently; "don't say another word! It is horrible! How you must despise me!" Armstrong dropped her hands. "You do not love me," he said hoarsely, and went and stood by the edge of the cave and looked out on the stormy water.

"No," said Miss Haven sadly, "I do not, and I do not see how you can possibly love me. I began, that first day in the boat, by being unmaidenly. You knew all along that I was pretending to be an old friend of yours, and you knew why I was doing it. How can you respect me or love me?" She went and laid her hand upon his arm. "Will you not believe me," she said tremulously, "when I tell you that I never thought of this?"

Armstrong turned and looked down at her. "Yes," he said reluctantly, "I do believe you; but, somehow, that doesn't seem to make things much easier."

"Things are not easy in this world, anyway," said Miss Haven dismally. She was pale and tearful, and looked unutterably wretched.

Armstrong found himself feeling obliged to console her, though of the two he was most in need of consolation. "You need not look so miserable," he said: "it is not your fault. I was forewarned. I have played with edge-tools and cut myself, that is all."

"I shall always blame myself for making you unhappy," said the girl, "but your sister, a long time ago, when I said that she must not send for you, that it was unjust and wicked to act such a part toward any man, she said—"

"My sister has had far too much to do with this affair from the beginning,"

interrupted Armstrong. "Well, what did my sister say?"

A flush swept over Miss Haven's pretty, tragic face: "She said you were just the person for an episode like this, because you were not a marrying man."

Armstrong laughed a laugh with small merriment in it. "There has to be a beginning to everything," he said grimly. He took her hands again. "You have a self-accusing nature," he said: "you will always blame yourself about me, till you forget me. Very well, then, the best thing I can wish you is that you may forget me. Good-by." He bent suddenly and kissed her hands, and, turning, went away. After about ten minutes' rapid walking, he stopped and took an envelope from the breast-pocket of his inner coat. In it was a knot of rose-colored satin discolored by seawater: he had found it on the beach the morning after Miss Haven threw it from the boat: he had said to himself at the time that it was a good omen for the sea to bring this back to him. Now he took up a small stone and put it into the envelope with the knot of ribbon, then he twisted the paper and gave the whole a vigorous fling out over the water. Then he lit a cigar, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked on, planting his heels rather viciously in the damp sand, and wearing a dull and dogged look, as of a man at odds with fate.

Presently he came upon his brother-in-law, also sneaking and looking somewhat depressed, possibly by the weather. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the devil!" said Armstrong.

"In that case," said Leigh, "I don't know but I'll turn and go with you." He turned, and the two walked on together along the shore.

Presently Armstrong flung his cigar away among the wet sea-weed. "I'm a d——d fool!" he said vehemently.

"Very likely," said Leigh: "most men are at times."

Left to herself, Miss Haven, like little Betty Pringle, sat down and cried. "It was all my fault," she said over and

over. "Oh, how he must despise me! how I despise myself!" Then she looked dismally at the water, and then she cried again. After a time she heard a step on the sand and caught a glimpse of Stanley Richards. "He is walking with that girl," she said, "and positively they shall not see me sitting here alone and crying." She drew back behind a rocky point.

The steps came nearer and stopped. "Miss Haven," said the voice of Stanley Richards, "you may as well come out: you are not in the least hidden."

She turned. Richards was alone, standing before her, holding his hat in his hand. The fine rain was falling on his uncovered head. She took no pity on him, she would not ask him to the scanty shelter of the little cave; she said to herself that she was glad he was standing in the rain, and she sincerely hoped he would get very wet and be very uncomfortable.

Stanley Richards was a younger man than Armstrong. He was a thin brown fellow, with keen eyes, a square chin, and a determined expression. He was not as handsome as Armstrong, and did not talk as much, neither did he spar with young ladies after Armstrong's fashion. "Won't you ask me in out of the rain?" he pleaded.

"You had much better go back to the hotel," said Miss Haven ungraciously.

"Thanks; I don't wish to go back to the hotel."

"The cave is public property: you can come in without my permission."

"I can,—yes; but I do not choose," he answered doggedly.

"Come in, then," said Miss Haven, after a moment's angry silence: "it is simply ludicrous for you to stand out there in this pelting rain. Put your hat on, and don't be melodramatic."

Richards at once stepped in, and, bracing his shoulders against the rocky wall, stood looking down upon Miss Haven.

"I wish to heaven," he broke out suddenly, "that I could understand just what has happened between us this summer."

Miss Haven made no reply.

"I don't believe you can tell me yourself."

Still Miss Haven was silent.

"Can you?"

"Can I what?"

"Can you explain what spoilt our friendship this summer?"

"I didn't know we ever had any friendship."

A look of sudden exasperation flashed into Richards's gray eyes. If Miss Haven had been a boy just then, she would very likely have undergone a thorough and not undeserved shaking at the hands of Stanley Richards. "What do you call our—intercourse?" he said.

"Acquaintance will do," said Miss Haven, "if we must speak of it at all."

"We *will* speak of it," said Richards, with vicious emphasis. "I will have no more juggling and no more acting. I will have this matter explained and set right, if it is a possible thing, before I leave this place to-night."

Miss Haven leaped to her feet, her eyes flashing. "How do you dare take this tone with me?" she said; "how do you dare call me to account? how do you dare come here pretending that you are the injured one? I wonder even at you!"

"Great heavens!" said Richards bluntly; "will you tell me who is the injured one?"

Miss Haven regarded him a moment in wide-eyed wonder. "I should think you were insane," she said.

"Can you explain to me," said Richards, speaking swiftly and fiercely, "why you parted one noon from me on the pleasantest terms, and that evening refused to dance with me, and the next morning avoided me, and continued to avoid me until that fellow Armstrong came down—"

"Mr. Armstrong is not a fellow," interrupted Miss Haven; "and we will leave him out of the question, if you please."

"It will be hard to do so; but never mind: will you answer my question?"

Miss Haven looked down a moment at her own trim foot. "I am not obliged to



answer," she said, "but I suppose I can. As you say, we parted one noon on pleasant terms, and all that afternoon you rowed with—somebody else; after tea you walked with somebody else. Very late in the evening you sauntered up and asked me to waltz, and of course I refused; any girl would who had one spark of pride. The next morning I was sketching for two hours on the piazza, and you never came near me. I did not avoid you, you absolutely dropped me; and of course I was glad when Mr. Armstrong came. Do you think I enjoyed being pitied by every one in the house? Did you think I would just sit down and cry when you treated me as I was never treated in my life before? Of course I should not."

Richards flushed. "It may do no good to tell you of it now," he said, almost sullenly, "but—those first days—I was driven to be, in a way, attentive to—somebody else. No gentleman could well have helped himself."

Miss Haven looked rather pleased, then severe. "You might have explained matters to me, then," she said.

"You gave me no chance. That one night when you went rowing with me, I tried to explain, and somehow, made matters worse than they were before."

"Yes," said she sharply, "you certainly managed to do that."

"I only made this last attempt," he said, "because I am telegraphed to go home. I leave to-morrow, and I was determined to understand a few things before I left."

"Well," said she, "do you understand them now?"

"I understand that I have made an ass of myself," he said, "and ruined the happiest summer of my life for want of a few plain questions and answers."

A moment the two were silent.

Then, "Will you forgive me?" he said abruptly.

"No," said she, "I will not."

"Very well, then; good-by," said Richards.

"Good-by," said Miss Haven, without looking toward him.

He walked off along the shore for about five minutes, then he stopped and threw a few stones at a crow who was exploring among the piles of sea-weed on the sand.

"I'm a fool," he said. Then he turned and went back.

Miss Haven was sitting on her rocky ottoman, crying.

"Why won't you forgive me?" asked Richards. He sat down beside her.

"Because," said she, "you ought to have asked me before."

"Why don't you ask me to forgive you?" he asked presently.

"It is too late," she said dolefully.

"Try it, and see," he said. He put out a hand, much tanned and blistered by rowing, and took both her hands close prisoners. Miss Haven met his eyes for a moment and turned her face away.

"On the whole," she said, "I think I won't. I never did like to ask pardon of people." She made a feeble attempt to release her hands, but gave it up as useless.

"We might drop all this," said he, "and begin again."

"Yes," said Miss Haven, quite humbly, "so we might."

Richards lifted her hands and kissed them, first the backs, then the pretty pink palms. "If I have to wait fifty years," he said determinedly, "you shall marry me some day. Did you know how I loved you?"

She was trembling to her very fingertips. "No," she said: "how should I know?" She spoke so low he had to move very near to hear her.

"Do you think," he said, "that you could ever love me? Do you care in the very least that I am going away to-morrow?"

Miss Haven turned on him with sudden passion in her eyes. "I don't know," she said, "just what you think I am crying about if I do not."

Stanley Richards bent toward her suddenly and took her in his arms.

Then the fog-bell, and the breakers, and the siren at the light-house had all the conversation to themselves.

ELEANOR PUTNAM.

## IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

## TWO PAPERS.—II.

IN no State has a greater number or variety of nationalities gone to make up a now Americanized population than in Pennsylvania. And in no county is this better exemplified than in Cambria. It contains to-day, of course, many men of all nations and from all sections of our own, drawn thither by its vast mining and manufacturing industries. But, in addition to this, we shall find, if we go back to the history of its first settlement, that it was peopled, not from one source, and not by chance accretions from many sources, but mainly by three distinct waves of immigration. First we hear of Pennsylvanian Germans from the eastern part of the State, who settled the westerly portion of the county about Johnstown. Then came large numbers of American Catholics from Maryland and the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania, many of them descendants of the famous colony of Lord Baltimore. These established themselves at Loretto, as it came afterward to be called, and in its vicinity. They were in part of Irish and in part of German extraction. The third important source of population was a large party of sturdy Welshmen, fresh from their mother-country, who founded Ebensburg, now, as then, the county seat, and named both it and the county itself. Their history is that of commonplace prosperity, and it is not of them nor of the German Protestant colony that I would speak in detail, but of the Catholic community, around the annals of which clusters all the poetry of a district much wider than Cambria County,—if indeed by such a name I may call the tales of poverty and privation and rough endeavor, of superstition and self-sacrifice and fervid piety, which form the historical and legendary treasure of the Alleghanies.

The early settlers of the Alleghany would, however, be passed over with but

scant attention amid the mass of similar pioneers who have smoothed the rough ways and made plain the paths for us from side to side of our broad continent, were not their struggles and successes identified so closely with the name of Gallitzin, in whose story there are elements of romance and striking lights of contrast such as we do not find very often even in the biography of a missionary priest. Others have been as bold, as self-denying, as rudely tried and poorly rewarded, as he, and have accomplished as much or more in the way of practical results. But of none, I think, can it be said that he was so isolated in his work or so exclusively entitled to the credit of the results. And it is certain that few men have given up so much as he for their work's sake. It is the brilliant story of his early youth, and the thought of the splendid career that might have been his had he not freely chosen his lonely and toilsome lot, that cast about the memory of Demetrius, Prince Gallitzin, and parish priest of Loretto, a tinge of romance that is wanting to the story of even his most adventurous and most devoted compeers.\*

The name of Gallitzin is familiar in our ears, not through the exploits of one famous man, but from its constant recurrence in the annals of Russia, borne by a succession of soldiers and statesmen high for many generations in the offices and honors of their native land. The father of our prince was born in 1728, and was a diplomat in the service, successively, of the Empresses Elizabeth, Anna, and Catherine II. He was ambassador

\*A biography of Gallitzin was written a number of years ago by a German priest named Lemeke. The materials contained therein, together with much new matter drawn from the prince's own papers, have been used by Miss Sarah H. Brownson in her "Life of Gallitzin," published in 1873. From this most interesting book the greater number of the following facts have been selected.

for fourteen years at Paris, where he was the friend of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, and afterward at the Hague, where his son was born in 1770. The only other child was a sister older than Demetrius, or, to use the pretty Russian diminutive by which he was called, "Mitri." The prince's wife was Amalia von Schmettau, daughter of the celebrated Prussian field-marshal and sister of the general of that name. She was a woman of fine mind and the strongest character.\* Although beautiful, young, and *fêted*, she withdrew after a very few years from all society save such as furthered her purpose, with the intention of educating herself and her children. Residing apart from her husband, who was detained at his post by the duties of his position, but always in the most friendly communication with him, she travelled all over Europe with her children, settling wherever the prospects seemed best for the thorough training she had planned, and which she always superintended herself. The greater part of Mitri's school-days were spent at Münster, in Westphalia, where there was a Catholic college. The princess chose it not at all for sectarian reasons, for she had never professed to believe in any form of Christianity and had never instructed her children in religion, but solely for its superior advantages as a place of secular training. Through long association with its professors, however, she was at last induced to embrace Catholicism, after, as we are told, having studied and meditated on the subject for three years from the time when she first acknowledged its claim upon her attention. It is needless, perhaps, to say that, with her strong mind and quick emotional nature, she became the most enthusiastic of devotees and the most indefatigable of propagandists. Many years later she was instrumental in bringing into her Church the Count von Stolberg, whose conversion stirred political and philosophical Germany from end

to end, and who became himself the instrument of the no less noted conversion of Friedrich von Schlegel.

In the year 1787, when he was seventeen years old, the young prince joined his mother's Church. Strangely enough, the fact gave her little pleasure at the time, for such seemed then to her to be the weakness and indecision of his character that she regarded the profession of his faith rather as a proof of thoughtlessness or pliability than as a vital and determinate act. His father was deeply grieved at the occurrence. Mitri had been intended from his birth for a Russian officer, and had been educated with that end in view. His father, a man of fine intellect and upright character, had no belief in religion of any sort, but knew that it was wise—indeed, in a manner, requisite—that a Russian soldier should profess, if any, the Greek faith of his countrymen. He could but trust that time would accomplish what his wife feared it might, and prove Mitri's conversion but a freak or a temporary mood of thought.

Mitri's education finished, there were still two years to spare ere he could enter upon the active exercise of his profession. Many plans for improving them were suggested, none of which could be carried into effect, owing to the disturbed state of Europe, where the French Revolution had just broken out. After much discussion, it was decided that he should go to America, to study the new republic which had so recently drawn the eyes of Europe upon itself. General von Schmettau suggested that he should give his nephew letters to Washington and put him under the personal supervision of the first President. But this was opposed, for reasons that to-day seem strange enough to be amusing and, I think, worth quoting. Von Fürstenberg, the founder of the college at Münster, writes to the princess, "It is true we have aimed throughout Mitri's whole education to secure him against the blind following of strange views or prejudices; but he is young, weak, and vain. The fame of Washington is dazzling for him: he would very likely accept his opinions,

\* Dr. Katercamp's life of this princess, and her own "Tagebuch und Briefwechsel," may be consulted for an account of a woman remarkable even in that day of striking personalities.

even his manners, out of veneration for him and to please him. We know the impression a famous man makes upon a youth; but who of us has any knowledge of Washington's *religious and moral principles, of his political honesty?* At last the young prince embarked from Rotterdam, under the charge of a priest, and with letters recommending him to the care of Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, "the father of the Church in America."

Scarcely had he touched the shores of Maryland, we are told, when he made up his mind to abandon Europe and his brilliant career, his family and friends, and the society of his equals in things social and intellectual, and enter upon the life of a missionary priest, buried in the heart of a vast wilderness and surrounded only by people who were in all cases rough and uncultivated and in some cases quite uncivilized. It seems impossible that such a decision should have been arrived at by a youth of twenty-two without some strong outside influence brought to bear. There seems to have been something of delay and a spirit that was a little less than frank in the way the news of his project was communicated to his friends at Münster, through them to his mother, and through her to Prince Gallitzin. The princess did not receive the news with pleasure, as her son had hoped she might, for, as before, she doubted his constancy and strength of mind. It was a year ere she was convinced he had done wisely, but then she entered heart and soul into his plans, without, apparently, a selfish thought bestowed upon the fact that he was lost to her for this world. His father's displeasure and grief can be readily imagined. An only son, the hope of his race no less than the pride of his immediate family, to bury himself in the bosom of an alien Church and the depths of an almost unknown and distant land! Authority at a distance would have had but little effect; yet the way in which the disappointed father resigns himself to the inevitable and expresses his affection for the son who has so blasted his hopes is so sturdy and so

noble that most of our sympathy with the participants in the triangular family discussion goes with him.

In three years after his landing on our shores, the young prince had completed his seminary course, taken the lower orders, and been consecrated priest. From the courage and intrepidity with which he grappled ever afterward with the toils and dangers and persecutions of his life, we should conclude that it was a desire for combat and exertion that had led him to embrace his vocation, were we not told that he himself explained his decision as having resulted from the unquiet, convulsed state of Europe as compared with the "tranquil, peaceable, and happy situation of the United States, together with some consideration, naturally suggested by these events, on the vanity of worldly grandeur and preferment." He was the first priest whom the Catholic Church in this country could claim as entirely her own, having been both educated and consecrated on her soil.

The exact extent of the sacrifice that Gallitzin made when he embraced a life of missionary work cannot be understood without a fuller description of the state of the country and of the Church than I can enter into here. The first Catholic colony had been founded at Baltimore in 1634. All the churches in the country remained under the charge of the vicar-general of London until the Revolution, and the first bishop, Carroll, was appointed in 1789 only. It is hard to picture to ourselves the then distressed and disorganized condition of a Church now so flourishing. The Catholic population was widely dispersed and miserably poor,—made up, moreover, of the most discordant elements. Its clergy were foreigners of all sorts, and unable, very often, to sympathize with—even to speak intelligibly to—the congregations under their charge. At first, Gallitzin was an itinerant missionary,—indeed, few priests at that time were anything more,—wandering through vast tracts of the roughest country in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. Many legends are told connected with

this period of Gallitzin's life, detailing how he cast out very palpable devils and overcame with supernatural aid of the most visible kind all doubting inquirers with whom he came in contact, and obstinate heretics who had never even gone so far as to doubt. The spiritualistic stories of to-day do not exceed in fantastic detail and apparently well-authenticated endorsement these last-century tales of possessing spirits, of warning, threatening voices, and of clear, prophetic visions.

In 1799, after four years of incredible hardship, during which he had become thoroughly acquainted with the character both of the country and its people, he obtained permission to settle in the remotest district of Pennsylvania which the Church had yet invaded, the wildest, rudest, and most uninviting in all save the grandeur of its scenery and the fertility of its soil when once cleared of its tremendous forest-growth. At the place which he afterward named Loretto he built a little church of logs, which was dedicated with a solemn midnight mass, chanted in his magnificent voice on Christmas eve. The scene as we picture it is one of wild beauty no less than of impressive solemnity. His hearers had gathered from places within a radius of scores of miles. Some were members of his flock; others, ruder and more ignorant still, had been drawn by rumors of an unaccustomed spectacle. They were as unlike the young soldier and courtier turned priest as was the rough little structure lined with evergreens stuck full of shining candles to the palaces where he had been born and bred. The snow, we are told, was waist-deep outside the church.

I have no space to follow in detail the long record of the life and labors of Gallitzin, or "Father Smith," as for many years he was called, allowing no mention of his real name and rank to be made. At Loretto he dwelt till his death in 1840, leaving his immediate charge only to make toilsome and dangerous journeys still farther into the heart of the wilderness, where there was not even a log church to receive

him, but where service was performed, often for the benefit of a single family, in kitchen, barn, or stable. For very short visits he went only at the rarest intervals and on necessary business to Baltimore and Philadelphia. More than once he refused tempting suggestions of preferment, even of the mitre itself. His desire had from the first been to build up a community trained, ordered, and governed in the strictest accordance with the precepts of Christianity and the Church, free from that alloy of worldliness which to all but enthusiasts appears an inevitable ingredient in human communities. He undertook a vast task, for he constituted himself in the fulfilment of it the guide and ruler of his people in their worldly as in their spiritual concerns. He was imperious, doubtless, very often, but only with the worldly scoffer and the unrepentant evil-doer. With all others he was as tender and humble as the lowliest woman. Autocrat as he grew to be over his scattered and incongruous flock, where the Irish and the German elements were never long at peace, can we wonder that he became an object of persecutions, slanders, envyings, and jealousies of every kind? His rule was denounced as tyrannical, even unjust; his motives were questioned, his private character assailed, complaints were carried time and again to the bishop, and a rival settlement, with a rival priest, established itself at his very doors. His patience, firmness, and meekness combined seem to have been almost superhuman, and they conquered entirely in the end. At the time of his death his enemies were silenced,—many of them, indeed, converted into his warmest adherents. His death was lamented far and wide as a public calamity.

The persecutions which he was forced to endure were not a tenth part so distressing to Father Gallitzin, however, as the pecuniary troubles which came upon him without any fault of his own save that he trusted in the promises of his friends at home. His father, who died in 1803, always maintained that his son had formally renounced all claims on the



estate. This the son as firmly denied. The property all went to the princess, who, finding that on account of his apostasy and expatriation she could leave no part of it safely to her son, bequeathed it at her death, in 1806, to her daughter, who promised to share it equally with Demetrius. In order to make sure that it would go to the Princess Mimi, and not to collateral relations, Gallitzin was urged by his mother to come home for a time and attend to the legal transactions himself. This he at first thought of doing, but finally concluded that a separation from his struggling flock would be too great a wrong to them. His allowance came but sparingly and at long intervals. It is impossible to decide to-day whether the blame was wholly due then and later to the disturbed state of Europe and the difficulty of remitting money with safety, or in part at least to the culpable negligence of his sister and her various agents. Suffice it to say that he never received the portion of the estate which his mother had promised him and his sister had sworn to deliver over, and never saw his way clear to go home and claim it for himself. When he first settled at Loretto, and was in constant expectation of large remittances from home, he judged that the best way to insure the speedy settlement and steady prosperity of the parish would be to buy large tracts of land in his own name and sell them again in small portions and at low rates, to be paid for at the convenience of purchasers. Part of the land, moreover, he retained in his own hands as a trust property, which should in future insure a sufficient income for the Church's establishment at Loretto. Owing to his failure, in spite of constant promises, to obtain any but a comparatively small portion of the large fortune that should have been his, financial embarrassment pursued him through the whole course of his life. It is easy to say that he was in constant terror for years lest a very short time would see his total ruin, but it is not so easy to imagine his feelings during those years when he felt that ruin for him would be ruin as well for

his beloved church establishment and for hundreds of poor people whom he loved and who had confided in his judgment, who had even come into the wilderness at his solicitation. This last bitter trial was spared him, and when he died his Church was flourishing. His dreams of her educational establishments have realized themselves, whatever may be said of the surrounding community that was to have been so true a model of a Christian people. The Catholics around Loretto to-day, in so far as a stranger can judge, are about like the Catholics—and Protestants—to be found elsewhere.

Loretto is only some five miles distant from Cresson, and is situated on the slope of one of those broad, shallow vales which are so characteristic of the Alleghany. Gallitzin's rude little home, with its adjoining chapel, is still intact, but the church of his day has been replaced by a great brick structure, in front of which stands his monument. Near it is a large building, where the Sisters of Mercy have a boarding-school, and on the opposite slope of the valley, buried in trees, is a college under the direction of the Franciscan Brothers, whither young men come from all parts of the country to be educated. In the midst of the smiling prosperity of the region, and remembering the importance to the whole country of the institutions that Gallitzin founded, we find it hard to believe that only eighty years have passed since he consecrated his little log chapel, and that it was then the only sanctuary of his faith between Lancaster and St. Louis.

When we have made acquaintance with all that Cambria County has to show in the way of antiquities and natural beauty,—when its lovely drives have become familiar, when the Portage Road and its ruins have been studied, when we have visited Loretto and the name of Gallitzin is well known and well beloved, when we have dined at that shady little inn in Ebensburg which recalls the "Golden Lion" or the "Stork" or "Palm-Branch" of some German village,—there is still much remaining in the vicinity to attract us. If

we care for modern industries,—for man as well as nature, and his present work as well as his past history,—if we can amuse and instruct ourselves with the problems and triumphs of practical science, there could be no better field for us than this. From the mining of coal and iron to the final processes by which the latter is transformed into shapes the most complicated, the most delicate, and the most ingeniously serviceable to man, there is no stage of the labor which may not be studied within the distance of an hour's journey from Cresson. The whole country is underlaid with beds of ore and metal. As we drive down to Hollidaysburg amid the relics of the "Portage" and over the steep, wooded roads, we come at short intervals on dark holes in the mountain-side, or long "shoots" to bring the material down from a higher level to the turnpike. Here coal is dug for local consumption, and is transported in winter on sledges to the farmer's very door. Lilly is a large mining village, right on the line of the present railroad. Its streets are filled with begrimmed men, their faces and their clothes of a uniform sooty complexion, and each wearing the tiny lantern which the world over is the miner's badge. One is almost disappointed not to hear the hearty "*Glück auf!*" which is the miner's specific greeting in every part of the Fatherland, and which, to those who there first made acquaintance with the grimy fraternity, seems as characteristic of it as the lantern or the coal-dust itself.

But if we would see what a primitive Pennsylvanian mining village and its inhabitants are like, we cannot do better than make the excursion to "Bell's Gap," which is locally celebrated for the beauty of the scenery. Running down the railroad to a point a few miles east of Altoona, we take a little branch road that goes at right angles to the main line, some nine miles up into the mountain-pass. The memory of a magnificent October morning comes to me as I write. A train of empty cars was about to go up for coal, and a sort of little open wagon was attached for our accommoda-

tion in front of the engine. It might have been a somewhat dangerous mode of travelling had the speed been great, and even where it took us fifty minutes to cover the nine miles it was, at all events, an exciting mode. Around the edge of the mountain we crept, crossing from the side of one peak to the side of its neighbor over fragile, many-storied trestles. To every finger-tip we felt each throb of reserved power in the body of the docile giant so close behind us. But a strength so near at hand seemed to become part of ourselves, and, with the free view of the snake-like rails before us, we felt we were, in some occult, inspiring way, the authors of our own smooth, resistless progress. Mist on the mountain-tops, shadows of cloud, and gleams of sun through the valleys brought out the autumn tints most beautifully. Brighter single trees—more scarlet maples, for instance, and ruddier oaks—I had seen in other places in other years, but I had never seen a place where the rolling hills formed such superb vistas, where the various trees were so exquisitely blended, where the proportion of evergreens was so exactly right, and where the peaks and slopes had been so little disturbed by the charcoal-burner's axe, or by the fire that has scarred so much of the Adirondack country and so many miles along Lake George. The trees were in fullest leaf, and scarce two of the same kind seemed to grow together,—so that the shape of each was defined as far as the eye could see it against the slightly-contrasting colors of its neighbors. And these colors I had never seen so exquisitely delicate, so variously shaded. There was no violence, not a crude tint, but the very perfection of bright browns, and dull reds, and yellows both dull and bright,—yellows as deep and permanent-looking as the green of the pines, or as evanescent and fairy-like as the mist that crept among them.

There is no view from the end of the line. The road runs its head into the mountain-side, where lie the treasures that it seeks. A cluster of gray-painted frame houses forms the nucleus of the

village. The forest-paths on every hand are straggling streets of ruder dwellings, —simple log huts or board shanties, which make one shiver to think of long winters spent within their paper walls.

The men are at work in the mines, and our attention must needs confine itself to the women of the village and such stray members of the working sex as are either above or below the grade of a miner. There are some rather ruffianly-looking ne'er-do-weels whom one ranks at once in the last-named class, while social superiority is represented by the country doctor and attorney and the capitalist — judge or general, I have forgotten just what the title happened to be—whose name distinguishes more than one locality in the neighborhood. The artist who would fill his sketch-book with rustic figures from such a scene as this must be content with the individual, and that only of a grotesque kind: he must look neither for beauty nor for picturesqueness. There is nothing to be seen among the women which even hints at a beauty past, present, or possible of imagining. There is no delicate grace suggested, such as we see developed in our own better classes. There is none of the rugged and healthy womanhood we have seen among the peasantry of other lands. And there is scarce a trace of the neat and self-reliant alertness which so often makes a homely, middle-aged New-England woman attractive to all observers. The types are not only unbeautiful, but most uninteresting. There is seldom an appearance of health, never a look of neatness. Almost every woman looks unhappy, and all look tired and worn and ill and dull. Here on the top of the mountain there can be no malaria to give this look we know so well among the farming population of the lowlands of the West. But the pure air is probably no sufficient antidote against the bad food and hard labor and severe cold with insufficient shelter which form the basis of this monotonous existence.

No two towns could be less alike than the two which are chief in Cambria County, —Ebensburg and Johnstown.

The former lies quietly at the end of a tiny branch line, sleepy and old and Catholic and agricultural. The latter is divided by the rails of the great highway itself, and is new, rough, and busy with the rush of huge mills and factories and the throb of perpetually-passing trains. It is not dusty like Ebensburg, but grimy; not breezy, but smoky; not spread on top of the mountain, but cramped into a six-sided little valley at the junction of two rivers. Steep hills enclose it almost entirely, their wooded sides visible in every direction over the house-tops. The gap in the mountain where the river finds a westerly exit is filled, as we see it from the town, by the railway viaduct and the Cambria Iron-Works' many chimneys with their banks of smoke. The town is but a dependence of the works and of the minor industries which have grown up about them. The few fine residences are owned by men high in the company's service and rich with its earnings, while the streets of countless little dwellings, each with a family likeness to the other, tell of a long roll of workmen busy in its mills or in the coal-mines that feed them, disgorging their black nutriment almost directly into the gaping furnace-mouths. If we climb one of the long, winding, yet very steep hill-roads and reach the level table-land that spreads its fields and forests broadly toward the west, we soon see a different style of farm from the small holding and shabby little tenement of the mountain-farmer. The Cambria Company, securing its mineral rights, thought best to buy the property out and out, and, farming it principally for hay crops for its own consumption, shows it to us in broad clover-fields beautiful in their extent and neatness.

The tourist who travels for pleasure only does not often stumble on such hostelry as those which afford us accommodation in Johnstown. Here we may make, perhaps, our first acquaintance with the provincial hotel, kept, not for the tourist or the summer boarder, but for the commercial traveller. The preternaturally early breakfast-hour and

the twelve-o'clock dinner tell of business habits which we had thought extinct with a previous generation. Whatever else may be missing from the bedrooms, we are sure to find in each a long extension-table of many leaves for the use of the errant salesman. Through some open door we can always see one piled high with samples of the latest fashions as adulterated for the provincial market. In 1835, when the "Portage" was being built, Johnstown was a quiet little village clustering about the canal basin and with elder-bushes growing high in the main street.

The Cambria Company's iron-works are among the largest and best-appointed in the country, and there are, moreover, vast wire-mills in the town, where small articles of many sorts are manufactured from the heavy wire that comes to them from the iron-works proper. One does not soon tire of watching their curious processes, in many of which the clever machine requires no assistance, save that of a boy to see that it does not get out of order. We may watch, for instance, how the barbed wire for fences is prepared by a machine whose working is so simple as to be understood at first sight by the least initiated. Two long wires enter the machine, on top of which lie two others in small coils. As the main wires pass between these two which are to form the barbs, their ends insert themselves between and twist around the main ones, and are then cut off short by a pair of shears which come out to snip at the right moment and then retire with a vicious precision quite comical to see. The long wires then twist themselves together and reel themselves into large coils ready for sale. And all this is done in plain sight, in the twinkling of an eye, by the unaided machine, which takes up no more space, by the way, than an ordinary centre-table.

In contrast to the noise and glare and rush of places where metal in any shape is treated hot are the rooms in the wire-mills where heavy wire is drawn in a cold state into grades of greater tenuity. The machines look not only simple but ineffective in their quiet working, and

the absence of fire is the absence of all excitement and picturesqueness. But it is all the more wonderful, perhaps, to see the great wire rods gradually becoming less and less in diameter till they are finished into little shining coils of stuff as fine as a hair and as smooth as a silken thread.

Daylight must be used, of course, to inspect all such minor processes as these. And daylight alone reveals the vast scale on which the main work is prosecuted and permits us to study the *modus* of its action and realize its marvellous results. But at night, when the factories are at rest, the iron-mills roar on, and it is then that their weird impressiveness is best revealed. Night after night, so long as we are within its reach, the infernal attraction lays hold of us and draws us within its fiery circle. Night after night we are bewildered and excited by the rush and noise and force and glare of the gigantic conflict between man and the brute material which he conquers and moulds to his will at last by the well-directed power of his fearful allies, flame and steam.

The great yard at night is a treacherous field of darkness, a labyrinth of tracks, where tiny engines puff and sneeze and jerk about their loads of black or still incandescent metal, rushing hither and thither at tangents impossible to calculate in the enshrouding gloom, and helping us by no civility of head-lights or cautionary signals. For this is their home, their private domain, and when the public intrudes upon it the public is alone responsible for keeping itself out of harm's way. We grope about in a half panic toward one or another of the vast buildings which flank the yard on all its sides, some silent and dark, some disgorging light and noise in all profusion. On the one hand tower the vast stacks of the blast-furnaces, which roar day and night through uninterrupted months for their endless meal of ore and fuel. Far off in another direction the long, low rolling-mills show through their open doors a red-hot interior, with black, hurrying figures and winding streaks of fiery metal. But

dominating the whole, brighter and fiercer and noisier than all, are the Bessemer steel-works, and here we stop first to see the very apotheosis of our century,—an apotheosis of iron, water, fire, and their forces in resistless combination. Mr. Ruskin has done what he could to disgust us with steam, its processes and its results. We wait for a subtler and more daring critic to point out its superb picturesqueness, its imaginative and artistic side. We cannot fail, however, to realize them for the moment if we stand awhile on this little platform high up on one side of the huge raftered building where the Bessemer blast is in progress. From this platform a boy controls with half a dozen levers the hydraulic forces which lift and lower and swing the machinery of giant cranes and buckets and ingots and converters with which the tiny, hurrying human figures do their task. The ruddy glare reveals all the infernal beauty of the scene, but covers up and glorifies the dirt and grime we know must be there. We follow this "Bessemer process,"—the most grandly picturesque, perhaps, of all the processes by which metal is treated,—not for scientific but for æsthetic satisfaction. We see one end of the building taken up by a vast accretion of chimneys and troughs and ladders and platforms. In front, just under the great, gaping chimney-mouths high up in the air, hang two huge cylindrical receptacles,—the "converters,"—into which the hot iron is poured to be deprived entirely of its carbon and then doctored by the addition of a certain given quantity thereof,—which addition of just the right amount transforms it into steel. There are other processes for securing the proper quantum of carbon, and no more, to the metal under treatment. But, whatever may be the relative scientific and practical success of this which has made the name of Bessemer famous, there is, picturesquely speaking, no process to be even remotely compared with it. The converters, in alternation, are tipped down to be filled with a stream of fluid iron, and, as they are tilted up into place

beneath the chimney-mouth, the whole building is filled with a shining rain of sparks, each like a distinct and much-magnified snow-crystal. The blast of air which is to bear away the carbon is forced through the contents of the converter, to bellow from its top up the chimney and out into the sky above with a deafening roar and a blinding glare. For some fifteen minutes the blast continues, the color and intensity of the immense flame varying as the metal loses its carbon. From these variations of tint and density the "blower" who superintends it judges how the blast progresses, and knows when to give the signal for tipping and emptying the converter just as the carbon is all exhausted and before the metal is burned. As the converter swings down,—controlled, as I have said, by the little lever at our elbow,—all the glare that has gone before seems as darkness compared with that from the incandescent metal pouring into the huge ingot-mould awaiting it. The colors of the liquid, almost etherealized metal in the different stages of the process are as various as they are beautiful,—now red of many grades, now orange, now pale yellow, and sometimes, when seen in little streams, a lavender too intense for steady gazing.

The rail-mill, where the short, thick bars of metal are rolled out in a few moments into the requisite length and shape, is picturesque enough, but in the wire-mill we shall see a sight as remarkable for grace and fascination as the Bessemer blast is remarkable for power and impressiveness. A long line of "rolls," through which the metal is successively passed, stretches across an iron-floored space, and in front of them stand a row of lads ready with their tongs to catch and control the end of the fiery wire in its swift passage. The thick bar passes between the revolving cylinders which constitute the first pair of rolls, and comes out attenuated to a certain extent. The end is caught in the tongs and inserted between the next pair, passing through, of course, in a reverse direction to that in which it has traversed the first. This process is re-



peated a number of times, the wire growing thin and long with supernatural rapidity. The longer it grows, the more "slack," so to speak, there is to be controlled as it issues from one pair of rolls to be inserted in the next. It is this which makes the process so strikingly picturesque to the observer and so dangerous to the operator. Yards upon yards of the graceful, serpentine stuff, which looks so pliable but is so stiff and jerky and intractable, accumulate between the pairs of rolls, and with the motion of his tongs the workman must control it so that it neither entangles itself nor injures him. When the end of the process approaches and the length of the wire is very great, the services of another workman are required to seize the slack with his tongs and run backward with it across the iron floor, while his comrade manages the end. The long coils rise and waver high in the air in their rapid flight with a grace that is indescribable, and cover the ground with huge, fiery, snake-like curves in swiftest motion. All the rolls are running at once, of course, a fresh bar being started as soon as the preceding one has left the first pair of rolls; and the wild motions of the metal itself and of the many lads who struggle with it in its apparently frantic efforts to free itself from their control make an exciting spectacle from which it is almost impossible to tear ourselves away. We watch for an ending, a lull which will relax our interest; but the always-beginning, never-ending process continues without a break. There is no small sense of personal danger to add its spice to our enjoyment. It seems momentarily impossible that the burning streak should not get the mastery and cease to coil itself so safely near our feet. Accidents to the rollers seem always imminent, and are, indeed, more frequent here than in any other part of the works. A false step in the backward run over the slippery iron floor is surely disastrous. An end of wire missed by the tongs means, very likely, a hole through arm or body. And not very long ago, we are told, a workman got

himself *inside* instead of outside the immense coil that formed and wavered over his head as he inserted the end of the wire between the rolls. In a moment he was cut in twain as the swift revolution drew the metal line taut against the machine. Dangerous as the labor is, it seems strange that lads and quite young boys should usually undertake it. We are told, however, that their greater quickness and agility stand them in better stead than would the presumably cooler heads of their elders. As the wire issues finished from the last "pass," the end is again caught and presented to a wheel which reels it up into the coils we know in our shops, and it is then thrown aside to cool. Long in the telling, this process is swift enough in reality. It takes some forty-five seconds only for the bar to enter the first pair of rolls, traverse them all, be coiled up as five hundred feet of wire, and tossed aside to make room for the next-comer, which is already awaiting the services of the wheel.

The night is far advanced when we cross the yard once more. It is partly lit at times by the glare from the Bessemer chimneys, and anon covered with utter darkness as the converter is tilted down for a while. Leaving its dangers at last behind us, we pass along the bank of the river under the great railroad viaduct which spans it. A solitary locomotive, symmetrical, polished, docile, glides slowly over our heads. Surely it is alive in this magic midnight,—a living, magnificent child of steam and iron and man's intelligence. Gigantic level rays from the Bessemer building far behind us fall upon it and on the rocky river-bed and the huge bridge-arches, and across and beyond them up to the wooded hill-side, where the hoarse voices of the miners and the occasional flashing of their lights show that coal is mined as well as burned by night. Is there no poetry in our nineteenth century and its work? Is there no majesty, no impressiveness, no food for the imagination, in its iron, and steam, and flame, and speed, and power?

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

## THE ROMANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

MEN of imaginative minds have often given great weight to the thoughts and fancies of their childhood. Goethe insisted that the puppet-play described in "Wilhelm Meister" had a real importance in the history of his development. Wordsworth thought so seriously of a child's early impressions of the world that in his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" he seems to have adopted, almost in earnest, the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence. And indeed those first pictures which the universe paints on the sensitive retina do have the air of belonging to some past stage of existence. They lie in the memory at an infinite remove, like the miniature objects seen through the wrong end of the telescope,—small, distinct, and with a prismatic play of color about their edges, as though the dew were still on them and the light of dawn. The mind soon learns to expect no novelties. New combinations there may be, but the elements are old. But in childhood, before the alphabet of experience has been learned, there are new letters to be spelled,—sensations elementally new, such as one might have in mature life if a fresh sense were added. "Turn the eyes upside down," says Emerson, "by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years!" We can play our imaginations this pleasant trick no longer; but, as children, what a novel world we secured by simply rolling back the eyeballs, as we lay on our backs, till the room stood topsyturvy! A smooth white floor was spread for the feet of fancy to run upon without let from wall to wall. The well-known furniture hung head downward,—tables, chairs, piano, even the fire in the grate,—like a group of domestic stalactites. The doors had thresholds two feet high. All was so old, yet so delightfully strange.

A loss befalls us when our scale of distances begins to change. It is like an illusion of the special sense which happens to one sitting drowsily by a window, who sees suddenly a long way off a large bird flying swiftly along the horizon, but, on shifting his position, sees only an insect crawling on the pane close to his eye. Thus, the little lawn where I used to play was an ampler field for imagination to explore than the widest landscape nowadays. Seen from the study-window of a moonlight November night, it had an unfamiliar, almost an unearthly, look. Mysterious shadows haunted its borders, and in the middle plot, where the hoar-frost spread a dim white drugget under the moon, I could uncertainly make out the fairies' ring circling about in the wind. *Hic patet ingenuis campus.* How different from that "sunny spot of greenery" on a May morning, when the lilacs at the house corner were in bloom and the syringa-bushes at the gate were full of bees! Then it was like a slope in Arcadia, with gray-green tufts here and there among the grass, crowned with the blossom of a self-sown daffodil. The bright patch-work quilt lay on the ground for the baby to play on, and the nurse sat on the terrace-steps with her sewing, while we wove the dandelion chain.

The far corner of the lawn was foreign country, and there was an excitement in visiting it. It was there that the water stood longest after a rain, and the turf was fine and mossy. It was strewn with winged maple-seeds and the chocolate-brown pods of the honey locust. These products and the trees which shed them had something exotic about them when compared with the more domestic flora on the near side of the lawn. We felt at home with the snowberry-bushes under the study window, whose fruit was our ammunition, and the row of vergalious whose little yellow pears we

found in September scattered about in the long grass under the terrace-bank, their skins speckled like trout and broken into deep cracks. Their rough bark also afforded coignes of vantage for the locusts that sang in the summer noons and left their cast shells, sometimes as many as a dozen on a single trunk, of which we hoarded collections in paper boxes. The lawn was pleasant at five o'clock of a summer afternoon. Then long shadows fell across the grass, and we heard the distant voices of the children just let out of school, and knew that presently the tea-bell would ring and we should go inside to bread-and-butter and strawberries.

The far corner under the maples gained an added mystery from its being the scene of my initiation into the game of "secrets." A little girl among our playfellows came to me one day, and, whispering solemnly, "Never, never tell!" led me to a spot marked by a flat stone. This being raised disclosed a hollow nest in the ground lined with moss, in which were set, in a kind of pattern, colored beads, gilt buttons, bits of tin-foil and sparkling glass, and other glistening "nubbins." It was as though the lid were lifted from Golconda and the wonders of the subterranean world revealed.

"Hush!" she said, replacing the stone: "it's our secret. Nobody knows it but me and you and Ella Burkett. It's *our* secret,—us three."

No amount of stock in railway or mining corporation could give me now half the sense of importance that I felt when admitted to a share in that partnership. I wonder whether this game was peculiar to us, or whether other children still play at "secrets"?

The same little Alice who let me into this first secret lived in a house in our neighborhood, where I sometimes went to play, and which was to me as a castle of romance by reason of one architectural feature in which it differed from the abodes of prose. Common dwellings had only two staircases, one in the front hall and one in the back entry for the servants' use. But in that enchanted

mansion was a third flight, ascending from a side-entry to the upper story of a wing. At the turning, half-way up, was a stair broad enough to make a little room of itself, and over it a window of yellow glass which shed a strange fairy twilight through the hall. The wing was little used, and we were left to play alone all day on the broad stair, where we spread our toys and spelled out our picture-books. Outside the window a large willow shook in the wind, and the shadow of its branches wavered in the solemn illumination that lay upon the floor. Such tricks as memory plays us! In many an old cathedral the dance of colors from the great oriel, making patterns on the pavement of the nave, has brought suddenly before me little Alice's face, and the dolls and wooden elephant and leaden soldiers, and the picture of "slovenly Peter," all transfigured in that mystic glory.

But, alas for young love!—for even thus early may love begin,—my sweet playmate was something of a sloven. Her Shaker bonnet was always dangling from the back of her neck. Her brown hair was in a snarl. Her stockings—which were none of the whitest—were usually down about her ankles. Her knuckles and even her dear little knees were often grimy. My nurse, a particular woman, once said in my hearing that Alice was a dirty girl. I had never noticed this myself, but I was now moved to a high moral disgust,—being at the time aged six,—and when Alice next came to play with me I said, "Alice Powers, you are a dirty girl. Go home. I won't play with you." Poor Alice looked at me with big eyes, and then, bursting into tears and flinging down an apron-full of horse-chestnuts which she had brought me for a present, went slowly out of the yard. As I watched her sobbing shoulders disappear down the walk, my heart misgave me. I felt that Alice was nice, but public sentiment had pronounced her dirty. Conscience, too, gave a twinge as I picked up the horse-chestnuts,—her *douceur*. They were new

from the tree, shining and darkly grained, like polished mahogany, each with an eye of floury white. A few days after, my little playfellow was taken with the croup and died. I took the horse-chestnuts up into the garret, and, in a dark corner behind the chimney, sobbed over them all a rainy afternoon in an agony of remorse,—experiencing even at that tender age the worst of all mental sufferings, the memory of ingratitude toward one who has loved us and has gone forever beyond the reach of our atonement.

When the child grows old enough to read, its imagination has a wider reach, but becomes less original. It reproduces its favorite books in its sports. From say nine to eleven the minds of all the boys in our neighborhood were under the tyranny of "The Scalp-Hunters" and "The Last of the Mohicans," and our chief out-of-door pastime was to play Indian. Assuming the names of Chingacook, Hawkeye, Uncas, Seguin, St. Vrain, etc., we ranged the vicinage in war-parties, emitting whoops, darting our wooden lances into the quivering bodies of the evergreens, and laying ambushes behind hedges. Our belts bristled with bunches of grass, the scalps of imaginary Mingoes and Navajoes, mingled together in cheerful defiance of ethnography,—although the lodge of a big sagamore in the Algonkin tongues, who could have taught us better, lay right in our war-path. Sometimes we were treed by peccaries in the big apple-tree. In the deep and parlous canyon behind the gooseberry-bushes we were attacked by twenty-five grizzlies. We scoured on fleet mustangs over the broad prairies grazed by Deacon Barlow's cow, slaying buffaloes and Comanches. We held the abandoned hen-house for a whole summer day—though sorely wounded—against a besieging party of Apaches, who shot burning arrows into the walls and tried every other stratagem which hellish cunning or the resources of Captain Mayne Reid's imagination could invent. This play was never popular with the girls, who were forced to be squaws and prepare our venison in

the wigwam—the area of the cellar door—while we were off on hunting- or war-parties. Often, on returning at evening, laden with spoils, we found that the squaws had betaken themselves to other games, and we had to recall them to their domestic duties.

In-doors, a favorite plaything was the spool-basket, and the favorite game that we played with it was a kind of original jack-straws. The basket being inverted, about half a bushel of brick-shaped blocks and spools of all sizes and colors tumbled gently into a heap. From this mountain, resembling the lava-pits of the Modocs, and representing chaos or the dawn of history, the tribes of men were slowly to extricate themselves. The white spools were the Caucasian race, the red spools the Indians, the yellow the Mongols, and the black the Africans. Such of these as rolled out upon the floor at the overturning of the basket, or could be extricated from the heap without displacing the blocks, gathered into bands and fought each other, or sailed away on block rafts over the tranquil surface of the play-room carpet to green isles under the table, and edges of new-risen continents along the lounge, where they founded colonies. Gradually those who lay deeper in the mountain, overwhelmed in a sort of Dantesque hell, emerged through openings between the boulders, and formed the obstructions about them into ramparts. Finally the whole mass was reduced into ordered lines of fortification, the scattered bands united into allied nations, and the whole ended in a *Volksschlacht*, where the long cylinders of carpet-thread spools served as cannon, and the air was darkened by shot and shell composed of the little paper sewing-silk spools.

In days somewhat younger than those, a main resource was the kitchen, whose unrestrained life contrasted gayly with the stiff proprieties of the parlor. Our kitchen had a stone step at the threshold of the dining-room door, where a cricket sometimes sang, that dwelt in a neighboring cranny. Here I would sit after supper, between the servants' table and the wooden bench under which were ranged

my uncle's shoes,—twenty shoes precisely alike, which he wore in succession, beginning at one end of the row and making a complete revolution in ten days. Over the bench hung his shoe-horn on a nail, and over this was a shelf with a lantern and footstool. Beyond was the cellar door, which, when opened of a dark night, gave admission to abysses of mystery into which the imagination plunged with a pleasing shudder. Here I would sit, I say, and listen to the gabble of the girls as they slowly stirred their tea, absorbing it with loud gulps and masticating their buttered toast with a crunching and chonking sound most fascinating to the ear. The conversation was usually discontinuous, and abounded in rather abrupt reflections, such as,—  
 " 'Tis three years, come Tuesday week, since I left the old country. Dear, dear! Where'll I be this day twelvemonth?"

To this there would be no reply, but the other would say presently, gazing at the tea-grounds in the bottom of her empty cup, "What's my fortune?"

"I see an old man sitting in a chair."

"No, but 'tis not, then: 'tis a big house on a hill that ye see."

"Sure I've a purse in mine." Etc., etc.

Often I besought them for tales of Ireland, which I conceived of from their report as a wondrous green land of faery. On Pancake Thursday, when they baked a ring in a cake and the kitchen was full of gossips who came to the cutting, these stories most abounded. There seemed to be a definite repertory of them, known by name to the natives,—for they would be called for under their titles, like favorite songs at a glee,—as, "Have ye 'The White Lady of Blackrock Castle'?" or, "Have e'er o' yez 'The Yellow Waters'?"

I can remember nothing of them beyond the vague outlines of one, in which a girl who is sitting in a tree at twilight hears her lover, underneath, plotting with another man to take her life, and afterward, in a company where her lover is present, says that she has a riddle to tell: "I dreamed a dream that the fox was digging a grave for me under the tree in the woods. And I dreamed that the fox fell into the hole

that he was digging." The conclusion of the history has gone from me.

I remember once being taken into the fields to hunt for shamrock by one of my nurses, a fresh-faced young thing, just over, whom we called Fat Janey. It was on some saint's day, or some Irish anniversary, and there was some sentimental or superstitious rite that she wanted to perform with the mystic trefoil. I have forgotten the exact nature of it,—perhaps putting it under her pillow to dream upon, as is done with the wedding-cake. At all events, I remember that she had to content herself with our common clover; and I recall her voice distinctly as she went searching through the fields,—

The long gray fields at night,—

for it was toward evening,—crooning one of those wild, monotonous, tuneless chants that the maids sing while hanging out their clothes. Some of the girls knew a few scraps of Gaelic, and would teach me to repeat them. I have forgotten all but two sentences, which sounded like "Conny sthon thu" and "Tau da maw." (The spelling is strictly phonetic, and I haven't the least notion what the words mean.) I now suspect that they occasionally took advantage of my innocence,—for they would make me say over phrases which they declared meant, "How do ye do?" or, "Give me a kiss," and would laugh immoderately when I repeated them, and cry, "Listen to the child!"

A cook that we once had, named Nora, possessed great dramatic talent. She was a large, handsome woman, from the south of Ireland, with a mass of blue-black hair. She would let this down over her shoulders, and, standing in the middle of the kitchen, carving-knife in hand, roll her fine dark eyes and recite the following dialogue, taking both parts alternately:

*She.*—Would ye not have a wife both fair and young,  
 Could speak the French and the I-talian tongue?

*He.*—No. One language is enough for any woman to speak;



And, before I'd be governed by such a wife,  
I'd take the sword and end me life.

[Stabs himself with carving-knife, and falls supine on kitchen-floor.]

She.—

[Rising nimbly from floor, and standing over his imaginary body.]

Alas! alas! Thin I fear 'tis true,—  
So I'll take the sword and end me life too.

[Stabs herself, and falls in like manner.]

She pronounced the *w* in "sword" distinctly.

The servants' cousins or followers were an unfailing spring of fresh interest. From the dining-room I could hear a low rumble of talk in the kitchen, announcing the arrival of some John or Patrick. On going out there, I always found him sitting uncomfortably straight on one particular chair, under which his hat was deposited, dressed in black clothes, which also suggested discomfort and unwontedness. It was matter of speculation with me why the young and pretty girls had hardly any followers, while those who were uncommonly old or ugly were wooed most assiduously. Perhaps the old ones had property. One lean and tushy hag, named Catherine, who lived with us several years, was very confidential with me about her suitors. She was torn between two. The first was an absurdly-young fellow, with a fresh, pleasant face. He was at least ten years her junior, and courted her perseveringly, but without much encouragement. She spoke of him as "the lad," and evidently inclined toward his rival, a steady man, with a red beard, who weighed mentally about a ton. She told me that he was rich, but that he had no religion. "He is like a baste of the field," she said. Nothing but this lack of spirituality seemed to make her hesitate between him and the other. Another cook that we had held her head very high because she might have married, had she chosen, "a widow-man in the old country, with a jaunting-car."

The natural inclination of children toward feticism, or the reading of a

soul into inanimate things, is matter of common note. The letters of the alphabet all have an expression for them like persons' faces. *E* is a belligerent, conceited, positive character; *F* is sly, sneaking, with a smirk on his thin face; and so on. David Copperfield identified a certain wash-stand with Mrs. Gummidge. Hans Andersen, who retained the child's habit of mind all through life, personifies in his story-books tops, balls, and other playthings, precisely as children do. It is the same with articles of furniture: to an imaginative child every room has an expression of its own, and the things in it are not dead, but have a kind of life and humanity. There will be little unnoticed nooks and corners of the house that have a peculiar significance to him,—some recess that he likes to sit in, some unused shelf or cubby. Oddities of architecture attract him,—such as a space left here and there, a corner cut off, a step up or down from room to room, a roof that slopes to the floor, a closet of irregular shape. Ledges are formed by projections or mouldings, on which he will range pennies or candies in a row and leave them there till he forgets them, and comes upon them another day with all the excitement of a fresh discovery.

One of the best touches in "School-Days at Rugby" is where East describes to Tom Brown the pleasures of the Rugby institution known as "singing." After supper, in the summer twilight, the big boys sit about the tables in the little fives-court under the library, and sing and drink beer; while the little boys "cut about the quadrangle between the songs, and it looks like a lot of robbers in a cave." The man who wrote that knew the heart of a boy. Is there perchance in this part of the world any man who cannot recall the bliss that filled him at, say, the age of ten, when the evenings began to grow long and warm, so that he could play out-doors after tea? What an unfamiliar charm the deserted school-yard took on in the soft gloaming, where we lingered at "Every Man in his Own Den," until the boy who ventured out into the

centre of the field, crying the ancient formula,—

"Here's a lead  
For Solomon's seed,"—

could hardly be seen for the dusk! And then to be let sit out on the front steps till ten o'clock with the "grown-ups," and listen to their talk,—perhaps even participate in their lemonade,—

while the fire-flies twinkled in the high grass by the currant-bushes! And to wake afterward in the night and hear the fountain splashing monotonously in the asylum-grounds, and the hurdy-gurdy of the lunatic negro who came every night at moonrise to play by those waters of Babylon! Oh, summer nights!

HENRY A. BEERS.

### MRS. LARRABEE'S MORNING CALL.

"STOP, driver, stop! Oh, that lovely view! Ellen, do look at those mountains yonder, with the shadows of the clouds lying upon them! This is truly a heavenly spot. I could sit here all day long and look at that view. I wonder who lives here: it must be some very rich family, for just see those stables over there, and the queer houses, and then the lawns and drives! It must take an army of servants and a mint of money to run a place like this. That is a boat-house down there at the water's edge. Of course the man who lives here has a yacht,—probably a small fleet of them. Dear me! these Hudson River princes simply roll in wealth. Perhaps this is the country-seat of some celebrated New York merchant.—Driver, what is the name of the gentleman who owns this place?"

The colored man on the box of the carriage reflected a moment. "I ain't been long in these parts," he said at last apologetically.

He beckoned to a gardener who was clipping a hedge near, and the man left his work and came up to the carriage, touching his hat respectfully to the two ladies seated therein. The elder of them, a stout, pompous dame with large diamonds in her ears, said patronizingly, "Good-morning. Will you tell me the name of the gentleman who owns this country-seat?"

"Mr. Partridge, ma'am."

"Partridge?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Partridge? George Reed Partridge?" cried the stout lady in great excitement.

"Yes, ma'am," said the gardener, touching his hat again respectfully and then resuming his hedge-clipping.

The stout lady laid a fat, tightly-gloved hand upon her companion's arm: "My dear, it is the very Mr. Partridge whom we knew so well in Rome. You remember his wife and only son died of the fever there that winter, and he was almost heart-broken. His wife was a sweet woman. Coachman, drive up to the house."

"But, Aunt Etta—" the young girl began, in a tone of remonstrance.

"My dear, I know him well. He would consider it a slight, an insult, if I should drive through his grounds without stopping to say 'How do you do?' The idea of this being his place! I thought that he lived in New York; and I suppose he does in winter and comes here for the summer. He is a retired merchant, you know, and immensely wealthy,—immensely."

The coachman had meanwhile driven his horses up to the entrance of the house, and, as he stopped them, a manservant came down the broad stone steps and stood ready to open the carriage door. Mr. Partridge was at home, and the two ladies alighted and followed the servant into a square hall where a single sheet of plate-glass framed a picture of the river and the blue hills beyond.

The pavement was marble, a fine carved staircase wound up to the floor above, and on every side were silent witnesses to the truth of Mrs. Larrabee's assertion that Mr. Partridge was a rich man.

"Whom shall I say, madam?" said the servant, as he ushered the two guests into a small reception-room.

"Two old friends," quoth the stout lady superbly. Then she put her gold-rimmed eye-glasses on her nose and gazed about her critically, rising once to peep through the door-hangings into the adjoining room. Her companion, a tall, slim girl with soft brown hair and eyes, seated herself in a low chair by an opened window and crossed her hands in her lap wearily. She looked pale and tired, and contrasted in every way with her stout, rubicund aunt. She wore no rustling silk, no sparkling diamonds, and a feminine observer would have instantly detected that her gloves were only three-buttoned while her aunt's were eight. Almost motionless, she sat looking down at the carpet until Mr. George Reed Partridge entered. He was a burly, white-haired old man, with a smooth-shaven, mahogany-colored face and a pair of twinkling little eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Larrabee," he said, in a big, out-door sort of voice, "this is a great surprise. I could not imagine who my two old friends were, and I should have concluded that you were a pair of dangerous book-agents if James had not said that you came in a carriage. But I don't know who the other old friend can be." He bestowed a shrewd glance upon the girl, who had risen and stood before him, a faint blush spreading slowly over her face. "And I should not call her so very old," he added, with a laugh.

"It is my niece, Ellen Hustead," said Mrs. Larrabee. "You remember, she was in Rome with us."

"Ah, yes, of course; I recollect now," Mr. Partridge exclaimed. He shook hands with the girl heartily. "It is no wonder that I didn't recognize you, Miss Ellen, for the last time I saw you you were a long-legged creature in short frocks."

Mrs. Larrabee looked rather shocked, but her niece smiled. "The frocks have been let down," she said gayly.

"So I see. I suppose it was necessary. Why, you are quite a woman,—eighteen years old, I dare say."

"Nearly nineteen," said she.

"You must stop shooting up and take to spreading out. With your height, you ought to weigh a hundred and forty pounds."

"She has been studying very hard all winter," said Mrs. Larrabee. "That is why she looks so pale and thin."

"Studying, eh?" Mr. Partridge repeated. "Studied the flesh off your bones? I wish you had said danced it off. I don't like learned young ladies very much. In fact, I am afraid of 'em."

A bright look flashed into the girl's face. "Ah, you need not be afraid of me," she said, in half-triumphant, half-mournful accents. "I am not learned in the least, and I can't be, although I have tried very hard."

Mr. Partridge twisted about in his chair and looked at her with new interest. His glance travelled deliberately from the crown of her head to the tip of the boot that showed itself beneath her simple gown.

"My niece refers to the trying ordeal that she has just passed through," said Mrs. Larrabee. "She came to Poughkeepsie to enter Vassar College, but she failed in her examinations. That is how we happen to be here: we are going back to Chicago to-morrow."

"I could enter the preparatory class," chimed in her niece, "but I feel too old for that. I thought I should surely enter Freshman: I studied hard all last winter for it, but I am dreadfully deficient in mathematics. I can't even manage fractions; and as for algebra—" She broke off eloquently and looked up into Mr. Partridge's face with a smile of comical despair.

He burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear child," said he, "what earthly good would it do you if you could manage fractions? Keep out of Vassar College, and gather your roses while you may: that is my advice."

"I shall have to do something to earn my own living," said she, in a simple, straightforward way, "and I hoped to become a teacher."

The laughing look on Mr. Partridge's face was replaced by a very grave one. He pursed up his lips. "Whew!" he whistled.

Mrs. Larrabee now came to the rescue, and guided the conversation in the direction of Europe. Ellen was rather left out of the desultory talk that followed and sat by, silent and absorbed in her thoughts. Evidently they were not the vague, pleasant day-dreams of a young girl, for a little line showed itself between her brows, and she compressed her lips as though she were mentally making some great resolution. As he listened to Mrs. Larrabee's smoothly-flowing stream of words, Mr. Partridge every now and then glanced at Ellen in his quick, shrewd way. Sometimes she caught his glances and returned them with a smile, but oftener she was quite unconscious of them and worked away at the problems that seemed to trouble her. Outside, the carriage stood in the shade of a great chestnut-tree, and the colored coachman slumbered peacefully on his perch, while the horses stamped impatiently and whisked their tails in futile efforts to dislodge the flies. In the distance a man drove a mowing-machine round and round a lawn, and, nearer, a gardener moved a rake lazily to and fro over a gravelled path. The south wind stole in through the opened window, bringing with it the smell of roses. A vague drowsiness stole little by little over Ellen, and the muscles of her face relaxed. How sweet it would be to lean her head against the back of her well-cushioned chair and forget her troubles in sleep! She closed her eyes once, but opened them quickly lest her aunt should see her. That lady was talking in her customary fluent and impressive manner.

"It was such a lovely morning that I thought I would bring Ellen out for a drive. She has never seen anything of the Hudson River before, and the scenery here is so celebrated, and I am sure it

deserves its fame, for anything more beautiful I cannot even imagine. You see, we meet by chance, the usual way, Mr. Partridge. I had no idea that the charming home that I was going into ecstasies over belonged to an old friend; and when your gardener—one of your gardeners, I suppose I should say—told me who lived here, I was very much astonished, I assure you, and, on the spur of the moment, we decided to pay you a morning call, Ellen and I."

"I am very glad you did so," said the old gentleman politely, "and I hope you will pay me one every time you are in Poughkeepsie."

"We shall never be here again," spoke up Ellen. "I shall not try to pass Vassar examinations every year." And she shook her head resolutely.

"It is your turn now, Mr. Partridge," said Mrs. Larrabee. "You must pay us a morning call."

"But you live in Chicago!" the old gentleman exclaimed. "That is quite a distance to go to pay a morning call."

"Nothing at all for an old traveller like you," cried Mrs. Larrabee; "and I do hope that you will drop in and see us some day, just as we dropped in to see you."

"I certainly shall do so if I ever get as far as Chicago, which I very much doubt," said Mr. Partridge. "I am past seventy now: my travelling days are over. I have to go to New York every now and then to look after my estate and business-affairs generally, but I hate it. I would rather stay here and raise cattle and sheep."

Mrs. Larrabee rose and drew her shawl about her shoulders. "I think we must go," she said, with a glance out of the window toward her sleeping coachman.

"Oh, stay and lunch with me," said Mr. Partridge, springing to his feet as quickly as though he were a young fellow still. "Let me send your carriage back to the hotel, and I will drive you into town myself this afternoon."

Mrs. Larrabee let her shawl slip off her shoulders again and murmured a consent, and thereupon Mr. Partridge

went out himself to give the order to the coachman.

"He might have asked us before," said Mrs. Larrabee in an undertone to her niece. "Now I shall have to pay for all the time that the carriage has been waiting. • But, dear me! a rich man never thinks of these trifles."

Having sent the carriage back to town, Mr. Partridge rejoined his guests, and, soon after, luncheon was announced. The meal was served in a small room with long French windows opening out upon a broad piazza. Beyond stretched an expanse of lawn down to the river, that to-day shone glassy in the sunshine, reflecting clearly the sloops and schooners that, with outspread sails, lay waiting for a breeze. Mr. Partridge was quite annoyed because Ellen looked out of the window too much and neglected her luncheon.

"You can't live on a view," he said. "Drink your wine, child, and eat your cutlet. Mind, if you don't do better by your meat, you will have to make it up on the strawberries-and-cream."

"Poor Ellen! She is quite unstrung," murmured Mrs. Larrabee sympathetically.

"Oh, no, I am not," said Ellen, looking a trifle vexed. She did not like to be called unstrung: it made her feel like an old fiddle hung up in a Jew-shop.

As soon as the luncheon was over, Mr. Partridge led his guests out upon the piazza. "I hope you don't object to tobacco?" he said, taking a cigar from his pocket.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Larrabee replied. "My husband is a great smoker."

"And I suppose, Miss Ellen, that if you had a husband he would be a great smoker too, as Dundreary would observe," said Mr. Partridge.

Ellen colored quickly and looked a little confused. She seemed ill at ease.

After a while, Mr. Partridge said to her, "Don't you want to go down the alley yonder and pick me a big bunch of roses?"

"Yes, indeed," she cried, and ran down the steps with delight. Mr. Partridge's remark about a possible husband's

habits had, like many a random arrow, flown at an unsuspected mark, and Ellen feared that her aunt might be inclined to make embarrassing disclosures upon the subject. Now, however, she was away from such an unpleasant possibility, and she wandered down the rose-alley, gathering the flowers and feeling quite like the lady of the manor. After a while she found that a little old spaniel was following her, and wagging his tail with as much energy as remained to him after many years of almost unremitting tail-wagging. He seemed very grateful to Ellen for the kind word and pat that she bestowed upon him, and trotted after her, panting, and with his tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth. Indeed, as the day was warm and he seemed unused to such exertions, Ellen stopped to give him a chance to rest. But rest he would not. When she stopped, he sat up on his haunches and offered her his paw, then rolled over, then played dead dog, and then began it all over again, by sitting up on his haunches and offering her his paw; and this he kept up until she strolled on again, when he trotted after her laboriously.

Meanwhile, Mr. Partridge sat in his arm-chair on the piazza, listening to his guest's monologue. Finally, with a quick jerk of his head in the direction of the rose-alley, he said, "So she hopes to be a teacher, does she?"

Mrs. Larrabee raised her hands in a sort of despair, as she answered, "Yes, that has always been her expectation; but I am afraid it will have to be given up. I am sure I don't know what to do with her. She is my poor sister's child, and quite alone in the world, and she has no money,—a paltry thousand or so. Mr. Larrabee and I intended to educate her so that she could be a teacher and make herself independent; but she is not an intellectual girl. She is good and sweet-tempered, but she certainly is not intellectual. She failed dreadfully in her examination. Of course Mr. Larrabee and I would treat her just as we do our own daughters, but we have five children of our own, and we cannot afford it."



"Why, I thought Larrabee was making a big fortune," said Mr. Partridge.

Mrs. Larrabee shook her head. "Reports are always dreadfully exaggerated. We are comfortable; but with a family like ours it takes a great deal of money to be merely comfortable. And then Ellen is very proud and high-spirited, and would not be willing to be a dependant upon her uncle's charity. But what can she do? what can she do, Mr. Partridge?"

"Get married," said that gentleman: "she would make some man a good wife, even if she is not particularly intellectual."

There was a touch of sarcasm in his voice; but Mrs. Larrabee did not notice it. She drew her chair a little nearer Mr. Partridge's, and said confidentially, "The fact is, there has been a young man very attentive to her for more than a year. It is a desperate affair, I assure you; but he is poor,—a lawyer without clients or influential friends, and his own way to make in the world. Of course Ellen and he fell in love; such people always do, and the poorer they are the worse the love. It would be folly for them to marry,—perfect folly; and I am happy to say that they have sense enough to know it. Still, I am afraid they may forget prudence and run away; she would go fast enough if he asked her; but I will give him the credit of being a high-minded sort of fellow. He would think twice before he dragged a young girl into poverty. Of course I never could consent to such a thing; I should consider myself a wicked woman if I did, although I like Mr. Grantley—"

"Eh! what is the name?" said Mr. Partridge suddenly.

"Grantley,—John Grantley. I believe his parents were rich once, but he is poor enough now, in all conscience. He is a perfect gentleman, although rather blunt and short-spoken, and his habits are all that one could wish; but he does not succeed as a lawyer."

"Too honest," said Mr. Partridge grimly,—*"too honest and too bluff. I*

*know Jack well. In fact, he is my nephew, and he and my son were great friends when they were boys. He used to come here often then, and I liked him; but he grew up and went to college and studied law, although I did my best to persuade him to go into the tea-and-coffee trade with my old friends Sone and Johnson. I hate lawyers; there is one in New York that is making a fortune out of me, and whetting his knife to cut me up when I am dead; but I have to employ him. When Jack said he was going to be a lawyer, I spoke my mind pretty freely, and Jack spoke his quite as freely, instead of holding his tongue. The result was, he marched out of my library with his nose in the air, and I have never seen him since. His father went all to pieces, and died not long after. And so Jack is out in Chicago, trying to practise law? He will never succeed."*

"He is your nephew?" cried Mrs. Larrabee.

"Certainly, my nephew. I have a dozen nephews and nieces in various parts of the world waiting for me to die. They are all civil, well-behaved young people, and show a deep interest in my health, which is very gratifying. Jack, however, has cut my acquaintance. I guess he wishes he had gone into the tea-and-coffee trade now."

"It was very stupid of him not to," said Mrs. Larrabee. "Young people should have sense enough to take the advice of their parents and relations."

"If I had taken the advice of mine, I should be a Presbyterian parson," said Mr. Partridge, with a laugh. "I am glad I didn't; but I should be willing to bet a good deal that Jack wishes he had taken mine. He could have married his Ellen to-morrow, and given her a coupé to go shopping in."

"He has proved himself a very foolish young man," said Mrs. Larrabee. "What you tell me about him proves that my husband's opinion is perfectly correct. He says that Jack is one of those men bound never to succeed. But Ellen is very fond of him. He lives two doors below us, and she is always at

the window to see him pass. He doesn't come to our house any more, for of course we had to put a stop to his visits; but I am afraid he and Ellen write to each other."

"I dare say they do," Mr. Partridge rejoined. "Perhaps this unhappy love-affair has had something to do with Miss Ellen's pale face."

"Oh, she has moped sadly, Mr. Partridge. I hoped that she would go to Vassar, and there, among new associations, forget all about him; but now that has failed, and I am at my wits' end. I positively dread going back to Chicago and meeting Mr. Larrabee. We were confident that Ellen could enter the Freshman class at college, and then she would have been settled for four years, and her diploma would have been of great assistance in getting her a place afterward as a teacher. We think a great deal of a Vassar diploma out West, Mr. Partridge."

He smoked his cigar again in silence, and watched the slim figure wandering down the rose-alley. "Poor girl!" said he at last.

"She is indeed to be pitied," said Mrs. Larrabee, with a sigh that set all the bugles on her gown to jingling. "She is one of those helpless women. Now, I think that if I were thrown upon my own resources I could do something or other to win my bread and butter."

"I don't believe you could pass the Vassar examinations," said Mr. Partridge bluntly.

"Ah, but I have not had Ellen's advantages," cried the lady in expostulation. "She has been studying a year, just to be ready; and yet she has failed utterly."

"Love-affairs are apt to interfere with studies," said Mr. Partridge, with a short laugh.

Ellen now came toward the piazza, a big bouquet of roses in her hand and the old spaniel pattering along at her side.

"Poor Beppo!" said Mr. Partridge. "So he has made friends with you, Miss Ellen? He is a faithful old dog, and misses the petting that his mistress used

to give him. Someway, he never cared for me particularly; but he has taken a liking to you, evidently. Don't let him annoy you."

"Oh, Ellen is fond of animals," said Mrs. Larrabee. "What! these roses for me? You really are too generous, Mr. Partridge, and I must give this one back." She fastened the yellow rose on the lapel of the old gentleman's coat with a sprightly, coquettish smile, while he submitted and looked a trifle foolish.

Then he led them back into the house, guiding them first into a large room, lined from floor to ceiling with books, save over the mantel-shelf, where there hung a portrait of an elderly, sweet-faced woman. "This is my library," he said, halting and glancing with a comical smile at Ellen. "A dreadful place for a young lady like you, who cannot be learned, isn't it? But don't be alarmed; I won't so much as show you an arithmetic. This," he continued, opening a door, "is the music-room. My boy was very fond of music. Of course you play and sing, Miss Ellen?"

"Yes; but not well," she replied. "I have no talent for anything in particular. I begin to think I am very mediocre."

"What! can't you execute any of those wonderful finger-gymnastics? Can't you warble an Italian aria? Upon my word, I didn't suppose there was such an ignorant young lady left in the world. Well, sit down and sing something or other for me. I assure you I am almost as unlearned as you are, if not quite: so I shall not be critical."

Ellen was not in the least afraid of him, for if she was deficient in mathematics she was not in mother-wit, and she understood his feigned horror at her ignorance. So she seated herself at the piano, calm and confident, and sang one of those ballads that old gentlemen like George Reed Partridge always love to hear. As he sat and listened and looked at her, she reminded him of his dead wife. She, too, had once just such soft brown hair and eyes; she, too, had often sung this very ballad. Memories stole over him of sweet by-gone days, and the

lines of his face softened, and the merry twinkle in his eyes was quenched. When the last notes of the ballad faded away, he came and laid his hand on Ellen's shoulder. "Thank you; you sang that very sweetly, my child," said he.

She glanced up in his face, and saw what was written there, and quick tears came to her eyes. She understood that she had touched some chord of his heart. She pitied the lonely old man.

"Ellen would have a very good voice if it were only cultivated," said Mrs. Larrabee.

"It suits me just as it is," said Mr. Partridge, almost roughly.

He did not ask her to sing again, and, after some desultory conversation, Mrs. Larrabee declared that it was time for them to return to the hotel. Mr. Partridge thereupon ordered the carriage, and it was soon driven up to the door. The three miles to Poughkeepsie were accomplished in a short time, and the two ladies found themselves once more alone in the hotel.

"He is a very nice old man, but self-made and quite unpolished. Rather coarse some of his speeches were," said Mrs. Larrabee, as she untied her bonnet-strings. "Still, I am glad we went there, and I will say that he treated us very well. It must be very lonely for him living there by himself in that great house. I suppose when he dies he will leave all his property to charity. Now, if Jack Grantley had ever had a particle of sense, he might have been the adopted son to-day of one of the richest men in the State; but of course he ran counter to his uncle's wishes—"

"His uncle?" cried Ellen.

"Yes, his uncle. Mr. Partridge is his uncle. He said so himself this very afternoon."

Ellen wheeled about with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks. "Aunt, you surely did not tell him about us?"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Larrabee crossly. "I am sure everybody in Chicago knows about you. It is no secret. How could it be, when you have both acted so foolishly? But Mr. Partridge does not like Jack, so there is no need

to suppose that he will help him. Jack offended him years ago, just as Jack offends everybody, by his blunt ways. I hope, Ellen, that you will give up moping over him and settle down to something, —only, goodness knows what you can settle down to."

"I shall not be a burden to you long, I trust," said Ellen proudly.

"Don't be foolish, child," her aunt rejoined. "Empty words won't help you any. Ring the bell for some iced water, and tell the waiter to bring the bill and have a carriage ready for us to-morrow morning at half-past eight. I wish the journey back to Chicago were over, though I don't know what your uncle will say when he sees us and hears of your examination."

Mr. Partridge, meanwhile, had driven back to his stately, lonely home. He passed through the music-room, where open on the piano lay the ballad that Ellen had sung. He put it away in the rack and closed the piano gently, then walked on into the library and seated himself by the empty fireplace. Mechanically he drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it. The white smoke floated up over the portrait of his dead wife, and through the film her face seemed to look down at him with a new and tender entreaty. Beppo stole into the room and thrust his nose against his master's hand. This seemed to rouse Mr. Partridge, and he rose and went to the table whereon lay the visiting-card that Mrs. Larrabee had left. In the corner was written her address, "436 Worrall Avenue." He fingered the card irresolutely. "Two doors below: that would be number 438," he said to himself. And then he sat down and wrote a letter, which, although it was very short, caused him much reflection.

A week or ten days after Mrs. Larrabee had paid her morning call, Mr. Partridge was one afternoon strolling over the lawn toward the house, when his attention was attracted by a young man coming down the road. The day was hot and the dust thick, and the pedestrian walked slowly, carrying his straw hat in his hand. Arrived op-

posite the big iron entrance-gates, the stranger paused and looked about him, then wiped the perspiration from his brow, made a vain attempt to brush the dust off his coat, and put his hat upon his head with a resolute gesture that made Mr. Partridge smile. That gentleman seated himself upon a rustic seat in the shade of a clump of cedars, and waited for the young man. When the latter came up the gravelled path, Mr. Partridge, without stirring, called out, "Jack!"

The young man stopped, saw Mr. Partridge, and crossed over to where he sat. "Well, Uncle George, how are you?" he said, as he held out his hand. "You sent for me, and here I am."

"Yes, I see you are," said Mr. Partridge. "Did you walk all the way from Chicago?" he added.

"I could have done so, I suppose, if I had taken the time," Jack replied, "but I contented myself with doing the three miles from town on foot."

Mr. Partridge looked at his nephew's hot face and then at his dusty boots. "It isn't just the day that I should have chosen for a tramp," he observed. "Come up to the house: it is cooler there, and you need something to wash the dust out of your throat."

Half-way across the lawn Jack stopped. "You have cut down the big oak-tree!" he exclaimed.

"Had to," his uncle replied tersely. "It died. You and Ned used to be forever climbing it when you were boys, didn't you?"

Jack nodded, but made no reply. It saddened him to think of Ned, and he walked on in silence, noting the changes that time had wrought in the place that he had once known so well. Mr. Partridge, too, said nothing until they had entered the house, and then his voice sounded a little husky: "Let us go into the dining-room, Jack. A tumbler of iced claret is what you want. It is a hot, dusty day."

"The walk *was* tiresome," Jack admitted, as he sat down in an arm-chair by the window.

"Why the deuce didn't you take a

carriage from the station, or let me know when you were coming?" said his uncle petulantly.

To this Jack vouchsafed no reply: he merely smiled and sipped his claret with evident satisfaction.

"Jack, you are just as exasperating as ever!" cried Mr. Partridge in tones of mingled admiration and despair.

"The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," quoth Jack lightly.

The old gentleman burst into a great roar of laughter. "You're your father all over," he said; "but I liked your father in spite of his cranky ways." Then he poured himself out a little more claret, smiling as he did so. "Well, and how is your law-practice coming on?" he said.

"Very well," Jack replied.

"Getting rich, eh? Clients crowding into your office? Beginning to think of taking a partner?"

"No, not exactly; but still I am doing as well as most young lawyers."

"Then that is not doing at all," said Mr. Partridge. "Now, Jack," he continued, fixing his keen eyes on his nephew's face, "have you never regretted that you did not go into the tea-and-coffee trade?"

Jack stroked his moustache. "I have regretted that a lawyer could not make money so fast as your friends the tea-and-coffee merchants do," he answered.

"Now for another question. Answer me honestly. Are you succeeding?"

"Not so well as I could wish," was the reply; "but I did not expect to leap into fame and wealth by the time I was twenty-six."

"Why the deuce don't you speak out to me frankly, and say that you are having a hard struggle to get money enough to pay your board-bill?" cried Mr. Partridge excitedly, and rising to his feet as he spoke. "It is true; you can't deny it. Your coat is shabby, you could not afford a carriage out here this morning and so you came afoot, you have to deny yourself a thousand things to keep out of debt, your watch-chain has disappeared, you look thin—"

John Grantley had risen and taken his hat from the table. "Did you send for me to come from Chicago to tell me this?" he said.

"No! I sent for you because I want to help you. For the Lord's sake, sit down, Jack! Don't be afraid. I am not going to offer you a ten-dollar bill or a position in a tea-and-coffee store." And now the twinkle in Mr. Partridge's eyes showed itself again. Jack sat down, but he held his hat in his hand still. "I don't suppose your position in Chicago is so good but that you would take a better if it were offered to you?" said Mr. Partridge, putting his hands into his trousers-pockets and looking whimsically at his nephew.

"No man in any position ever disdains the opportunity of bettering it," said Jack.

"Very good. What I offer you is a position of trust. I believe you are an

honest lawyer,—the very rarest bird that flies,—and I need an honest lawyer. The work won't be easy, but you ought to make a good thing out of it. That scoundrelly Doolittle has, I am sure. Come to New York, and I will give you the business of my estate and will speak a good word for you among my friends. You will find that it will repay you, Jack."

For a minute Jack looked steadily at the lump of fast-melting ice in the empty tumbler. Then he held out his hand to his uncle. "Thank you. I will do my very best for you," said he.

"Fill up your glass," cried Mr. Partridge. "We will drink to your Ellen. Ah! you stare. I know more than you think, you rogue! Go out to Chicago and marry her and bring her here. I hope to see her children tumbling over the grass yonder some day."

CHARLES DUNNING.

### OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

"WHAT dream unpillowed thy young head  
At chill and cheerless break of day?  
And where, with swift, impatient tread,  
Pursuest thou thy lonely way?"

"See where the purple mountains lie,  
Like clouds that catch the rising sun:  
Behind yon peak that breasts the sky  
I needs must be ere day is done."

"And lies thy home beyond that peak,  
In some wild-wooded mountain-glen,  
And, sick with absence, dost thou seek  
The sweet, familiar scene again?"

"Untroubled as the morning wind  
That drinks the dew from grass and tree,  
I leave my father's house behind:  
The broad bright world is home to me."



"Then Fancy hath thee by the hand,  
And whispers tales of import sweet,—  
How, sighing through a rainbow land,  
Love listens for thy coming feet."

"'Twere sweet to find love waiting me,  
If love were meek and came unsought;  
Not mine a love-sick fantasy,—  
I follow a sublimer thought."

"Dost dream of mines and treasures rare  
In yon recesses buried down,  
Or seek in faery fastness there  
The bitter laurel of renown?"

"Ask me no more: I cannot tell  
What thing I burn to find or do;  
I only know a wild, wild spell  
Compels me to those crests of blue."

"I warn thee, though they seem so near,  
It is a weary way between,—  
Through woods and wastes obscure and drear,  
And adder-haunted fens unseen."

"A journey made, a danger met,  
Are tales to tell when both are done:  
There never was a pleasure yet  
Worth tasting if too smoothly won."

"Oh, boy, why waste the golden hours  
In searching after fancied sweet?  
Thou'lt find naught sweeter than the flowers  
That die beneath thy heedless feet."

"Oh, rank of scent and pale to sight  
The weeds that haunt this homely place!  
The flowers that spring beyond that height  
Must bloom with a diviner grace."

"On some tall cliff's accessless crown  
They mock the desperate climber's clutch,  
Or haply, if he pull them down,  
They turn to ashes at his touch."

"Beyond those hills in other years  
I, too, sought wondrous things to find.  
Ah me! I turn again, with tears,  
To seek the sweets I left behind."

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

## BAY BEAUTIES AND BAY BREEZES.

"TWO trunks and a baby-coach?"  
 "Yes, that's all. Be sure to get them on this train."

We knew this extra caution to lame black Si was necessary, for the baggage came in heaps, and there was always some left behind. Fortunately, we got ours aboard, and had settled down serenely in our seats, and were letting baby play with our hats, while cooling our heads, and feeling that we were safely speeding toward the land of the clam and the oyster, when the conductor punched our tickets.

"Change at Jamaica!"

"Oh, dear!" was what my wife said.

But I felt worse than that, if I had only dared say it. All that worry to go over again at Jamaica! But no use talking. At the next station we waited for our train. They stopped only for passengers, and would not take baggage.

"Oh, dear!" again.

But I didn't say it: I couldn't.

"And we must have our trunks tonight: all Clara's things are in them; I haven't a thing; and if a shower should come up, the carriage will get wet."

"No use talking," again.

The conductor assured us that they would come up on the next train; but they didn't. They didn't come till the 9.15, and it was midnight before we got the benefit of them, for they had to be brought five miles in a wagon.

The ride we had in the stage in the afternoon was delightful. Road smooth, winding over hill, through dale, shady and dustless; so we just bowled along,—bowled is the word. We came across a piece of new road, and the "nigh" horse pulled more than his share, and broke his whiffle-tree, and stood,—amazed to find the load off his shoulders. A delay of twenty minutes, till our driver borrowed a tree and a "rope-end" from a farmer. Then a passenger got out and touched up the "off" horse with his ivory-handled umbrella, with the to him

surprising result that on the second blow the handle remained in his hand and the umbrella went in the mud under the wheels; during all of which performance the other passengers were much interested and kept in good humor.

While prospecting for a suitable place to board, we stopped at "the store," to make inquiries.

"Hev yeh bin to Hickmanses?"

"Yes."

"All full, eh?"

"All full there."

"Bin to John Tightem's, back o' the church?"

"Yes."

"They ain't full there, be they?"

"No; but they expect some up 1st of August."

"Who did you see? John himself?"

"No; his wife."

"I guess you better make your bargain with her; she's the best man of the two, they say. John'll go a great ways for a cent. One day I wanted a piece of brass to fix an oar, an' I went into his shop an' tuk an old hoop I saw hangin' overhead an' asked him what that was. He looked at it, an' said, 'Ha, I picked that up on the shore, mus' be nigh on twenty year ago, an' it's bin hangin' on that hook ever sence. Do you want it?'—Well, if it's iron, I don't; if it's brass, I kin use it. What do you want for it?'—Well, ef it was iron, I'd give it to yeh; but, sence it's brass, I guess it's wuth about six cents.' I paid him the six cents, an' tuk it."

"I can tell yeh suthin' worse'n 'at," said another. "I had 'im do some odd jobs for me, an', after a while, told 'im to make out 'is bill. When it come, it was for three days and a quarter of an hour. I asked 'im, 'Do you gen'ally charge that way,—for a quarter of an hour?'—Oh, certain; when I work by the day I always charge for the quarters.'"

"I'll tell you how he served me," said another, "or, rather, how I served him. He come to borry my saw. I had it lyin' on the stoop, and said he cud have it and welcome. He looked at it, and says he, 'I see you don't understand saw-sharp'nin'.'—'No,' said I, 'that ain't no part of my trade.' After a while he brung the saw back, and a bill with it for thirty-one cents. Well, I can git a saw sharpened and set for a quarter any day, and I didn't ask him to sharpen it: so I asked him, 'Ain't that a putty steep charge?'—'No,' said he: 'that's an inside price. It's really thirty-two cents; but I tuk off a cent.'—Well, I tuk the saw and laid it on the table, and said, 'If there's thirty-one cents of labor on that old saw, you kin hev it and keep it.'"

At six next morning we were at the "Oysterman's Dock, Limited." A new house, and a newly-dug cove. The sun began to gild the ripples. The tide was out, and the mud was up. Sitting in the doorway, on a camp-stool made of netting and broken oars, we talked with one of the limited oystermen about seed-oysters, and planting, and beds staked off, and a suit that was made a test case.

"Over thar 'gin thet p'int, thet's the free ground. All this part of the bay is planted. There's some here thet has made thirty thousand dollars oysterin'. Them stakes is all ranged by a tree or some p'int on shore; and ef any one shud pull 'em up, the owner cud set 'em back to within a fut of the same place. Some four year ago, a few of us that hain't got any beds tried to stake off some of the free ground and plant it; but when oysterin'-time come, them rich cusses jest pulled up our stakes and hauled in our oysters, and said we hadn't no bizness stakin' it off, as 'twas free ground. Well, the right of any of 'em on'y hangs by a hair, it's on'y an arrangement among theirselves, and so we sued 'em; but they beat us, 'cos we hadn't no money. But now last year, mind yeh, they staked off some of the free ground theirselves and planted it, and, to test it, some of us put up a young feller to take up some of the oysters, and

they 'rested him, and the jedge gave him sixty days and costs; and now some of us is a-carryin' it to higher courts to try it out, and we got as smart a lawyer as they hev, every time."

One morning, later, we went to listen to this trial. Counsel for defendant was examining witness for defendant. Counsel for plaintiff said he could not hear.

"Not hear?" said counsel for defendant. "Do you tell me that you can't hear? Why, sir, there are thousands of animals roaming these woods that would *envy* you your ears!"

As it is well known that there are now no animals "roaming these woods" but a few rabbits and such like, there seemed to be considerable "reference to allusions."

A never-failing source of interest is the shore, in its various phases of tide. The shore is active when the tide is out, and active when it is in; but the activities are different. At high water, if it occurs at the right hour, all the little rough-board closets on the shelving beach stand with padlocks agape on their staples and doors wide open, and the bathers are disporting themselves in an old calico or a brand-new blue flannel white braided. John Henry floats well out from the shore, his hands sticking out perpendicular to his breast, and causing a little girl on the pebbles to ask, "Mamma, is he saying his prayers?"

It is a warm day, perhaps, and the water is a trifle colder than the air, and Lou, who is bold and goes ahead in everything untried, wants to persuade her friends on shore to venture in, and declares, "It's just lo-o-u-ugh-o-vely!" while she stands shuddering, hip-deep. Sail-boats, too, if there be a wind, are spinning in all directions. The waters cover all the meadows and rocks and oyster-stakes, and the bay certainly seems as large again to the eye untrained to the deceptive distances on water. The freight-sloops are able to get alongside the dock and unload, and wagons are waiting in a string for their turn under the crane to get the goods ordered for store or shop or household. Here comes a piano out of the hold;

next a roll of sole-leather, white-oak- and hemlock-tanned, for which customers have been leaving their shoes at the little white shop under the crooked silver-leaf maple; then a hogshead of crockery for the store; then bales of hay, casks of beer, a lot of wash-tubs, a barrel of oil; and so on. Indeed, it is one of the most developing of sights to watch all that comes out through that hatchway in the course of the season. The oystermen, too, take the chance of high water to get their craft in the positions they want them.

When the tide has ebbed to its lowest, the docks look as useless as can be, set back so far out of the water: it seems as if that element could never get to them again. The clam-boys, with the bottom of a demijohn-basket, are wading out after the family supply; for many of the poor live upon the product of this free soil of Uncle Sam's, between high and low water. The bottom is so shelving that it looks as though you might wade clear across to the island. The flat-bottomed boats and the "punkin-seeds" rest right side up on the mud; the round-bottomed ones keel gently over to port, the rudder being turned to starboard, so that it will not be injured by the settling of the sloop. The boatmen use the chance to calk up any little open seams with cotton and white lead and putty and paint, while they spread their sails and awnings on the sand to bleach. Not so many sailing-parties go out now, or, if they do, they can't step from the dock to the boat with dry shoes, but must walk on the soft ooze to the nearest row-boat, and from that step into another and be taken to the sloop in detachments. But when once you get afloat, and have a good breeze, what a delight to be sitting in front of the mast, watching the cut-water plough the little waves as they dash up in mimic fury right under your feet! and how refreshing to take off your shoes and let the greenish fluid, liquid and limpid, cascade and gurgle and splurge over your feet alongside! And in how many directions you can go,—and must go, with the varying of the wind and tide! When

the wind is boisterous and the sea runs high, West Harbor is the place, sheltered and just right. We can run up to Pine Island Neck and cross the narrow sand-bar to the Sound and pick up shells, or run into Mill Neck Creek to Bayville, or stop at the steam brick-yard on Hog Island and watch the red-dusted Germans turn out the last of their forty thousand a day. This quantum done, they can go to their sea-bath and their pipes and beer. The genial boss himself stays around "till sundown, looking after things." It is a novel sight to most of us, and we linger so long that when we return to our boat we find it occupied by scores of the *Doryphora decemlineata*, the great American traveller, the Colorado beetle, the potato-bug: they have stepped aboard from the brick-yard wharf, "to find passage for Bermuda in time for the early crop," our captain thinks.

Running out into the Sound, we may have to hug the Yellow Banks, or make short tacks between Point Mozes and Plum Point, to keep out of the channel current, or go scudding before the wind straight out with the tide, and before we are far out in the Sound the spray comes dashing over the bow or the water rushes by the partly-submerged gunwale, and the timid ones are glad when the course is again headed for Oyster Bay Harbor. If we do not venture out, we can run to Columbia Grove and land, or into Cold Spring Harbor and get a view of the Laurelton House. Woe be to us if we get becalmed! we may be there till nightfall, not able to get out of sight of Cooper's Bluff, get home late when a little puff brings us in, and go supperless to bed, not saying much about our sail, but simply, "Good-night: we must try it again."

Becalmed at a distance from home, if there be provisions, a merry party may still have a good time. Caught in such a "fix" on the Sound at mid-day once, after we had sung and joked awhile in apparent unconcern, somehow the idea was started to hold a moot court and have a mock trial of a breach-of-promise case. We had some young legal prac-

tioners in the company very willing to air themselves. We had the brick-yard sloop, and the deck gave us ample room. A jury, on which ladies were qualified to serve, was speedily impanelled, and they readily affirmed that they were ignorant *in toto* of any impending suit and entirely unprejudiced. A dashing young woman who usually had a hand in all picnics and festivals was selected as complainant, and the accused was one of the best and most modest fellows in the party, who smiled a tragic, sad smile when it was broached to him that he should represent the false lover: his veneration for womankind received a severe shock, but they all clamored so, "Oh, come on, Henry," that he assumed the rôle. Witnesses were produced who recalled scenes which were an utter blank to the tortured defendant; and, as counsel for plaintiff drew out with an exultant leer from the all-too-willing testifiers incidents that went to prove the dastardly conduct of the accused, his facial muscles were seen to twitch nervously, despite his attempt to laugh it off, while his gay accuser and her backers were snickering at the wit of the young lawyer. Just as counsel for defendant, in summing up, had reached the climax of his appeal to the most amused jury in the world, with his oft-repeated, beseeching, "Now, gentlemen and ladies of the jury," and was asking one and all to "gaze on the face of this youth, this gentle prisoner: do you see depicted there any indication——" and Henry was getting more and more uneasy under the amused scrutiny, a puff filled the sail, the skipper ordered us aft to trim the boat, and the case was adjourned *sine die*. And such singing as we had coming home! How we skipped bars of airs we didn't know, and mumbled words that escaped our memory in the hurry to supply them! and how the tenors did develop and ring out over the water, and linger and soar and die out after the rest had stopped! Joe said it was "immense," the whole "business." But then that was Joe's word for every quality of any object whatever. If our farina pudding was gummy, Joe said it was immense; when

we had ice-cream for dessert on a hot Sunday, it was immense, too; if the water had been fine for bathing, it was immense; when the hammock under the locusts fell through and partly let out an estimable elderly boarder in an uncomfortable position, to the amusement of the folks on the veranda, Joe characterized that as immense, too. The immensity of his immenseness was simply immense.

One afternoon we were rowing on the bay. The air was still, and we moved lazily along. Suddenly the sky grew dark, the waves began to dance, the lightning zigzagged from cloud to earth, and the squall was upon us. We made for Hog Island, and in the brick-yard we steamed before the kilns. It was hard to say which was the more uncomfortable, a wet pack or a drying one. We got into a talk with the foreman by remarking on the care with which he ordered his gang to board over the bricks that stood "hocked" nearly ready for the kiln, and the apparent unconcern with which they allowed the newly-made bricks on the floor to get thickly pock-marked by the heavy rain.

"Yes, they're gettin' a good washin', but they'll be badly ironed."

We tried to keep him talking "shop," but he always drifted to talking of himself or about the "boss."

"I've been in this bizness goin' on twenty-seven year: begun at it when I wasn't but seventeen. When I come here, three year ago, they didn't make no brick here that was fit to be seen. I was a-workin' up to Greenport when they sent for me. I didn't like the fish perfume, so I come here. I got over to the P'int and hired a man to row me across. The fellow says to me, 'Be you the new man what's goin' to run the brick-yard?' I said I was goin' to try it. He said, 'You and the boss won't agree.' I said I could agree weth any man, and I'd make out to agree weth the boss. 'Well,' says he, 'what yeh do when one of the gang don't do his work to suit yeh, and yeh discharge him, and he goes to the boss, and the boss sets him to work again because he's an



old hand?"—"Look here, friend," says I: "when I takes hold of that brick-yard I cal'late the boss and me'll have an understanding that he won't have nothin' to say about the gang, ef the brick suits him." And so, when I saw the boss, says I, "An' now one thing more: ef yeh see anything wrong in the yard, I want yeh to come to me, and not talk to the men. An' ef a man don't do his work to suit me, and I discharge him, he's discharged, understand, no matter ef he's been here twenty-six year. You've either got to pay him off or pay me off: you keep the man thet's worth the most money."—"All right," says the boss; "that's business." And I hain't had no 'casion to complain on thet score."

We admired his rugged manliness, and hoped it was not all "blow."

"They told me when I come thet boss was a hard man to get cash from,—thet yeh alwez hed to ask him for yeh money, and thet he'd alwez say, 'Gosh dang it, what do *you* want money for?'—thet I'd hev to take a check and pay a dollar or a dollar an' half to get it cashed in the village. Well, I let my pay go on fur nigh two months, 'cos I hadn't no need for it, and the boss never offered me a cent. One day I went to him and said, 'Boss, I'd like to hev a hundred an' eighty dollars, an' I'd like to hev it in cash.'—"Goll dash it, what do *you* want money for?"—"Well, boss," says I, "ef anybody shud ask you, tell 'em you don't know; but I want my money."—"Well, I'll draw you a check for it."—"I can't use no checks; there hain't no bank here. I want the cash: ef you hain't got it handy, I'll wait tell Monday."—"You can get it cashed at Jerry's to-night."—"Goll dash it," says I, "I don't go fur my money twicet, and I won't go into no rum-hole to get a check cashed, and I buy so little at the store that I hain't got the check to offer 'em a big check. But I'll take the check, and ef one of the men is goin' over I'll send fur the money by him, and whatever it costs to get it cashed you've got to pay it: thet's business." So one of the men went over to Jerry's, and he looked at it, and says he, "That's a big

check, but I'll give you the money ef you'll treat the crowd." Well, there was twenty-four of 'em in the place, and at ten cents a drink that made two forty. He brought me the bill, 's I tole him to. When I met the boss again, I says, "Boss, give me two dollars and forty cents."—"Gosh dang it, what do *you* want two dollars and forty cents for?"—"Here it is, boss," and I guv him the ticket: "you was to pay what it cost to get the check cashed, and thet's the sum total." He said nothin', handed over the money on the spot, and I hain't seen no checks from him sence."

Our host had two "setting" hens, fifteen Spanish Leghorn eggs under each. It was during the campaign of 1880, so he dubbed one Garfield and the other Hancock, to see which would win. After twenty-one days, he announced the result: "Ten chicks out of thirty eggs, and Garfield ain't got a chick: they are all Hancocks." This somewhat shook his confidence in the success of the Republican candidate, and came near deciding him to vote the other way.

Our bar-keeper stuttered fearfully, and he was painfully aware of it, and sensitive withal. One day a stranger drove up to the door, and from his buggy asked the way to Glen Cove. Bar-keep tried to tell him as best he could, but found himself getting terribly behindhand, so he paused a moment, and yelled out, "Oh, go 'long, y-y-you'll g-g-get there 'f-f-fore I'll be a-a-able to t-t-tell you."

He was in a worse fix one Saturday evening. We were sitting on the veranda, when we heard a racket going on below, and several rushed to see. A stranger, who stuttered too, had come in and tried to ask for a drink. Bar-keep didn't know the man, and thought he was mocking him, and, in an impulse of sensitive self-vindication, he cuffed the stranger right and left: hence the squabble. Explanations were called for by the spectators, and each belligerent stut-terer tried to give his version, and soon began to apologize to the other in the most skipping enunciation that excited mortals could use, and, in the roars of

laughter that followed, peace was restored and a general treat set on foot.

One Sunday, when our minister was on his vacation, a brother divine officiated for him, and was quartered at the house of a "pillar." It is affirmed that said pillar enjoys a good story, and none better than a spicy one, with a "swear-word" in it, provided the spice be of the right kind, which makes the good and demure Mrs. Pillar tremble sometimes lest he should commit himself in the wrong place. The host was telling the minister of a good man at the Cove who was anxious to have his son's spiritual welfare assured and had said, "You'd better be confirmed, now that the bishop is here."

"No, father, I can't."

"But it will be a long while before the bishop comes again, and you'd better do it now."

"But, father, I don't feel like it yet."

"But, d—n it! I say you shall!"

After the laugh, the prudent mistress besought the visiting brother not to tell the minister that the elder had demeaned himself shamefully, when the brother still further shocked the sensitive lady by saying quietly, "You needn't be afraid: I shan't tell any of his d—n stories."

One characteristic of Oyster Bay people is that they all stand by one another, and would do anything to serve a neighbor, but about three times a week things are sure to get in a snarl, and somebody is sure to get offended, and pardon has to be asked and granted, or the code of etiquette is not carried out. Nearly every one you meet says "Beg pardon" on the least provocation,—can't help it, and doesn't know that he does it. The most discreet cannot avoid getting into difficulty or offending somebody, so sensitive is everybody.

We found "Commodore" a good fellow, and ready to vow that everybody else was a good fellow too, no matter in what different streaks this goodness might run, or how utterly unlike any other good fellow previously described. We found this to be a generous failing, and rather enjoyed it, less for its value

in giving a correct estimate than for the scope of its broad humanity.

"Pious" was the Commodore's word. It was his "best holt," and he used it for adjectives of all shades of the good kind, not from any paucity of verbiage,—bless you, no! no one could spin a yarn longer or while away a waiting hour more insensibly to the auditor,—but from principles of natural selection and the "eternal fitness" of things. If his cup of breakfast-cocoa was just right, he declared it a "pious" drink. The Commodore was also "boss" on the pipe-organ; and one evening when we went to the church, and one or two of the ladies sang solos, and he had danced on the pedals till the poor blower said he "never sweat so" in his life, the Commodore declared he had had a very pious time indeed. And once, when he heard the bootmaker declare that baby Clara looked like her papa when her father was by, and like her mamma when her mother was by, he declared it a "pious thing to do," always to find resemblance to the parent at hand. That word had a greater variety of meaning and was synonymous with more quality-words than any lexicographer ever dreamed of. As to its proper application, the Commodore was a law unto himself. I have heard him tuck it in as an equivalent for hot, rare, pleasant, well-fitting, refreshing, complimentary, and other equally diverse attributes. And the best of it was, his way of putting it never left you in doubt as to what word he had in mind. Once, when the minister returned with his just-prattling boy from Philadelphia, the youngster quietly stated at tea-table, in recounting the sights, that he had fed the bears at the *Theological Gardens*. And the Commodore remarked, "A very pious boy that," hitting both his literal and his figurative nails on the head with one word, and causing Harry to say, after he recovered, "Please excuse that larf."

There are several historical homesteads in and about the village. One that commands a good deal of attention stands on Main Street, near South.

Turreted, arched, gabled, dormered, piazza-ed, porticoed, built around on all sides,—to preserve the old homestead, so they say, which is very precious in its age to its owners,—it has many a curious bit of history or romance associated with its old-fashioned interior. Major André's diamond-scratched name appears on one of the panes. He was a guest here a few weeks before his capture,—September 23, 1780. One evening they had hot light muffins for tea. These had been put on the table steaming. André, who came into the dining-room before the rest, knowing that the lady of the house prided herself on her muffins and intended to give them a treat, whipped the plate into one of the triangular corner-cupboards, and slipped out, reappearing with the rest. When the consternation of the good house-keeper at the non-appearance of her main dependence was at its greatest, André managed to have the servant dis-

close them in the cupboard, to the still greater vexation of the lady, who also prided herself on the excellent discipline of her help.

One evening a young lady of the family returned from a ride, and was warming her feet before the chimney wood-fire and holding up her habit so as to disclose her neatly-turned ankle. André, passing the low window, was struck with the pretty picture. Wielding a facile pencil,\* he made a hasty sketch on the spot, and laid it under the young lady's plate. When she came to tea and saw it, she was so chagrined that she rose and left the table, and Major André had to apologize afterward.

P. V. HUYSSOON.

\* It is related as an additional instance of his readiness at sketching, that on the morning of the day of his execution—October 2—he drew a pen-and-ink sketch of himself, which he presented to Mr. J. L. Tomlinson, of Stratford, Connecticut, officer of the guard. The original is now in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College.

## MARCY HARDWICK.

"THEY'RE makin' a terrible to-do about this Kossuth, or Koshoot, or whatever they call him. Didn't hear much else in town to-day. He's as fur as Pittsburg, they say, makin' speeches all along, an' ev'rybody turnin' out."

"Koshoot! W'y, I knowed 'em 'fore I crossed the Alleghany." And Mrs. Hardwick lifted another handful of soft soap—excepting what dripped through her fingers—into the already foaming dish-pan.

"Knew 'em afore you crossed the Alleghany! You mus' be sick." A look of pity crossed the face of Mr. Hardwick as he said this. He thought, but was too generous to say it now, that it all came of a Yankee marrying a Pennsylvania woman. Her constant ignorance of what would be common information to a Massachusetts person was a thorn

in his pillow. "This man's a Rooshian," he went on. "That is, a kind of a Rooshian. They'd 'a' been free if Austy hadn't 'a' put in."

A momentary bewilderment filled the eyes of Mrs. Hardwick; then, with a becoming sense of her ignorance, she raised them apologetically to the shotgun hanging over the door. "Oh, yes. I mind now. 'Twas the K'shaws! 'Twas them I knowed back there a'ready."

Mr. Hardwick lifted a coal to his pipe, settled into his splint-bottomed chair, and looked thoughtfully at the back-log. Dusk was near, and the chores were done,—his chores. "Wife, you must hang your dried apples on the other two poles there. I want this one over the fireplace here for my seed-corn."

A tallow candle was brought out. For a moment, ere lighting it, the wife seated

herself at the hearthstone, with the double purpose of resting her tired back and emptying the snuffers.

"Where'n the world's that child?" suddenly exclaimed the husband and father, after a short study of the back-log. Neither of them knew.

"Marcy!" shouted Mrs. Hardwick from the back door. No answer.

They sat uneasily but silently a little longer. Then Mr. Hardwick, after walking from one door to the other and looking out in vain, placed the lighted candle within a tin cylinder punctured with innumerable holes, and went out. The lantern served only to make the darkness visible. After wandering and calling about the yard, he heard a faint "Here, pa!" from the direction of the spring, many yards from the house. Over the spring hung a willow-tree, which no care of Mr. Hardwick's could make grow as a willow ought. It was the only one on the place, brought from afar by him the year he was married, and nursed with more tenderness than he had ever bestowed on any other tree. It represented to his mind, he did not care to say exactly how, the founding of his home. He ridiculed the half-German superstitions of his Pennsylvania wife, but he fancied that his willow was somehow associated with his domestic weal or woe as no other tree would be. His one bit of sentimentalism was in regard to it. All he said was to the effect that every spring ought to have a willow over it, anyway.

Down from the gloom of its meagre branches, on the approach of the shifting flakes of light that shot fantastically from the swinging lantern, there slipped, with the lightness of a squirrel, a creature who might have been taken for a sprite.

"Marcella! How could you scare us so? How could you stay out here in the tree so late? Come!" She nestled on his arm without a word. She laid her white cheek against his rough neck and silently went home.

Her father deposited her carefully by the fire. Then one might have seen the magnificence of her eyes, and the beautiful masses of golden hair that fell to her waist. To all their questions why

she behaved so strangely she made no reply for a long time. At last, by taking her in his arms and speaking very fondly, her father wrung from her the answer, "I don't know."

Away from the space about the autumn fire, the log cabin was mantled in fitful shadows. The clock ticked from out the darkness at the farther end of the room. A mouse—seen by Marcy alone—stole from the warm stones of the jamb and disappeared within the bark that clung to the logs of the wall. She was an only child. They loved her. But they could not fathom her.

"Let's whip her," suggested the mother, in an undertone.

Mr. Hardwick shook his head and muttered "No."

His wife had said this more because it was the only remedy she could think of than because it seemed the right thing. Marcy's face began to quiver, and her pathetic eyes grew moist. So would theirs had they known how she was struggling to prevent the contortions of her facial muscles, and how she yearned to make clear to them a mental condition she could not find any words to express.

St. Vitus's dance was not an alarming malady. She would outgrow it as other children did. It subjected her to remarks and rude staring from the really kind people who came to the house. One or two wrinkled old women studied her mysteriously, and conferred confidentially concerning her in a way that aroused her apprehensions. Her mother discussed with these disfavored women some secret relating to her. She was too sensitive to bear all this. She was glad to flee at the approach of a neighbor. A natural shyness was so stimulated by the torture she underwent when the movements of her face excited comment that she preferred to hide from even her parents, and was learning to love darkness better than light. How could she explain it all to them?

As she was going to bed she stopped, as if suddenly inspired: "I'm better out there. My face is still when I'm out there alone."

They had consulted the country doctor, and done what they could in their homely way. But the winter passed, and in the spring the affection continued. As the warm days came on, Mr. Hardwick was busy in his clearing, and was seldom about home between breakfast- and supper-time. Here was Mrs. Hardwick's opportunity. Her husband's incredulity should no longer stand in the way of her child's good. She dared not let him know, for once or twice when she had hinted at the infallible remedy she had met with a refusal which partook of anger. Sundry consultations were furtively held with sundry people she had known beyond the Alleghany. Marcy was assured that, if she would never let her father know how it was done, she should be cured.

A crooked old neighbor—Mr. Helburger—and his toothless wife appeared one day, bearing a small auger and a cork. The awe-stricken child was led to the willow. Her back was placed against it. A hole was bored in the trunk, exactly as high up as the top of her head. A golden tress of her hair was shorn, wrapped carefully, and inserted as far as the heart of the tree. The cork was driven after it, and the bark so nicely patched with grafting-wax that even Mr. Hardwick's eye never discovered the abrasion. From this time his favorite tree grew faster. Soon the closest inspection could not have led to a suspicion that it was holding, close to its heart, the glossy tress of a little maiden's hair.

It was the conviction of the mother, and of those in the secret, that as Marcy grew in height above the point which marked the concealment of the hair, the nervous trouble would leave her. The weeks went by, however, and she grew neither in stature nor in health.

Another spring came, and she no longer followed her father to the fields. She would sit listlessly in his lap till bedtime, with her yellow head against his shoulder, occasionally lifting her pathetic eyes to his, as if about to speak, but still remaining silent. His talk of the birds, the clover, and the friendly

oxen did not rouse her interest as of old. Her parents became silent too, waiting in dumb distress, hoping against hope, and doing the little that lay in their power to entertain and strengthen her. From the day when her hair was placed in the willow she never visited the tree. When her father, ignorant of what had taken place there, reminded her of her sudden abandonment of the favorite resort, he drew from her only a troubled look. A white owl, that had never ventured so near the house before, haunted the tree from the evening Marcy ceased going thither.

The day came in June. The woods were resonant with music. The meadow was sweet with clover and bright with buttercups. The blue heavens were flecked with soft clouds. The sprays of the willow, as bright and graceful as if they had been woven of the gleaming tress imprisoned in its heart, swung daintily in the breeze. The oxen waited patiently at the bars, but no master came to yoke them. She who loved them most was leaving all these forever. One strange, sickly child dying in the country,—a child of the obscure and poor,—a little, shattered, drifting flower passing out of sight on the great river of life. She was entering alone, with her tender feet, the dark valley that appalls the world. In her short life she had loved every beautiful thing,—had played with the flowers, made friends of the birds, and confided in the trees. What sympathy had they with her now?

A cluster of white clover blossoms was laid on her breast. Her rich hair enveloped her to the waist. Her face was still at last. The curious, coarse, kind women might talk about it now. She would not hear.

The cheap coffin was placed on two chairs. The women found improvised benches inside the house. Most of the men stood outside the door. All within hearing waited with uncovered heads. An itinerant preacher, faithfully following the light he possessed, added what he could to the general discomfort, and did what he could to put out such poor hopes of happiness as the sad parents



had. Four sunburnt youths, laying their straw hats reverently on the coffin, bore it out. Several farm-wagons were slowly filled with stolid but sorrowful friends, and Marcy went down the damp road among the yellow butterflies for the last time.

In the evening the Hardwicks found their chores attended to by kind neighbors. They made no reply when these tried the standing consolation that their daughter was better off. After setting the rude table, the friends withdrew to their own homes. There was no plate at Marcy's place. The two sat down mechanically at the board. Mrs. Hardwick, after pouring the tea, arose, buried her face in her apron, and took her place by the hearth. Mr. Hardwick bowed his head on the table, and wept as a strong man may do, in hovel or mansion, when the first night comes on after he has buried his only child.

He could not sit by his hearthstone. He could not stay in the hushed cabin: there stood her chair, her cap, her shoes. He went out in the darkness, on some trifling pretext, and wandered up and down from the house to the spring. He slowly found the willow, not hearing the owl that brushed out from its branches as he approached. He laid his throbbing forehead against it. The whispering of the sprays above him but added to his unrest. He had done the best he could for his suffering, sensitive Marcy, yet he thought now that he might have made her short life a little happier. He wondered if she could be looking down on him so soon from the stars. A hundred trivial things relating to her filled his memory. Among them came suddenly the recollection that in their grief they had not thought to save so much as a thread of her beautiful hair. It seemed to him now an unpardonable and wicked negligence.

The golden tress, as he leaned against the tree, was almost touching his heart at that moment.

Mr. Helburger and his toothless dame yielded no jot of their faith. The folklore of the country beyond the mountains was discussed by them and Mrs. Hardwick, but there was no instance in which the cure had failed when the conditions had been properly complied with.

"I allow," persisted Mr. Helburger, "an' I seen it yet a'ready when 'twas too late, that the tree mus' be an oak,—not an ellum nor a willer."

There was one other vital condition: the trial must be a profound secret. If but one person other than those participating obtains any knowledge of the transaction, the charm fails. This they all knew. The unfavorable result in this case was sufficiently accounted for. If they had put her hair into an oak, Marcy would have recovered. And possibly she had told her father. Her mother thought not; but no one knew.

Thirty years ago the mysterious raps of Rochester, echoed westward, added much to whatever feeling for the supernatural there was, and tended to keep alive the love of the marvellous in lonely neighborhoods. Mr. Hardwick dismissed the stories with the opinion that the whole thing was "nothin' but a speckelation." But he lived in a superstitious region. The Helburgers and others about him believed more than ever in "overlooking" and spooks and hocus-pocus, as the strange tales from Rochester found their way through the country. Some who never believed before now hesitated no longer, and were quite prepared for manifestations and ghosts.

One of the Helburger boys was the first to whisper that Jake Kendyke had seen a ghost in the willow over Hardwick's spring. The rumor found congenial soil: it grew, it gathered strength. It became a settled conviction that the tree was haunted. The spring was not many yards from the highway, and this one and that one passing down the road at night had seen the slight apparition until it was idle to doubt. In the very spot among the branches where Marcy had been seen to sit so often, there it crouched. On more than one occasion, when two were passing together, they had summoned courage enough to approach it. Each time, as they climbed the fence, it silently vanished, floating softly away in the darkness toward the woods. The grave-yard lay that way.

Mr. Hardwick, in his bereavement, was more than ever interested in his

favorite tree, which grew for several years after Marcy's death with great rapidity. The golden head of his lost darling no longer lighted up its shade, but in his fancy he saw her there more vividly than elsewhere. Many an evening he lingered under the sighing branches, thinking of her, feeling that he could give his life to clasp her once again. It was there she seemed nearest to him. It gave him a sad pleasure to think that the willow he cherished so tenderly had been her favorite too. If it were possible for her to visit the earth in ghostly shape, there was where he might wish and expect to meet her.

Mrs. Hardwick's self-reproach that she had forgotten to preserve a lock of Marcy's hair was deep, and increased as time went on. When her husband expressed his sorrow and wonder that they had not done so, she was ill at ease. She had never before kept anything from him that he would wish to know. At the time she pictured to herself the triumphant pleasure with which she would tell him all when Marcy should be well. But now, when all had ended so sadly, she dared not confess it. She could not rid herself of the feeling that she was in a measure responsible for her darling's death. In spite of what judgment she had, the early superstition imbibed in her childhood had such power that she at times believed the child would have recovered if an oak-tree had been selected. She longed to please her husband by placing in his hand the hidden tress, but it could not now be obtained without destroying the tree he so much prized. The secret gnawed at her heart. The rumors that the tree was haunted reached her ears, and had full effect on her mind and nerves. She visited the spring no more than was necessary after dark; for, with her conscience constantly magnifying her guilt, how could she face the ghost of her child? Leading a lonely life at best, brooding unduly over the past, she became more and more wretched as the months went by, and the burden, instead of lessening, became more and more unendurable.

"Don't lay it to heart so; you know we done all we could for her," was Mr. Hardwick's injunction one Sunday morning. "I'm goin' to-day to take a slip from the willer an' plant it on her grave. I don't s'pose it'll grow: 'tisin't moist enough there. I could a'most make it so with my tears if 'twasn't so fur off." The grave-yard was beyond the great woods, several miles away.

Mrs. Hardwick, as she saw him depart, enjoined him to be back before dark. That lonely day was one of restlessness and misery to her. She sobbed in the doorway long and bitterly, asking herself vainly, in doubt and fear, what she should do. As the day wore away, she felt that the crisis was approaching. She must unburden her heart and tell her husband all, and bear whatever censure came of it. He would not be harsh, she hoped, if she could at the same time give him the coveted tress of hair. That certainly would move him to tenderness.

He planted the willow sprout, and worked for several hours in dressing and smoothing the spot about the little grave. He sat long on an adjoining hillock, thinking in his way of the mysteries of life and death, longing for but one more glimpse of the little golden-head that was slumbering below, and trying to picture the difference, through all the coming years, which her presence would have made in his desolated home.

The sun sank lower and lower. Still he could not tear himself from the place. It was not till the last notes of the birds had ended, and a sudden chill crept over him, that he rose to go. He descended the hill-side and entered the great woods, unmindful of a black cloud that was creeping up from the horizon.

The stillness of death was about him in the deepening gloom. For the first time in his life he missed the path. Soon the tallest trees grew uneasy, and the far rumble of thunder smote his ear. He quickened his step and struggled on. The night-air grew chillier. The storm was coming. The increasing flashes lighted up the black giants whose knotted arms were clutching each other

above his head. He strained every nerve to reach home before the fury of the rain should overtake him. He gained the cleared ground, then the meadow, and at last saw the faint light in his window, still far away. The tumultuous clouds seemed to hesitate, to wait for reinforcements, and then to march after him with redoubled wrath. But home was near.

Mrs. Hardwick did his chores carefully, set out the best supper the cabin afforded, and watched anxiously in the fading light for his coming. Her wretchedness and dread increased as night came on and she saw the rising clouds. It had been the hardest day to bear since Marcy died. The doubts and fears that oppressed her had tenfold power when daylight was gone. If she had only the most lugubrious and superstitious of her neighbors with her now, what a relief it would be!

Still no footsteps. She threw herself into a chair, could not rest. Suddenly, under an impulse she could not resist, she seized the sharpest axe and rushed out in the wind and lightning. She would have the hair! She would press it to her heart and then lay it in her husband's hand, confessing her folly, and imploring his pardon for the deceit she had practised and for the destruction of his tree.

The blinding lightning dazzled her. The thunder shook the earth. She did not quail before them till she reached the writhing willow. Then for a moment she shrank. She dared not lift her eyes toward the well-known seat of her dead child in the lower branches. She hesitated but a moment. The lightning showed her where to strike. The tossing branches seemed to clutch at her and shriek as in agony, as her blows fell fast and well, and the steel neared the tree's heart and the uncorrupted treasure.

Breathless, exhausted, Mr. Hardwick reached his threshold. There stood the untouched supper; the candle still burned; the door stood open to the storm; his wife was gone. In a moment he was again facing the turbulent night. He cried out her name. The blast howled in response, and his voice died

almost on his lips. But the same wind that bore his voice from her bore the sound of her axe to him. As he reached the spring the lightning revealed a sight that struck him dumb,—his wife, with white face and streaming hair, destroying with all her strength his cherished tree!

Springing within reach of her, he raised his arm in his excitement to strike her down; but heaven spared him the necessity. That instant a blinding, stunning bolt of fire descended upon the spot. The tree was shivered and scattered in fragments, but was blown from them as it fell. It was riven to the very roots, and the air filled with splinters and bark and flying leaves. Mr. Hardwick fell senseless by the side of his wife. The wind wailed over them; the rain beat on their upturned faces; the candle burned low and went out in the cabin.

The husband awoke in bewilderment at last, as from a fearful dream, with the name of Marcy on his lips. Morning was near. The storm had passed. A calm sunrise came, and with it signs of life in the stricken woman.

A fragment of the tree had sought Mr. Hardwick's breast and clung within his jacket. Clinging to that, once more on his bosom where it had rested so often before, was the golden treasure of hair, unscorched, as bright and sweet as when the sun had kissed it last.

"Can you fergive me?" the weak woman said, as she pressed the hair to her faded lips. "I know I done wrong. Can you fergive me fur choppin' down your tree? 'Twas to give you this hair I done it. I never had no peace sence I hid it. Helburger put me up to do it."

"Fergive you? Yes." And he almost kissed her as he said it, but seemed to think better of so unusual a proceeding, and contented himself with putting his hand very gently on her shoulder. "You didn't kill the willer: 'twas the lightning'. 'Twould 'a' struck it all the same. 'Twas God done it. I'll never say no more agin your superstitious foolishness. It saved suthin' that all the world couldn't buy,—a lock o' Marcy's hair. There's more in it than I thought for."

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

## CLOSING IN.

ABOUT my life the twilight shades are deep,—  
 And soon, ah, soon! I must lie down and sleep;  
 How long, I know not. . . . Through the darkening air  
 Of my worn soul strange Thoughts and Fancies fare.  
 Some steal like solemn phantoms silent by,  
 Lifting cold eyes that glitter warningly;  
 Some, with ærial swiftness, flit and pass,  
 Like birds of night o'er dead autumnal grass;  
 And some, scarce glimpsed athwart the twilight glow,  
 Glance bat-like, with black pinions, to and fro;  
 While from afar a dreary wind, whose breath  
 Seems sick with odors of some place of death,  
 Moans round me, with the low, half-muffled fall  
 Of music wailing a funereal call.  
 Oh, wind of woe, through skies of ghostly gray!  
 Oh, mournful closing of a mournful day!

Would Heaven that even now, at this last hour,  
 Fate could uplift me on a storm of power,  
 Nerve the frail limbs, roll back the ebbing life,  
 And whirl me to the inmost heart of strife,  
 Where, from some hallowed field by heroes trod,  
 My soul might pass on cloud and fire to . . . God!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## SHIRES AND SHIRE TOWNS IN THE SOUTH.

THERE linger yet in our Southern States many traces of the colonial civilization, which the early settlers had imported with them from the mother-country, or which had grown out of the conditions of their society. The long preservation of these usages may be attributed in part to the natural conservatism of communities in which a privileged class has control, and partly to the incidental support which they rendered to "the peculiar institution."

The American colonies had, no doubt, in their origin a general resemblance which a common European ancestry and a similar situation naturally produced.

The first emigrants belonged, too, with rare exceptions, to the middle class of society, and, although they had sought a home in the New World for different reasons, they substantially agreed in their ideas of government as applicable to the new States they were engaged in founding. They manifested very early a similar love of local self-government, which the absence of superiors and the habit of self-reliance induced, greatly to the annoyance of the English monarchs. Even in Virginia, universal suffrage, though subsequently withdrawn under instructions from England, had been adopted one year before the Pil-

grims landed at Plymouth, and democratic tendencies were, for a time, quite as marked in several of the Southern colonies as in the Northern.

This general unity of political sentiment was, however, much affected by later immigrations and the violent conflicts with the crown growing out of its endeavors to retract its original concessions. The Southern colonies were early subjected to frequent revisions of their charters in the interest of the royal prerogatives. The large landed estates encouraged the growth of aristocratic ideas, and these were probably much strengthened by the accessions from England during the Commonwealth and the loyal attachment of the population to the church and the king. Certainly at the time of the American Revolution they had consented to receive and seemed to prefer institutions much less democratic than those which generally existed in the Northern colonies. They had retained the old English ideas of territorial division and civil jurisdiction especially in greater purity than other parts of America.

In the English system of government, whatever had been its earlier history, the shire or county had long been "the political unit,"—the smallest self-governing division of a country. There were, perhaps, a few incorporated cities and some towns in each shire which enjoyed special prescriptive powers, but the counties were not all divided into townships, and the "tithings," "hundreds," and even "trithings" were fractional parts only, no longer possessing that control over local affairs which entitled them to be considered in any sense as integers of the political system. The shire or county possessed the chief civil and criminal jurisdiction, and the sheriff and the king's justices of the peace were the county officials.

In the sparsely-settled communities of the Southern States, with the large territorial surface distributed among a few landed proprietors, this was the most convenient form of civil division, and was probably as small as, in the early period of their history, could conve-

niently be made. Originally each county constituted a *borough*, which sent one or two members to the colonial legislature. Some of the shire towns, at which the county seat was located, were incorporated, and some were not. Many of the counties had no towns at all,—the county seat being located at some point in the open country and distinguished simply by the county buildings. Instead of townships, the shire or county was divided into military districts or parishes, which were divisions of an ecclesiastical character.

The Revolution did not materially change the internal structure of these States. The county system has survived under the Republic and still exists under Reconstruction. No doubt the system is far less perfect than that of townships, which, originating in New England, has been so generally adopted in our Northern States. The latter is really a novelty in the English system. It probably had its germ in the English tithing and hundred, but, in its full development, has a tinge of Continental influence very natural in the work of men who had passed years in exile at Geneva or Rotterdam. Like our national government, it was the result of many experiments in different countries and of the accumulated wisdom of several generations. It was the happy achievement of advanced thinkers, and is, without question, one of the most useful and important discoveries in political science. Under this system every township is a separate and almost independent republic, and can live on though the State should perish.

The shire was originally governed by a representative system, and only a small part of the population necessarily participated in political action. The Southern people have found this convenient, and, with a thoroughly English conservatism, have preferred to retain it thus far rather than risk the later inventions. We should not reproach them for this natural attachment to ancestral usages, though we believe that it has tended to isolate them from the influence of progressive ideas, which, during the last



fifty years, have conferred great benefits on the Northern States.

The difference in the ideas of territorial divisions which prevailed between the English colonists of New England and those of the South has left its stamp on the external aspect of the States which as colonies they had formed. In those occupied by the Puritans, small farms, frequent villages, diversified industries, well-worked highways, have given the country they settled an attractive look of thrift, of easy social intercourse, and of mental and religious culture. The church, the school-house, the press, and the mill or manufactory have been the prominent features, and have represented the elements of their growth and progress. In the States formed by the Cavaliers and the promiscuous emigration from England, large estates with grand mansion-houses after the English manner and widely separated from each other, cities modelled after some old shire towns in England, villages disfigured by squalid negro quarters, numerous log farm-houses buttressed by huge, towering outside chimneys, great numbers of dingy cabins scattered through the woods or along the edge of the clearing, abodes of crackers and squatters, and ill-defined and neglected highways, impress us still with their ideas of social inequality, their indifference to the comfort and convenience of the lower classes, and the contrasted opulence and poverty of their social life. The court-house, the jail, the country tavern, here represent the inherited English spirit of their civilization.

At old Hadley in Massachusetts you might still see, within the memory of living men, the Puritan idea written on the soil, in the long village with its farms stretching backward from each dwelling over the rich valley-lands,—the broad, spacious street with its strips of grass rolling on beneath the overhanging elms,—the central green, on which stood the church and the school-house, proclaiming the honor in which religion and education, social life and natural beauty were held by these grave

but thoughtful and cultivated men. The individual life there was subordinated to that of the community. The interests of society predominated. All were equal, and each man's interest was made to subserve the public good.

In the remote counties of Virginia and the Carolinas there might have been seen before the war, and perhaps may still be seen, many old county seats, consisting of a brick court-house and jail, the country tavern, and a few straggling, unpainted, and generally dilapidated dwellings. Threading your way through highways little wider than bridle-paths, now under drooping branches of old shade-trees which brushed the riders as they passed with their rich foliage, now passing the grand plantation with its stately mansion, and now along the edge of the squalid negro settlement, or emerging from long reaches of unfenced woodland, you approached the sunny open space in which the county buildings were situated. The court-house stood glaring in the sunlight, set round with a few trees and tall tying-posts, at which some saddled horses were always standing in patient expectation of their riders loitering idly within. Near by, through the dark grating of the jail, some vicious-looking negroes and whites looked down upon you as you rode by. Over the way stood the country tavern, with its long, rickety double piazza and rambling file of miserable cabins in the rear. The landlord greeted you drowsily from his bench or high-backed splint-bottomed chair, and sent forward the gray-haired "boy" "to tote the stranger's horse and plunder," while a group of gaping negro women and children stared at you from the cabin doors.

It was the country of an aristocracy in decay,—an order whose occupation had gone, which had outlived its uses and had fallen into a lethargy from which the war alone could have roused them. There you could then still observe the traces of the old English love of order, law, and public convenience strong yet in the hearts of our Southern countrymen, of the old English love

of manly sports, of horse-racing and hunting, of quoit-pitching, jumping, wrestling, and ball-playing, all popular "at home" when their ancestors came away,—traces, too, of the old irregularities preserved after two centuries in the relations of the planters and "the crackers." It was the Merry England of their fathers before it had been sobered by Puritan austerity,—as they would have expressed it,—transplanted and left to develop in a warm climate amid the listless indolence of an opulent, slave-holding, and labor-scorning population voluntarily secluded from the world's advance in art and science,—in many things more like *old* England than anything you find there now.

The influence of this shire and borough system to which they have clung so tenaciously has been to give prominence and importance to the individual. The planter, living miles away from neighbors of equal social condition, surrounded by laborers accustomed to obey his every bidding, obliged to rely on himself principally for protection, acquired a habit of self-reliance and independence which became excessive. The deference which was paid him when he visited the county seat as elector or jurymen by the poorer whites and the office-holders only confirmed his impressions of his own consequence. From being lord on his own estate, he grew into an exaggerated estimate of the rights of the county and State which he and his friends helped to rule,—resented every restraint which he or they had not consented to,—and ended in the honest though erroneous conviction that his section was of more importance than the great country of which it was only a part.

It was, however, near the incorporated county seats—the shire towns, the boroughs proper—that Southern civil and political life could be seen in its most interesting aspects, and that the influence of this system could be studied with best advantage. That we may understand this, the character of the county government should be more fully explained. It has been stated that the shire or county was divided into parishes

or military districts. These last were parts of larger military divisions into which the State was divided, and were numbered accordingly. In every county there are now—and we will describe them as they still generally exist—several military districts, which are known and distinguished by their numbers, and in each of which are justices of the peace and bailiffs, or constables, elected by the inhabitants of the district, and constituting its only local civil officers. Several of these districts are formed into an election "precinct," the polls being placed at some central place in this, and, for certain purposes, the districts serve as convenient subdivisions of the county, somewhat like *townships*,—wanting always, however, the self-governing principle which characterizes the latter.

The county business is transacted at the county seat, the ordinary or county judge having, in addition to his probate business, the charge of the poor, the bridges, and the highways. He appoints the commissioners of the highways, contracts for the bridges, provides for the poor, himself being accountable only to the grand jury, which in the South still exercises an extensive supervisory power. The circuit judge, who is appointed by the governor, appoints the commissioners, and they, in conjunction with the ordinary and the clerk of the court, make up the jury. Thus, on three important interests, those of the poor, the highways, and the juries, the people exert only an indirect influence. The solicitor-general, who is the State's attorney for all the counties embraced in the circuit, is also appointed by the governor and confirmed by the senate. I follow in this description the code of Georgia, which probably represents the arrangements generally existing in the South.

This conduct of the public business, through *appointed* and not elective officers, and by the action of the county and not of the smaller divisions, except in a small class of cases, tends to perpetuate office in the hands of a few men, and concentrates the public interest at the county seats. The shire town therefore becomes a little capital, which in

the course of the year the planters of the county for various reasons are obliged to visit once or more, and to which the families resort as the local centre of their society. They are generally built around a central square or park, on which are placed the court-house, the jail, and often the lawyers' offices. The hotels, principal stores, and markets are near this, and on the streets radiating from it are ranged the residences of the citizens, the principal churches, and an occasional shop or manufactory. In winter, during the business period and court-week, or on sale-day, when the whole population of the county appear concentrated here, they are places of great activity often and scenes of unusual gayety, but at other seasons they appear very quiet and dull. Should you visit them at mid-summer, and especially those in the more remote districts, in which the ancient manner remains least changed, you will observe that air of languor which travellers often describe, and which results from the continued heats and the sluggish condition which little intercourse with others and the routine of similar duties will induce. The atmosphere seems hazy and charged with drowsiness. There is rarely a movement in the street. The trees stand motionless, glittering in the sunlight, each leaf quiet as in a picture or as if under some enchanter's spell. From a bench or sand-bank in the shade you may note the various forms of lassitude which prevail. The stores are open, and, except on Saturday, when all come to town "for rations," without business. The merchants and clerks are seated in the shade outside or stretched at length on the counters or boxes. Countrywomen, who have come in with eggs, chickens, or fruit, sit fanning languidly in little one-ox wagons, beneath umbrellas or in the shadows of the trees. Groups of negro children lie sprawling in the sand, the chickens stand panting in the coops before the stores, and the dogs lie near in a listless stupor, too lazy to snap or brush away the flies. You enter the court-house. Bench and bar have left for

their summer rest and the shade of their favorite plantations. Some invalid bailiff watches the jail and upholds the county authority. In the evening you may sit on the sidewalks until "the clock sounds the still small hours," discussing politics or theology with the groups gathered there. You may saunter along rows of small whitewashed cottages, listening to the pleasant chat of a social, kindly people, as they sit in the moonlight among the shrubbery and vines, or by the few stately mansions of the more distinguished citizens, built in the old style, with Grecian colonnades and ornaments, approached by formal, carefully-gravelled avenues and set with cedar, box, and statuary,—grand old places, retaining yet impressions of the generous hospitality and wealth and culture of the old *régime*.

Were you privileged to enter, you would often find here groups of polished gentlemen and ladies, with a courtly grace, slightly tintured with the old ceremonious manner, exchanging the commonplaces of ordinary conversation with a social ease and vivacity unsurpassed by any English-speaking people. The gentlemen have made the European tour in their early years; have seen Washington at its best; have heard Clay and Webster, Calhoun, Marshall, and Prentiss; have ridden the circuit themselves perhaps, and crossed swords with Berrien, or Stephens, or Toombs, in their prime, or with the Heywards, Pettigrew, or Legaré. The ladies have been educated at Macon, or at Columbia, or at Northern schools; have passed summers without number at Saratoga or Cape May; have flirted at Washington with many of the magnates of their generation. Without any pretensions to learning or the slightest tinge of *blueness*, they are always delicate, refined, often elegant, and have a grace and piquancy of their own which, joined to their acknowledged domestic virtues, have justly won for them an exalted place among American women.

The railroads and reconstruction have made these old shire towns, with their ancient manners, very rare, and soon that phase of our society will have passed

away entirely. But, despite its slowness and extreme conservatism, there was a charm about the old civilization to which they belonged which once seen and enjoyed must always be recalled with delight,—a charm in its repose, its perfect contentment, its self-sufficiency and quiet dignity, its absence of haste and rush and push in this restless, throbbing age. It had great defects, no doubt, and the world is better that it is gone; yet we cannot wonder that those who were educated under its influence should regret its loss and fail to appreciate the real advantages of the great revolution which has been made.

The civil organization of the Southern States, in the particulars we have referred to, has very probably been unfavorable to their most successful development; but we are convinced that it is not correct, because of this, to attribute to the Southern people less love of liberty or of local self-government. Burke rightly apprehended this in the last century, when he asserted that in one sense the love of liberty was stronger in the Southern than in the Northern States. It then constituted a "rank and privilege." It was the prerogative of their order,—the distinguishing possession of the white race.

The real evil of the county system has been, no doubt, the greater facility with which, by its means, one class of society has been enabled to hold political power, and the easier and more effective combination of the few large landholders. Under the township system

their influence could have been divided and held in check by the smaller planters and the poorer whites. Under the county system their extensive possessions and social position have made them supreme at the county seat.

Although it was a Southern statesman who most ably urged the lodgment of political power with the people, Southern statesmen as a class have held themselves accountable only to their social peers. With their support, their own positions have been readily assured. It is one of the anomalies of our American politics that the stalwart champions of democratic theories in the South have been the class least friendly to a thoroughly democratic suffrage. But the Southern system is yielding slowly to the new influences. Time, education, the division of the vote, the division of lands, free discussion and a free press, will entirely transform it. A larger middle class, more intelligent and independent, is forming, which will break with traditional usages with less reluctance, and a sense of inconvenience which they already feel will finally secure the assimilation of the Southern States to the more popular forms of republican organization. "*Après nous le déluge*" was the private sentiment, if not the public expression, of the "old régime." The deluge has come,—has passed by,—the dry land appears, and already we may observe, amid the wreck and devastation of the old, the germs of a new and happier civilization.

ANTHONY VAN WYCK.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### PUBLIC TOPICS.

#### The Political Situation in Pennsylvania.

IN a contest in which three are to take part, the relative position of the combatants is a matter of the first impor-

tance. In the well-known "triangular duel" reported by Captain Marryat, each man received the fire of one of his opponents while directing his own fire at the other. This seems to be the fairest arrangement possible, provided the

quarrel is really threefold and the mutual enmity so equal that it is a matter of indifference to each of the parties which of the others he is to shoot at. It is not often, however, that this condition exists: generally two of the three, however hostile to each other, have a still stronger enmity against the third. In a recorded case of this kind the three were placed in a line, the one in the middle receiving fire both in front and in rear, while able, of course, to return only the former. The arrangements for the coming political contest in Pennsylvania are in accordance with this precedent. The Democrats are at one end of the line, the Independents at the other, and the Cameronians between them. If the situation remains unchanged, the result can hardly be doubtful. The Democrats, profiting by their opportunity, have put up a candidate whom it would require a complete combination of the divided Republican forces to defeat. But there is not the faintest chance that such a combination will be effected. It could be brought about only by the abandonment of one of the two tickets now in the field and the union of its supporters with those of the other; or by the withdrawal of both and the substitution of a new ticket formed by agreement and sure of general support. The first method need not be discussed: no one imagines that a coalition can take place without a compromise and mutual concessions. But the difficulties in the way of a compromise will be found, when closely looked at, insuperable. All compromises either presuppose a community of sentiment strong enough to allow of minor differences being merged, or they are bargains by which something is given and an equivalent received. In the present case bargaining is out of the question, and there is no real community of sentiment, for, though both parties call themselves Republicans, the Republicanism of the machine and the Republicanism of reform are diametrically opposite principles, neither of which can live without the extinction of the other. How these elements can be reconciled and made to

act in concert we are unable to conceive. They cannot be harmonized by any mere agreement, and they cannot be neutralized for lack of some controlling element. Overtures and propositions will no doubt be made, discussions may possibly be held, but the simple fact will remain that the two parties have no common object or desire and cannot therefore be brought to co-operate.

There is one feature of the situation which calls for particular attention, and which cannot fail to strike reflecting minds as full of significance and promise. The nomination of Mr. Pattison is a direct result of the Independent movement and a homage to the growing strength of a public sentiment in favor of political honesty and efficiency. Nothing has so much emboldened politicians to treat this sentiment as a mere abstraction, an absolute nullity in practical matters, as the fact that it had apparently no influence on votes,—that it seemed to be confined to a class which took no active part in politics,—that the moral standard of one party was no higher than that of the other. Mutual denunciations and high-sounding professions were in accordance with traditional usage, but the general tendency until quite recently has been toward a frank cynicism, the open proclamation of views and motives which it was once thought necessary to disown or disguise, and an open contempt for the commonest ethical principles as rules of action. Of late, however, there has been a perception that this sort of thing might be carried too far. The moral sentiment has begun to loom up in a distinct and tangible form. The demand for reform is threatening to become an element in practical politics. It has shown that it can neither be silenced by sneers nor pacified by compliments. Now at last it has produced an effect which is not the less important that it was unexpected. If the Reformers had been invited to attend the Democratic convention and nominate the candidate for Governor, they could not have had better reason to regard the selection as made by themselves. They are no longer in danger



of being taunted with having simply brought about a change without any improvement, contributed to a victory which would do nothing for the advancement of their own cause. The election of Mr. Pattison will be far less a triumph for the Democracy than a triumph for reform. It will afford a decisive proof that we are entering on a new phase of political life; that the machine has broken down and other agencies must be called into play; that the struggle of parties will have to be conducted on somewhat different principles from those which regulate the games played by sharpers.

We need hardly add that their satisfaction with the course taken by the Democrats involves no change in the attitude of the Independents. It is above all things incumbent on them to maintain their own organization intact. To it they owe the results already achieved,—results which would be fleeting and barren if the original impulse should lose its force. They will not drop the substance and snap at the shadow. While only too happy to see their principles adopted by another organization, they must leave this to work out its salvation for itself. Their strength, the source of their influence, lies in their union and in the position it enables them to hold. If they recede or allow their ranks to be broken, their cause is lost.

### PLACE AUX DAMES.

#### A Study of Children.

PETER and Jennie have recently been imported from the Green Isle. They are native Americans, but have been with their mother making an extended visit at "Grandpa Mairten's."

The broadness of the Irish *a* is phenomenal. No skilled imitator, born out of the brogue, can give its full richness. Peter is not yet out of kilts. Jennie is not his twin, but seems so like it that you might call her his immediate afterthought. Both are fine, robust creatures, the skins of their faces stretched with plumpness and showing golden reds and

clear whites, and curls massing out from their big heads in prodigal quantities. When Jennie cries, her voice sounds like the roar of a gorilla. Peter is her lord and captain. They hang over the dangerous balustrades or sit on the carpeted stairs of the apartment-house, strewing cake-crumbs and nut-shells. If Peter wants to visit any suite of rooms, he sends Jennie to knock. After she has been admitted, he comes in a manly fashion to look after her and take her away, and, incidentally, to inspect everything in the rooms. He has brown, mellow eyes, and is quick with his tongue, and altogether taking in his manner. I can imagine him an irresistible young Irishman at twenty-five. At four, however, he is somewhat oppressive when his visits are timed a few minutes apart.

"You must run away now, my dear," I say. "I am very busy."

"You going to write?"

"Yes." I industriously draw near the desk. "You can come back some other time."

Peter, unoffended, gathers up his forage of boxes, nuts, shells, etc., loads Jennie with her forage, and puts her out of the door. He pauses himself to take another survey.

"That's the Music Hall chair!"

"Yes, that's the Music Hall chair."

"Can we crack our nuts with our teeth?"

"I think you had better have a nut-cracker. And don't eat the big acorns: play with them. They came from the Southern Illinois woods. I don't suppose they are good to eat."

"No," says Peter. Yet afterward I find all the hulls, those of large acorns being conspicuous, scattered before my door. But Peter has hardly gone out before he returns, under the impression that it is another time. Having it made plain to him that the time has not come, he retires for three minutes more, and comes back full of confidence.

He is jealously fond of Ireland. Jennie is his solid echo, and shares no strong-minded tendencies. If he leaves her an instant, her lonesome cry of "Peetie!" may be heard all over the great block.

She repeats his words after him, and his wheedling voice is constantly advising her: "Now, Jennie, don't cry. Let's go this way, Jennie. Awh, Jennie!" But no orthography can express the rich rolling of the *n's*.

There was a great political demonstration, such as the city had not seen in years. Peter and Jennie viewed it with others, one of whom said, "You never saw anything half so fine as this in Ireland, did you, Peter?"

"Oh, yes," he responded quickly and with a high scorn: "much finer, —much finer!"

Jennie has cherubic moods in which she is very tempting.

"What would you do," inquired a lady whose two daughters were beside her, "if I should eat Jennie?"

"Faith," said Peter, "I'd ate the thray of ye."

You can see the cherubs sitting on their usual cloud, the stairs, above which is their celestial residence; and stop to mount a step and feel a handful of their sun-tinted fluff.

"Give me some of these curls: you don't want so many."

"Take them," says Peter, with open generosity; "take all you want."

"You have good times together, don't you!"

"Where's *your* br-rother?" rolls Peter, under conviction, evidently, that no woman, great or small, can roam the earth unmated by a brother.

"My brother isn't here. I have a husband to look after me. Jennie hasn't any husband."

"Oh, yes," exclaims Peter, with the true Irish unwillingness to be outdone, "we have a husband. Our husband is my papa. We always have a husband at our house."

When you awake in the morning you hear their stout voices in the hall. Occasionally they venture out on the street and get lost. But Peter is sure to be found with his protecting hand fast to Jennie's, and they go rolling along sidewalks, as I hope they may go rolling through the world, with that inexpressible Emerald look on their faces.

M. H. C.

## ART MATTERS.

### Means of Fostering American Art.

A BROCHURE entitled "Art Education and Art Patronage in the United States," by S. R. Koehler,\* has lately appeared, which merits the widest circulation wherever the interests of American art are felt and appreciated. The author, sincerely impressed by the seriousness of his subject, writes of it learnedly and logically, and sustains all his conclusions by abundant statistical evidence. His essay will be a surprise, if not a shock, to many readers, for it pricks, however tenderly and benevolently, the bubble of our self-esteem, and shows the insincerity both of our art talk and our artistic achievement, which latter is briefly summed up thus: "An increase of schools, of artistic societies of all sorts, and of exhibitions; and an enrichment of technical methods, due mainly to influences beyond the sea. 'Only this and nothing more.'"

We are informed that "there are at least thirty special schools in the United States in which 'art' is taught. One-half of these schools are devoted to the training of artists proper and teachers of art, and the number of pupils attending them amounts to over two thousand four hundred!" Were it permitted us to infer that these young men and women—the latter form the great majority—were being called to a legitimate occupation, and that the demand for their works could ever be in proportion to the possible supply, it would be a most cheerful indication of the existence of a love of art and a condition of prosperity unexampled in the history of the world. But, so far from this being the case, we are told, on the authority of William M. Hunt, that "art is an occupation where not one in a thousand can make a living, unless he resort to talking, toadying, or speculation;" and the author is led, after a curious and interesting calculation, to the conclusion that "we are producing altogether too many artists;" and he even goes so far, in a spirit of Malthusian benevolence, as to assert that "what

\* Press of Edward Stern & Co., Philadelphia.

we need at the present moment is the *discouragement* rather than the *encouragement* of art study."

Discouragement, however, only for those "who, having no calling, can have no hope; but for those" willing to work faithfully and resolutely, and who come clothed in the garb of "love, fear, obedience, and perseverance," he would extend "the best encouragement," as means of which he advocates "the endowment of one, or at best a few, of the schools of the country in a manner which would enable them to develop into normal institutions of their kind, instead of frittering away our means in the erection of numberless buildings and the purchase of numberless sets of casts and other appurtenances; the promotion to these higher schools of only the talented pupils of the lower schools, coupled with scholarships for those who need them; and the establishment of travelling-purses, with the obligation attached to them to send home each year a certain number of works executed during the year." And, finally, referring to the history of art in Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Venice, he is encouraged to hope for some future "national, State, and municipal patronage," culminating in a national and monumental art "more glorious than anything that has gone before."

Entirely in accord with the ideas and aspirations of the author, and paying homage to his generous enthusiasm, I have to confess to a fear that his suggestions are slightly Utopian. In the first place, where will the higher instruction come from? Endowments can create chairs, but cannot fill them. And granted even that the one or more admirable institutions existed, they would not necessarily diminish the number of "low-grade" schools, "decorative" and "social-art" societies, and other associations for the encouragement of dilettantism, or prevent the artist who has failed from teaching others how to do the same thing, or induce those who take up art as "an easy and genteel calling" to resign their pencils for a shoe-brush or a besom.

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A radical remedy is wanted. The aims and objects of the profession itself must be elevated, and the intercourse of artists with the public freed from its sordid commercial environments. "Modern artists are manufacturers of pictures," exclaims Mr. Koehler, with an apology for the expression. A young painter, being asked about a recent exhibition, replied, "Oh, I sold out!" That was the most important fact he had to tell. Academy exhibitions are lauded as successful exactly in proportion to the number of works disposed of; and this success is admitted to depend more upon the quality of the salesman in charge than of the pictures themselves. In a word, the buyer does not select, and frequently does not even know the difference between a good work or a poor one. He buys as the rustic coquette purchases of a peddler,—whatever is most eloquently praised. Nor is it left entirely to agents and auctioneers to do the puffing. Not a few artists show how much better fitted they would be for a shop or a counting-house than for their ostensible business. Studios are not ateliers,—not workshops,—but bazaars, more crowded with tapestries and bric-à-brac and set still-life arrangements, to impose on the aristocratic visitor, than with studies. All this splendid confusion of objects is not, as in some foreign studios, the gradual accumulation of years and opportunity, but theatrical properties, purchased in a lump of the dealers, with a settled tradesman's purpose.

What can be expected of art practised under such an inspiration? One of the most earnest of the young painters in New York replied to a compliment on a charming (unsold) idyl, "Yes; but they will not buy a subject that is closed in. The public demands distance in a landscape."

What is most needed to place our art upon a higher and surer basis is, not more, or even better, academies for students, but a more general art education of the people, only to be brought about by frequent exhibitions, with more critical selection and a higher standard of

the work exhibited. To effect this, in the absence of a national pinacothek, private patriotism and liberality must supply the means; and no better could be invented than the loan collections which have been of late years arranged at the Metropolitan Museum and elsewhere. The plan pursued at the museum, of placing the works of American artists side by side with choice examples of the best foreign masters, is capable of but one improvement, and that is, of replacing these at short intervals with fresh pictures by different painters, thus giving the advantage of comparison and study to as many as possible. One such picture as Munkácsy's "Milton," one portrait like Bonnat's "John Taylor Johnson," is worth more than an entire academy in imparting knowledge and forming correct taste.

The good results ultimately to be looked for in "national, State, and municipal patronage" would be prematurely sought at present. They are barred by the aesthetic limitations of average committees. The first effect of such interference would be to add lobbying to the more discreet if not less discreditable *krémerei* that already exists. See what has come of it so far,—in the walls and in the porticos of Washington, in the parks and places of New York and Boston. True, Mr. Koehler hints the possibility that these works of alleged "art" can be painted over and chiselled out; but the panels of the Rotunda would be palimpsests indeed, before they emulated those of the Loggia, if the coming Raphael depended on the votes of the Hon. Bardwell Slote, and future Michael Angelos had to contend with Winnie Reams for senatorial smiles.

In one way, indeed,—and the present is an opportune moment for the suggestion,—Congress may come to the assistance of American art, by revising, namely, the tariff on foreign works. Not many years ago\* a murmur of disgust and rebuke went up from foreign studios on the occasion of a petition signed

by a number of New York artists being presented to Congress, praying for higher duties on imported pictures. It was opposed, of course, by all true artists in America, and no results came of it except a passing stigma on American art and a temporary embarrassment to American students abroad. But, however unwise and unjust, it was not without excuse. Struggling artists in this country have to contend not only with foreign masters of great reputation and ability, but with hordes of imitators, copyists, and third-rate pot-boiling students, and even with organized manufacturers and importers of pseudo masters. The attention of the Prussian Cabinet was called at that very time to the fact that such corsair establishments existed in Belgium and elsewhere, and proofs were furnished that unlimited copies of the works of reputable artists were being openly made and exported principally to the United States.

With all due diffidence, I venture to suggest that were the present *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent. changed to a specific one of, say, fifty dollars on each picture imported, one difficulty might reach a solution equally acceptable to art producers and art lovers in both hemispheres. It is well known that specific duties encourage the importation of the best in any given article: it is so in wines, and it would be eminently the case with works of art. The present rate is a bagatelle on works bought by the cart-load in the slums of Paris and Antwerp, but it is prohibitory (except to millionnaires) when a Munkácsy or a Meissonnier is considered. The impost of fifty or one hundred dollars per canvas, on the other hand, while a trifle only, added to the price of really valuable works, would exclude entirely the false and vicious daubs which debase public taste at the same time that they crowd the "prentice work" of our sincere young students out of the market.

German art was once in a condition similar to that of our own, and that, too, at a time when the first requisite advocated by Mr. Koehler—that of endowed schools of the first class—had been al-

\* Just after the Düsseldorf artists had made, through the present writer, a contribution to the New York Sanitary Fair, which realized over thirteen thousand dollars.

ready supplied, and when King Ludwig of Bavaria was realizing his dream of "governmental patronage" and "monumental art." Prof. Wiegman, in his "History of the Düsseldorf Academy," tells us that when Dr. Von Schadow assumed its direction the emotion of joy and pride over the achievements of the young enthusiasts who flocked to his classes was nearly outweighed by that of solicitude, as their number grew, at the problem of their support. Were they to be educated only to become martyrs, and instructed that they might starve? The question was serious, but Von Schadow was equal to it, and the "Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westphalen"—the model and predecessor of countless other "art unions" in nearly every part of the Fatherland—was established, which obtained immediate success, not only in the provinces whose names it bore, but in the remotest parts of the monarchy, and resulted in not only finding a market for the works produced, but in extending a healthy knowledge and love of art among the folk-masses of the entire country. In the first twenty years of its existence it disbursed over three hundred thousand thalers for works of art. Nine hundred large and small oil-paintings were distributed by lot among the members, twenty-seven large—mostly costly—altar-pieces divided among Catholic and Evangelical churches, and eleven monumental works presented to museums and public buildings. It awakened generous rivalries, and led citizens and City Councils to give additional commissions. It was the means of selling many works to private purchasers, and has since then, by its influence and example, greatly assisted in bringing about the system of Cyclical Exhibitions, which includes in the scope of its beneficence every town of note in Germany. Were similar *foci* of art established in our American cities, on the basis of a moderate subscription, say of five dollars, a sufficient capital could be obtained to guarantee annual exhibitions in each place and leave a sum over for investment in the works sent to them.

To complete the system, a central organization, similar to the "Allgemeine Kunstverein" of Germany, should be formed in New York, but composed of artists from all parts of the country, the executive committee of which would exercise a general direction, correspond with the local committees, arrange the sequence of the exhibitions and notify the members of their dates and conditions, make terms for transportation and insurance, and, above all, provide a competent jury to decide whether the works offered for exhibition were worthy of it.

One difficulty in the way of complete realization of the foreign model is the law forbidding lotteries in most of our States; but, so far from being a disadvantage, this might be the cause of an improvement on the German system. The pictures purchased by each local art union of the "*cycelus*," with the fund derived from subscriptions and sales of tickets, might be offered, during the final week of their exhibition (to the *members only*), at *auction by ballot*, each member being entitled to make a written offer, however small, for any picture already selected and purchased by the committee. The bids being opened, the highest would be entitled to the picture, and the sums thus realized might either form part of the capital for the next year's purchases, or accumulate for the ultimate acquisition of any specially fine work, to form part of a permanent collection of the society.

J. R. T.

## ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Theatrical Clubs of London.

Of the three London clubs, the Green Room, the Junior Garrick, and the Savage, the first named is the most directly representative of the drama and the stage. The Savage and the Junior Garrick each in its time has held the pride of place, but the Green Room holds it now, by virtue of its closer adherence to the "qualification" test. Some years ago the Savage was the club to visit if you wished to witness a notable gather-



ing of actors and journalists. Tyros and veterans, and many strangers, have carried away with them pleasant memories of men with whose names they were familiar, but whom they had hitherto had no opportunity of meeting. Then came the Junior Garrick, which, in the intention of its founders, was to be, truly and purely, the actors' club; and so it was for a few years: nearly every person you met there was connected with the stage,—dramatic author, dramatic critic, or mimic: it was John Oxenford's favorite club, and William Brough and Andrew Halliday were regular in their attendance. These three men, the memory of whom is cherished by all who knew them, have joined another club, the qualification for which is death. While they lived, the Junior Garrick flourished; but gradually, as with most other similar institutions, the foundation was sapped by a continually swelling stream of members having no connection whatever with the stage. Discontent ensued, and the club did not prosper; there was mismanagement somewhere; the members took sides, with a stronger antagonism than was either wise or necessary, on every question brought before them; distrust was engendered; and the Junior Garrick would very likely have become a thing of the past had it not been for Mr. Thomas Mowbray, who offered to pay off the liabilities and carry on the club as usual, on condition of its being transferred to him. The members were in a quandary; they clamored within, while the creditors clamored without; a stormy general meeting was held, and Mr. Mowbray's offer was accepted by a somewhat narrow majority, if I recollect aright, and thenceforward the Junior Garrick was a proprietary club. It is now prospering, and has upon its books nearly five hundred members,—a larger number than either the Savage or the Green Room possesses; but they are a mixed lot, and the actors are few and far between. Before it became proprietary, the Junior Garrick was, in addition to the names of those I have already mentioned, a favorite resort of J. L. Toole, David

James, Thomas Thorne, James Fernandez, and other notable actors and managers, who were to be seen pretty regularly at the supper-tables; but upon the establishment of the Green Room, these gentlemen, especially Messrs. Toole, James, and Thorne, transferred their allegiance, and worked hard to make the new club a success. The Saturday dinners at the Junior Garrick are largely attended, the room at times being inconveniently crowded, and, in consequence of the lay members being so numerous, the drawing-, card-, and billiard-rooms present, on Saturday nights, a scene of continual bustle and animation. At the yearly dinner of the Junior Garrick, Lord Alfred Paget generally occupies the chair: he is not the president of the club, as the Duke of Beaufort is of the Green Room, but he is a friend of Mr. Mowbray, and takes great interest in the club and in theatrical matters generally. Whether this kind of patronage on the part of distinguished aristocratic personages is of advantage to art clubs is an open question. Some fastidious persons, I know, resent it, but they are in a minority. The subject is apropos of the forthcoming visit of the Prince of Wales to the Savage Club, concerning which a great variety of opinion has been, and will continue to be, expressed. It is understood that the prince, having heard that at the regular Saturday dinner of the Savages an entertainment, to which the term unique might be applied, was generally given by the members,—a species of olla-podrida not to be met with in any other club-room in London,—had a curiosity just to "drop in," as Paul Pry expresses it, in a friendly way, to see what sort of an affair it is. It is a thousand pities that the Savages have resolved to entertain the prince at Willis's rooms instead of at their own club, for this is certainly not what their royal visitor desired. The excuse is that the club premises were not large enough to accommodate all the members who were anxious to attend, and that there would have been a rush, a scramble, and a squeeze. The prince would have enjoyed it all the more; he would have seen

what he wished to see,—the Savages at home, not many of them in evening dress (which at the swell dinner is indispensable), entertaining themselves after their own free-and-easy fashion. And they should have given him a plain dinner, with beer in the pewter if he asked for it; indeed, the draught should have been served out to him,—it would have been something to remember, and he would have had many a good laugh over it; whereas now he will sit down to a regulation dinner of the second class—the tickets are a guinea each, wine included—and see around him a number of gentlemen in white ties and swallow-tails, without any distinctive mark about them to proclaim them anything but very common and ordinary mortals. I am myself a Savage, and I have no doubt I shall go to the dinner; but it will not alter my opinion that a mistake has been committed. It appears to me that it is the convenience of the members, not the wish of the Prince of Wales, that has been consulted. Under no circumstances can it be matter for congratulation that during the last three or four years the governing body of the Savage Club has practically shown an inclination to become fashionable. Financially, the club is now in a better position than it has been since its formation: it has a balance at the bank, which is likely to grow larger. There is a positive danger in this deplorable fact,—for the Savage is, or should be, essentially a Bohemian club. In this aspect, and because its modest rooms were frequented by men lean in purse and full in brain-power,—Bohemian free-lances, whose wit was keen and bright and sharp, not disdain- ing fortune, but making light of empty pockets, better contented with pipe and pewter than they are now with cigars and champagne,—in this aspect lay the great charm of the club in its palmy days. It was this which made it so fascinating to Artemus Ward: there, night after night, did he meet with kindred souls between whom and himself was

forged a stronger link than can be fashioned out of twenty-two-carat gold. He was idolized there, and old members speak of him invariably with affectionate admiration and regret. The Savage Club was a republic of intellect, and to be one of the band was a higher distinction than could be conferred by an Order of the Bath. There was safety in poverty and bohemianism; there is peril in swallow-tails and a large balance at the bank. Unless the Savage Club is careful, it will follow in the wake of the Junior Garrick, and its representative character and individuality will be lost. A fatal mediocrity will pervade it; it will become prosperous and respectable.

Each of the three clubs I have spoken of has its Saturday dinners, the charge for which is under a dollar. After dinner, the time is spent variously. The Savage Club recites, sings, patters, plays music. The Junior Garrick lounges in the drawing-room (the easy-chairs there are delightful), drinks coffee, chats, and plays billiards. The Green Room goes to the theatre, from which, at a little after eleven o'clock, the members stroll back to their pleasant club-room for conversation, quip, and jest. Actors, authors, managers, journalists, and those who take delight in their society, hurry down the narrow streets on the south side of the Strand to spend an hour at one of the clubs. The Junior Garrick is situated at one end of Adelphi Terrace, the Green Room at the other. From the upper windows of the houses on this spacious avenue a wonderful scene presents itself. The river lies before you, and the bridges, eastward and westward, twinkling with tiny lights or wrapped in shadow,—a solemn and beautiful scene, rendered still more solemn and suggestive by the chiming of the hour from the tower of Westminster Abbey. For many years did David Garrick listen to that record of passing time from his house with the pictured ceilings on Adelphi Terrace.

B. L. FARJEON.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Dickens." By Adolphus William Ward. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

It seems a little curious that the two subjects in this series which stand most remote from each other in the order of time should have been assigned to the same writer. Chaucer's name is the earliest, Dickens's the latest, included in the list, and the distance between the periods to which they respectively belong could hardly be more effectively realized than by a comparison of the works of the poet of the fourteenth century and the novelist of the nineteenth. Each was emphatically a man of his own time, imbued with its spirit, carried along by its life, and fascinated by its external aspects, humorous, pathetic, and picturesque. Each, too, had a strong feeling for local characteristics, so that the names of places, and especially of inns, are vividly associated with their writings. The England of Chaucer's time is best, and in some aspects exclusively, known to us through his descriptions; and though Dickens, as a delineator of modern English life, is but one of many and excelled by some, it is in his pages that its multifarious activity, its roar and bustle, its popular out-door features, are most fully and powerfully represented. Whether the resemblance extended to points of character and personal history we have no means of judging, for of Chaucer's life scarcely anything is known. In his former book, therefore, Mr. Ward had nothing to say that could interest common readers. It was perhaps by way of compensation that he was intrusted with a theme which is at once the most popular and the richest in materials for a consecutive narrative among the lives of English men of letters. Of course the disadvantage is included that he had nothing to tell that was positively new. On the other hand, it was quite conceivable that the facts might be presented in a way which would materially modify the impression left by Forster's "Life." It cannot be said that this is the effect produced by the present volume. The egotism of the biographer no longer obtrudes itself, certain harsh lines are less strongly drawn, and, though the portrait here presented

is sufficiently distinct, it has not the startling sharpness of the original. But the identity is unmistakable, and the difference between the real Dickens and the Dickens of the popular imagination is as obvious as ever. In active benevolence, in cordiality of friendship, in detestation of abuses, of sycophancy, and of general wrong-doing, Dickens hardly fell short of the ideal suggested by his books. But the central principle of his nature was not sympathy or sweetness or the ardor of knight-errantry, but self-assertion,—a necessity to adhere inflexibly to every purpose of his own, to suffer no obstacle in his career, to regard his work as of supreme importance, and the ordering of his life on lines of his own drawing as a thing that must be subject to no disturbing influence. The immense popularity to which he attained at a single bound gave him the position of an elected potentate, and, conscious both of its powers and its responsibilities, he tasked all his energies to maintain it, and made everything subordinate to that end. This intensity of self-belief and self-concentration offers the key not only to the over-elaboration and straining after effects which grew to be his besetting sins as a writer, but to what is painful in the record of his life,—the bitterness with which, at the height of his fame and prosperity, he recalled his mortifications and impediments in childhood, his grudge against his poor mother on that account, and his separation from his wife, with an apparent indifference to the shock inflicted on innumerable readers with whom he had seemed to cultivate an intimate relation. For this step Mr. Ward offers, of course, no excuse, while stating in explanation of it that, if Dickens had ever loved his wife, there is no indication of it in any of his numerous letters addressed to her. The point seems to us unimportant in this connection: whether he had ceased to love or had never loved her would have had as little weight with him as the same question would have had with Henry the Eighth. She was a hindrance, not indeed to an unlawful attachment, but to the free and energetic exercise of his powers, and such a hindrance must necessarily be removed.

Mr. Ward seems to us less successful as a critic than as a narrator. One cannot wish that he should have been other than a warm lover and admirer of Dickens's genius, but his long analyses of the novels presuppose a kind of interest in them which is felt neither by those who read them with unquestioning enjoyment nor by a more discriminating class. It may be true, as Mr. Ward asserts, that their popularity is undiminished, but the time has passed when they could form attractive subjects for elaborate discussion.

#### Four American Novels.

"Anne." By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Yesterday." (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Gypsie." (Knickerbocker Novels.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A Mere Caprice." By Mary Healy. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

MISS WOOLSON'S novel is one which covers so much ground and offers so many incidents that the impression left upon the mind is rather fragmentary and confused, and, instead of being regarded as a whole, disjointed effects are singled out by the reader for praise or blame. His curiosity is thoroughly excited, but the interest is subject to frequent reactions. The accumulation of material surpasses the invention with which it is used. Laying down the book, one is inclined to feel that it has hardly fulfilled the promise of the opening chapters. What was at first rather strikingly suggested is either left in embryo or disappointingly fulfilled. The minuteness and particularity of the description of life and scenery at the Agency give an air of fidelity and truth to the earlier parts of the book, which loses its point when the scene widens and the plot thickens into the thrillingly sensational. One is bewildered at the catastrophe, for the reason that it is no outgrowth of the circumstantial parts: the nicety and pains have been lavished upon what vanishes into thin air, and the subordinate actions and lights which had been considered merely effective background are brought forward startlingly and irrelevantly.

Tita stealing down on the Christmas eve, in the first chapter, to make a reconnaissance of the Christmas-presents, is perhaps the most effective picture in the book. The little quarter-breed is very carefully and excellently drawn: her beauty, her apathy in inaction and her in-

tensity when aroused, her stealthiness and greed, make a very complete and vivid personality, and contrasted with Anne's faultlessness and serenity give piquancy and charm to the presentation. In the subtle difference of race, character, and purpose of the two sisters the story seems already sketched before the reader's mind, and the invention which first makes this idea recede, then submerges and loses it, is faulty. It is a difficult matter to draw a noble and at the same time an interesting heroine, but Anne is a fairly successful venture. There is no feeble passivity about her, but a capability and heroism which fulfil a high ideal. Her merely childish love for Rast and her gradual falling away from anything more than friendship for him, and her real love for Heathcote, form the main idea of the story. From any necessity for allegiance to a feeling which was limited at the beginning, and gradually died from its inherent elements of decay, she is saved by Tita's perfidious appropriation of her early love. With Tita married to Rast, Anne herself at last free and in love with Heathcote, and Heathcote in love with her, one might suppose the end of the story to be near; but the unlucky heroine has still a multitude of trials in store; for Mr. Heathcote's being forced into a marriage with Helen places everything concerning Anne's love in a new light; and in the remainder of the book, it seems to us, Miss Woolson falls into dangerous errors of taste, to say nothing of logic. All reality is lost in the way the murder and its attendant incidents are handled: the color and complexion of every scene of the trial are taken from the author's wish to force Anne to tell her love-story in the court-room; and the detective work is feeble and unnatural: no one could accept the discovery as the result of any real inspiration, to say nothing of actual observation. Miss Woolson deserves high praise, however, for much that the book contains. With more carefully preserved unities, and a chance for quieter and truer handling, she ought to write a novel which should preserve all her pre-eminence for local coloring and the general excellence of effect which we have learned to look for in her sketches.

In "Yesterday," an anonymous novel of the Leisure Hour Series, we find a cleverness and a sort of power which make us wish the writer had chosen a set of characters who jarred less on our sympathies and from whom we should be less willing to part. In his anxiety to paint his men

and women exactly as they are, he has made both coloring and form a little crude: the dignity and grace which carefully-disposed light and shadow and suitable background offer a chance for are sacrificed to a wish to have no encumbrances and no affectations. His men are to be men, and not phantoms with faults and meannesses left out, and their talk is to express the actual outcome of their thoughts, and not a careful striving after effects. But the method is successful only when dealing with deformity or mediocrity. Monteith Tyne is a man with a past which does not elevate him in his own esteem, and which deadens the chances of his future: he is, however, by far the most pleasing character of the book, and one is mystified by his death, which happens, just as deaths so often do in real life, unexpectedly and unnecessarily. The hero, Harry Sundon, an actor, lives longer and does worse. The showing up of the effect of the brilliant and dangerous sides of his mind upon his character seems to be the object of the book; and, however unpleasant and depressing his story is, there is a verisimilitude to the careers of actors in general, and certain ones in particular, which is probably intentional. With better art, more reliance on prescribed models, the book would have been not only more effective, but more readable.

Rhoda Broughton's leaven leavened the whole lump of a certain kind of novels for two or three years after "Nancy" and the rest of her books came out, but we had supposed the fashion had passed, and that girls nowadays played tennis instead of climbing trees only to fall out of them when their future husbands appeared. In "Gypsie," however, we have one of Miss Broughton's heroines; and the writer tells the story just as she has learned it, out of fifth-rate English novels, without the faintest regard for what has come under her own observation. Actual every-day life seems, indeed, to have had no existence for her.

With better literary talent and stronger handling, Miss Healy's "A Mere Caprice" is almost as unreal; but she has drawn her characters from the types which modern playwrights have made familiar, and she carries them through their rôles with considerable spirit. Olga, the daughter of a Russian countess, has made a successful marriage with a rich Parisian banker, and, having no children, takes a fancy to adopt a nameless and motherless child, and brings her up with

the advantages of a rich girl. Olga is a powerful and unscrupulous woman, and is depicted with a certain degree of skill. Her first careless interest in Marca, deepening into the kindness of a protectress, finally changing into the furious jealousy of a passionate woman who sees herself despoiled of her lover, is clearly drawn. Some of the scenes are dramatically rendered, and the whole book suggests the stage and the paraphernalia of stage effects, foot-lights, gorgeous scenery, and posing heroes and heroines. The painful end deepens the meaning of the story, but makes it the more unnatural and forced.

#### Books Received.

William Penn (Lives of American Worthies), 1644-1718. By Robert J. Burdette. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: a Medley in Prose and Verse. By Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Geo. W. Harlan & Co.

Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Heart of the White Mountains: their Legend and Scenery. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Hints for the Summer Months. By C. C. Vanderbeck, M.D., Ph.D. Philadelphia: Baxter Publishing Co.

Pen-Pictures of Modern Authors. (Literary Life Series.) Edited by Wm. Shepard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Science of Ethics. By Leslie Stephen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Guide to the Mount Washington Range. By Wm. H. Pickering. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Health Aphorisms. By Frank H. Hamilton, A.M. New York: Bermingham.

An English "Daisy Miller." By Virginia W. Johnson. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Brought to Bay. By E. P. Roe. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

In the Harbor. Ultima Thule, Part II. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On the Borderland. A Novel. By Harriette A. Keyser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Marjory Graham. A Novel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Our Merchant Marine. (Questions of the Day.) By David A. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Hood's Own: Whims and Oddities. Pugsley Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.